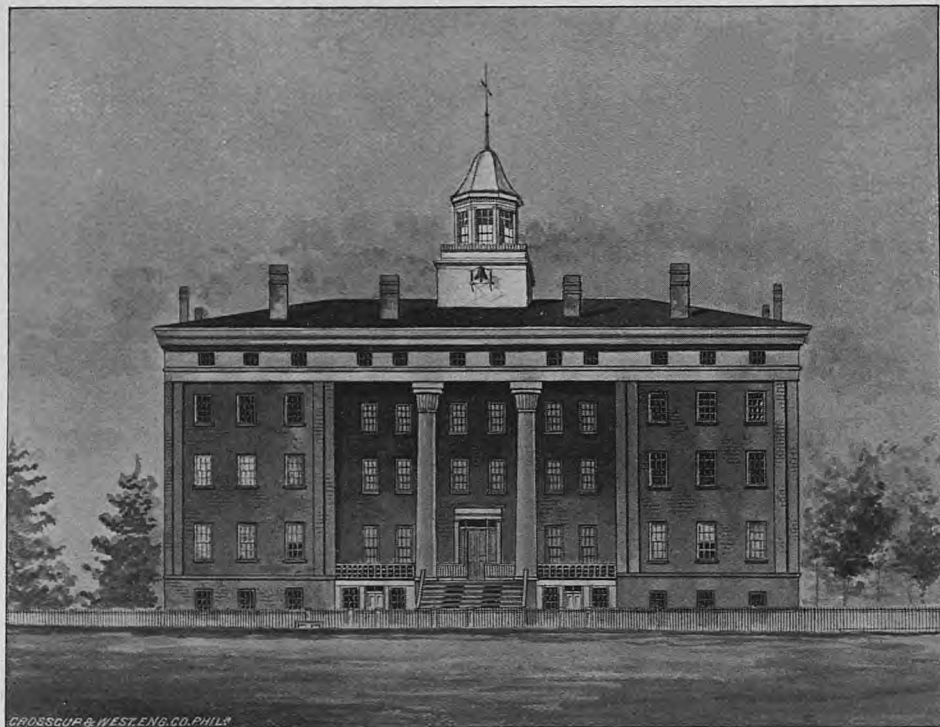


Presented to
S. H. Stone
by his friend
J. B. Griffin
Syracuse
March 10. 1898

Duplicate Room
June 1922



HISTORY AND REUNION
OF
FALLEY SEMINARY.

CONTAINING HISTORY OF FALLEY SEMINARY AND OF THE INSTI-
TUTIONS WHICH LED UP TO IT; SPECIAL PHASES OF THE
REUNION OF 1888; LIFE-SKETCHES OF DEPARTED
TEACHERS, AND NAMES AND ADDRESSES
OF TEACHERS AND STUDENTS.

EDITED BY
REV. W. DEMPSTER CHASE, M. A.

FULTON, N. Y.:
PUBLISHED BY MORRILL BROTHERS.
1890.

DEDICATION.

WITH LOYAL MEMORY TO OUR
ALMA MATER;
WITH GRATITUDE THAT OUR EDUCATIONAL LINES WERE DRAWN
THROUGH SUCH BEAUTIFUL PLACES; WITH PITY FOR THE
GENERATION WHICH KNOWS LITTLE OR NOTHING
OF THE FRIENDSHIPS OF SEMINARY
LIFE, THIS BOOK IS
INSCRIBED
TO THE ONE NOBLE WOMAN,
WHOSE LIBERALITY
CHRISTENED THE SEMINARY; TO
THE FATHERS AND MOTHERS WHO SACRIFICED SO
MUCH THAT WE MIGHT HAVE AND DO; TO THE FAITHFUL,
WORTHY TEACHERS, AND TO THE LONG LIST OF FELLOW STUDENTS.

GREETING TO THE LIVING;
TENDER MEMORY FOR THE DEAD.

PREFACE.

If "coming events cast their shadows before," there is on this page, as we write, no shadow of a book agent, sly or sleek, brave or brazen. There is no twinge in our conscience, and no remorse will ever have its home in our memory because we send forth the HISTORY AND REUNION OF FALLEY SEMINARY. This book will not elbow its way through a jostling, heartless rabble as it goes on its good mission. It will not mingle with the common crowd as it opens its eyes in this wicked world, where the old truth is so intensely true now: "Of making many books there is no end." Its paths have been surveyed already, and at their end stand doors wide open for its coming.

It is not a foolish hope, it is not a pitiful egotism to think, that because of the message it brings, this work will find a place in the library or on the table of hundreds of the students and friends of Falley such as is accorded only to the few choice books in their homes. Our readers are esoteric and, to use the new word, there is therefore the *touch* which comes not with the ordinary book. It delights us to think that the hat of the editor need not be lifted to the great public nor his best bow made to the outside world. When the satisfactory, sublime history of Falley Seminary shall need a defense, then will this account of the decades and deeds

of that grand institution need one. When we commence to apologize for our one reunion then will the earnest story of those thrilling days ask for an apology.

Perhaps had we known under what burdens and into what difficulties this purpose of ours would lead us it would never have been more than the wish. But if led by the path we knew not we have reached the goal, we are glad and grateful, if it will only mean what we hope it will, to our excellent teachers and to the hundreds of Falley's sons and daughters.

No one may compute the work done, and done willingly, by committees and contributors. We desire to express with unwonted emphasis our gratitude to all who have penned an article or sat with us in counsel or given us a word of cheer. In a very marked way we remember how much we owe to our Committee of Correspondence, and, as in italics would we record the fact that Mrs. Helen Byington Emens and Miss Elizabeth I. Coates, president and secretary of that committee, have placed the editor and reader under untold obligations. May our gratitude and the book itself be something of a recompense to them for all they have done.

While the months have multiplied this work has grown in plan and size. It drops in front of you treble the first draft and worth incalculably more than the original intention. Precious history has been saved from fading into thin tradition, and the sight of the long list of names will bring back to your eyes in richest colors so many dim pictures, and that name and address of the school-mate will bring you face to face with him—with her—again.

The arranging, writing and supervising have all been done amid the incessant demands of a very large pastorate, but it has all been wrought under the sway of the dear student-love, and there has been choicest comfort in it. The publishers have made it "a thing of beauty," and to you it will be "a joy forever." The editor only acknowledges that the book is not the ideal one.

When he was asleep the wrong word has in a very few places crowded out the right one, and some unwelcome letter has wickedly made itself at home where should rest another. We plead guilty and find comfort in the thought that even in 1890 "to err is human." But let it be remembered by all that, with so many different styles of penmanship and with so many names to arrange, perhaps the minimum of errors has been reached. You may mantle the mistakes by the thought that it is our "maiden effort." We have modified and shortened articles, for the cloth was limited, and pattern and cloth must agree.

If a second edition of the book were expected your criticism would be invited, and there would be corresponding improvement in the next one. But as you probably hold in your hands a copy of the first and last edition of the HISTORY AND REUNION OF FALLEY SEMINARY, any kind words will be received with pleasure, for then shall we know that our labor of love has not been altogether in vain.

As you shall treasure this one peculiar heir-loom of your Seminary-life, may it afford you many an hour fragrant with the memory of those rare old student-days—those days as "rare as a day in June."

W. Dempster Chase.

METHODIST PARSONAGE,

FULTON, N. Y., *January 18, 1890.*

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THE HISTORY.

FULTON FEMALE SEMINARY.

NOVEMBER 1836—JANUARY 1842.

AMONG the sacred treasures of one to whom the early history of the Seminary is most dear is an old manuscript, yellow and faded, which bears the inscription "The Gleaner, Volume 1, Number 1, Fulton Female Seminary, Wednesday, August 23d, 1837." After the opening editorial and the poem, the announcement is made, "His Majesty King William the Fourth has been gathered to his fathers, and a young girl of eighteen summers now sits upon the British throne and sways the sceptre."

The item of news calls to mind, as do many other things, the fact that the first Fulton Seminary was the child of another generation than our own. In 1834, when it was planned, Andrew Jackson ruled the White House, the canal was a modern improvement, the railroad the wonder of the day, and electricity a curiosity of the laboratory. It was thirty years before the first college for women was opened, while the modest ambition of Mary Lyon to found "a permanent, Protestant, female seminary" was still regarded coldly or with positive disfavor, and not until November, 1837, was Mount Holyoke opened. Fulton had a population of scarcely more than six hundred inhabitants, it had been a post-office station but eight years, and was not yet incorporated.

But lack of age and of material advancement on the part of the little village had been no bar to a warm, earnest, practical interest in educational affairs. Private schools were established in the earliest days, and when, in 1834, the Reverend John Eastman, an enthusiastic friend of woman's education, became the pastor of the Presbyterian church, a new select school was opened in the session-room of the church under the charge of Mrs. Eastman. The school prospered and outgrew its accommodations, and in the same year, through the efforts of Mr. Eastman, the building of a seminary was projected. Four thousand dollars were soon expended; May 25, 1836, the institution was incorporated under the laws of New York, and in November, 1836, the school was opened with seventy-eight pupils in the new Seminary building on the corner of Third and Rochester streets.

It would be interesting if we could open the closed page of history and know all the circumstances under which the funds for the new institution were raised. The number of adult, wage-earning citizens in the little town could scarcely have exceeded one hundred and fifty; none were wealthy, and most of them were young men who had come from the East to seek their fortunes after the completion of the Oswego canal in 1828. The corporation was organized as a stock company, but its work was practically a benevolent one. It was empowered by its charter to hold stock not exceeding the sum of \$12,000, divided into shares of \$25, and its annual income was not to exceed \$4,000. But as the privileges of stockholders were limited to the election of trustees and the use of a room in the Seminary building (the latter nominal since most of the stockholders were residents of Fulton), and the corporation was not out of debt until after a change in its organization in 1842, there could have been no possible expectation of realizing on the investment in a pecuniary way.

In January, 1842, there had been sixty-five different stockholders, holding stock to the amount of \$2,800; forty-three of these had held but a single share, thirteen had held two, and only nine more than this, the largest sum subscribed being \$200. The remainder of the \$4,000 expended the first year was apparently raised by loans and subscriptions of less than \$25. The building of the Seminary was thus the result of an earnest, united effort on the part of a majority of the citizens, and the school was affectionately spoken of even in the records of the trustees as "our Seminary." "There was indeed much self-denial practiced by all of us for the sake of the school," writes the first secretary of the board of trustees, with generous forgetfulness of the incidents of that self-sacrifice. Not only the conditions in Fulton itself, but the circumstances of the times just previous to the great financial crisis of 1837, make these early gifts seem almost incredible. There is evidence, too, that while the privileges of the stockholders were thus limited, burdens other than financial were associated with them. A by-law was enacted to the effect that "The stockholders shall be bound to take notice of all annual meetings of said corporation, which shall be held hereafter at the Academy building on the first Tuesday in April of each year at *eleven o'clock a. m. precisely*, and a neglect to attend is to be at the peril of the stockholders; and a third delinquency of a stockholder to attend, either in person or by proxy, shall subject any such stockholder to a fine or forfeiture of five dollars," though it was at the same time enacted that the payment of such fines "shall rest on the honor of the delinquent." The record is silent as to the number of fines assessed and collected in the manner specified.

Another interesting glimpse is given concerning the first stockholders. The notice of all special meetings was to be given in writing at least ten days previous to the meeting, "on the outer door of the Seminary building and also on the front door of the

respective meeting-houses in Fulton, or one week prior to such meeting, in any newspaper printed in the village of Fulton." There is the assumption, a strange one to us, that the patrons of the school expected to make it frequent visitations, while the sober, godly life of the little community is attested by the implied statement that the church doors were the most public places in the village.

The building erected by these means is described in the records of the trustees as an "edifice sixty feet in length by forty feet in width, two stories high above the basement, ornamented with a cupola in the center of the roof, and furnished with a bell. In the basement is a room for the residence of the steward and family. On the first floor is a hall extending through the whole length of the building, furnished with a staircase, and also six rooms of equal dimensions for the occupancy of students boarding in the building, each room being furnished with a stove. On the second floor is a hall or entry and three rooms for the occupancy and recitations of students during school hours." The lot on which the building was erected fronted on Rochester street and was one hundred and ninety-eight feet, by sixty-six and two-thirds feet on Caldwell street (afterwards Third street). The trustees improved it by planting a row of ornamental trees twelve feet apart on each street, and they also "erected a substantial board fence on its interior boundaries."

Of the condition of the Seminary during the first half-year of its existence, from November, 1836, to April, 1837, a thin catalogue of eleven pages tells something. Twelve trustees, with the name of George Salmon, Jr., at their head as president, were intrusted with the care of the new institution. The first officers whose terms had just expired, were: Aaron G. Fish, president; John E. Dutton, secretary; George Salmon, Jr., treasurer. Their successors were: George Salmon, president; John E. Dutton, secretary; Charles E. Case, treasurer. The officers of the Board

who served during the greater part of the first five years, were : George Salmon, president ; Peter Schenck, secretary ; John E. Dutton, treasurer. Of these,

"All are gone
Into the land of shadows,—all save one.
Honor, and reverence, and the good repute
That follows faithful service as its fruit,
Be unto him, whom living we salute."

The list of teachers includes the names of Miss Maria Clara Maynard, principal, and her associates, Mrs. Prudence Eastman, Miss Miranda Smith, and Miss Jane Douglass, with two assistant pupils, Miss Mary M. Dole and Miss Angeline H. Fox.

It does not seem strange to those who knew her that Miss Maynard was selected to be the head of the new school. A few years ago a gray-haired man rode many miles across a bleak western prairie to call on strangers from a distant State, related to her by family ties, "because," he said, "Miss Maynard was the best teacher I ever had." It was that natural gift for teaching, appreciated by a New England boy and reverently remembered for fifty years, that determined the choice. Born at Phillipston, Mass., under the shadow of Mount Monadnoc, Miss Maynard inherited from a long line of New England ancestors and gained from natural surroundings a strength of character and nobility of purpose that specially fitted her for her work. Like most New England girls, she taught a village school. She subsequently entered Ipswich Seminary, where she graduated in 1833 while it was under the care of that "uncrowned queen" Miss Z. P. Grant, and her gifted associate, Miss Mary Lyon. With rare intellectual abilities thus developed and strengthened, and imbued with the spirit that characterized all who were brought under the influence of these great women, she began her work as a teacher in a private school in Northampton, Mass. It was from this place that she was called to

be the principal of the Fulton Seminary, a position she retained for nearly five years.

Under the wise direction of Miss Maynard the school grew and prospered in spite of the great financial burdens that threatened ruin to the entire country. During the first half-year the list of students includes one hundred and two names, and it is a curious and significant fact that the residence of only one-third of these is given as Fulton. Nineteen different towns in New York sent their daughters, while Michigan and Massachusetts each had representatives. In 1839 the names of forty New York towns and others in Michigan, Massachusetts and Upper Canada are found; while from the opening of the Seminary in 1836 until its charter was changed in 1842, students came from eighty-two different places in New York, as well as from towns in Massachusetts, Vermont, Michigan, Indiana, Illinois, Upper Canada, and Canada West. The New York towns range from New York city on the south to Plattsburgh on the north and Rochester on the west. The aggregate attendance during this time was nearly eight hundred, with more than four hundred different names enrolled.

This is, indeed, only an outward indication of the reputation acquired by the school, but this reputation rested on a sound religious and scholastic basis. It was the wish of its founders that the Seminary should be in every sense of the word a Christian institution. Its teachers were selected not only because of superior intellectual ability, but with reference to moral and Christian character. Its students were to be prepared for "polished, refined and Christian society" and "their principles formed and their conduct shaped by the precepts of the Bible."

It is the Bible that heads the list of text books, while natural theology, ecclesiastical history, evidences of Christianity and moral philosophy are included in the curriculum. "Every one understood that the Bible was considered the most important of all

studies, and the knowledge and the practice of its teachings were emphasized," writes one associated with the school. Every morning at nine o'clock the students assembled in the large recitation room, and the first half-hour was given to the reading and exposition of the Bible, the exercise closing with a short prayer. "If anything went wrong it was almost sure to be corrected soon by some allusion to or application of a Bible principle, brought out in the morning readings," writes an old pupil. Once a week half of the morning was given specially to Bible study, in which all members of the school took part. Special topics were assigned to each, and Saturday morning was always spent in the preparation of this work. Attendance at church was required on Sunday, both morning and afternoon, and a strict record of such attendance was kept. Students were not permitted to enter each others' rooms on that day, nor to meet in the halls nor other places for conversation, nor, except in extreme cases, to leave town or return, nor receive visits from friends on the Sabbath.

While Christian truth and religious observance were thus made the chief cornerstone of the new institution, the intellectual education built upon it was sound and thorough. Systematic training was given to all in analysis, mental arithmetic, and composition; and it may well be questioned whether the quickness and accuracy that resulted are obtained by the so-called improved methods of to-day. "We defied fractions," is the significant comment of an old pupil, referring to the drill in Colburn. The public examinations at the close of every winter term were so exhaustive and critical that they won favorable comment from all visitors.

Thus grounded in Christianity and thoroughness, the Seminary grew and prospered, and in 1839 it was placed under the supervision of the Regents of the University.

This change made possible many improvements in material equipment. One of the qualifications imposed by the Regents on

all academies hoping to receive a part of the literature fund of the State, was the possession of a library. A committee was appointed by the Board of Trustees of the Seminary to provide means for meeting this requirement and through their exertions a library of twenty-eight volumes was collected and contributed and ten dollars donated for a "common-school apparatus." The list of books is an interesting one, as it comprises Morse's Universal Gazetteer, Fordyce's Sermons to Young Women, History of Poland, Rollins' Ancient History, Goldsmith's History of Greece, History of Rome, and Natural History, Grimshaw's History of England, Wilkin's Astronomy, Anti-Slavery Record, Mrs. Child's Appeal, Cowper's Works, Letters about the Hudson, Burns' Poems, Butler's History, H. K. White's Works, Boswell's Life of Johnson, and Miss Edgeworth on Female Education. The estimated cost of the collection was \$32.57, and the estimated value \$26.57. Philosophical and chemical apparatus were soon added, and also "a sixteen-inch celestial globe, a five-inch terrestrial globe, an orrery, a tide dial, a tellurion, a pneumatic apparatus, an electrical machine, sixteen-inch plate, etc." Friends in Fulton also gave one hundred dollars for apparatus in order to secure a similar appropriation from the Regents, and in 1839 the Board of Trustees modestly assert that "they will not cease in their best efforts to place this institution on a footing equal to the best in the land;" while in 1841 "the trustees feel to congratulate themselves and the public in view of its present and prospective usefulness, and, notwithstanding the present unprecedented derangement in the monetary affairs of the country, that the patronage of the Seminary has experienced no sensible abatement."

There are many interesting features connected with the old regime. The school year began the second Wednesday in May and consisted of four terms of eleven weeks each, each term followed by a vacation of two weeks. This was afterwards changed

to three terms of fifteen weeks each, with vacations of one, two or four weeks. The school week was five and a half days. The list of studies at first included the common English branches, mathematics through geometry, the elements of several sciences, mental philosophy, natural theology, calisthenics and vocal music. Afterwards Latin, French, political economy, higher English, and other scientific studies were added. In the list of studies of the primary department we find Parley's Tales about the Sun, Moon and Stars, and Gallaudet's Natural Theology.

The rate of tuition was at first three dollars and a half a term for the common branches, "four dollars for tuition in higher studies, two dollars in the primary department and no bill for contingencies." With the lengthening of the term to fifteen weeks in 1839 these terms were increased to four dollars and a half, five dollars and a half, and three dollars, with Latin, French, drawing, painting and vocal music, each three dollars extra, and instrumental music five dollars.

With terms thus low, and without endowment for the institution, it is scarcely strange that the highest salary paid any instructor was three hundred and fifty dollars, while other teachers were paid from one hundred and fifty to two hundred and fifty dollars a year. "Money was a secondary consideration, the welfare of the school stood first," is the commentary of one who gave to the Seminary nearly four years of constant and exhausting service.

The best index of the Seminary life is found in the manuscript files of two papers written by the students themselves and called "The Gleaner" and "The Depository." The former appeared August 27, 1837, under the motto "They gather, we glean," while the latter began November 29, 1837. Each was issued semi-monthly and was to be "free to all who contribute to its pages." The paper is discolored by time and the ink has faded, but the firm yet delicate chirography is as legible as a plate en-

graving. Under the quaint, almost prim, form of the characters and the expression, and in spite of the seemingly excessive number of articles on intemperance and George Washington, we catch many a glimpse of school-girl life and know that the fun and frolic of to-day were not lacking under the more prosaic, puritan forms of half a century ago. One column is generally given to the notices of articles lost and found, conversational powers being most often sought under the head of lost. Puzzles of various kinds are there, and many a joke is made at the expense of hapless ones gifted with the borrowing spirit and the love of making too frequent calls on more studious neighbors.

"Rosilíne" sent numerous enigmas to test the wit of her companions, while the "Seminary Bard" and others contributed frequent poems on ambitious themes. A solitary ghost story and a French essay add variety. "The Chronicles" which appear occasionally never fail to suggest what was apparently the *bête noire* of student life—writing compositions. Tuesday evenings were set apart for this work, and when the announcement of this fact was made at the opening of each term "there was a great stir, and the countenances of many were fallen, and some would fain have rid themselves of this task, but the decree was past and was irrevocable." Numerous variations are found of an invitation running, "The young ladies of Fulton Female Seminary are solicited to attend the wedding of Mr. Sober Thought to Miss Excellent Composition, on Tuesday next at six p. m. at the house of Mr. Patience." But the wisdom of the plan, in spite of the heaviness of heart caused thereby, is seen in the improvement apparent in "The Gleaner" and "The Depository." Another glimpse of student life is given in the announcement by "The Gleaner" of the opening of a popular school under the care of the Misses Evereating assisted by Professor Devourall, where we learn that "lessons will be given in eating apples, walnuts, chest-

nuts, acorns, raisins and candy, together with the most approved method of holding down the head and nibbling cake."

Arrangements were made in the Seminary for the accommodation of students who wished to board themselves, and six rooms on the first floor of the building were set apart for this purpose, each being occupied by six persons. The price of board was thus reduced to seventy-five cents a week for each student, while board in the village could not be obtained for less than the extravagant sum of \$1.25 and \$1.50 per week. We learn from "The Depository" that these rooms were "very good, with stove, buttery and closet," and the trustees were apparently well pleased with the plan, since many more students than could otherwise have been accommodated were thus able to avail themselves of the privileges of the school.

An occasional picture of Fulton is given in these old pages. The Seminary is described as situated "on a small hill at a short distance from the village," while one student writes home in a letter, given in the first number of "The Depository," that from the Seminary there was "a fair prospect of the village, of the Oswego River, and of the canal," and adds, with more enthusiasm than command of her native tongue, "it presents a most beautiful scenery as I ever beheld." The walk over the bridge was a favorite one and the beauty of the surrounding country a frequent theme with all. The village bell was rung at nine each night, while the Seminary bell had a welcome sound whenever it announced the opening of a new year.

One lingers affectionately over these worn and yellow pages. They reveal an earnest, serious, ambitious, yet merry student-life, free from the flippancy and frivolity that sometimes characterize the seminary life of to-day. The unfamiliar spelling can not always be attributed to a changed orthography, nor curious forms of expression to poetical or prosaic license, but sincerity and nobility of purpose are revealed at every point.

That these high ideals of the Seminary and the degree to which they were realized was largely due to the influence of its first principal is apparently the belief of its former students. Endowed with a genial nature, a heart overflowing with kindness and benevolence, and possessed of rare tact and judicial power united with firmness and energy of purpose, Miss Maynard influenced for the better all who came in contact with her. "She was the wisest woman I ever knew," writes more than one of her former associates and pupils with large experience of life and of the world.

It is impossible to trace the history of all who were connected with the Seminary while it was under her care. In 1856 a reunion was held of former students and their husbands, and at this gathering one hundred and fifty were present from different sections of the country, but there has been no subsequent reunion. Some of the number have given their lives to Christ on foreign soil, others as wives of pastors have served the Church of Christ at home on fields as difficult to till, others have become teachers and physicians. Nearly all as wives and mothers have carried into homes the sweet and holy influences fostered by the Seminary spirit. Many, perhaps the most of the number, have already passed to the life of work and rest beyond. The memories and thoughts of the simple yet perfect lives they lived have given to many the inspiration and purpose of a lifetime.

What Fulton Seminary subsequently became we may well believe was due in no small degree to the devotion of the little band of earnest men and women who as trustees, teachers and students consecrated some of the best years of their lives to the building up of the Fulton Female Seminary.

Lucy Maynard Salmon.

REMINISCENCES.

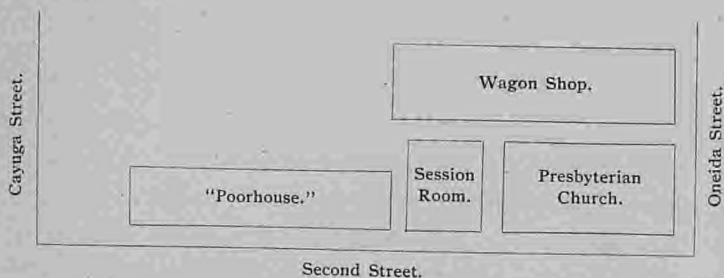
1834-1849.

SOMETIMES it happens that the coming of a single individual into a town forms the beginning of a new epoch in the life of that town. Such was the coming to Fulton, about the year 1833 or '34, of the Rev. John Eastman as pastor of the Presbyterian church. Casting his eyes about the place he discovered the need of better educational advantages for the young ladies and girls of the village. With his accomplished New England bride for one of the first teachers, he established a select school for girls in the session room of his own church.

This select school was the germ of later institutions ; the seed corn from which sprang the useful Fulton Female Seminary, and the sturdy school for ladies and gentlemen afterward known as Falley Seminary.

The modest building in which the first school was held was in the rear of the church. At that time the Presbyterian church of Fulton was a small, plain, white edifice, on the corner of what are now Oneida and Second streets. The church fronted on Oneida street. The session room was on the south end of the church. It fronted on Second street, and was separated from the church by an alley three or four feet wide. South of the session room, and separated from it by a still narrower space, was a long, low build-

ing used for a tenement, and popularly known as "the poor-house." This spun out its dreary length nearly to the corner of Second and Cayuga streets, leaving, if the writer remembers correctly, only room enough at the corner for the blacksmith shop of Oliver and Henry French. On the west side of the church was a wagon shop, fronting like the church on Oneida street, but running back to the south the entire length of both the church and session room.



In this neighborhood the school was opened, which lived in larger forms to exert a great and good influence upon the community and surrounding country. Here gathered the daughters of the townspeople, and a catalogue of those early days contains such names as Brayton, Arnold, Clark, Dean, Hibbard, Fay, Giddings, French, Kenyon, Pratt, Schenck, Walradt, Thompson, St. John, Worlock, Whitaker, Wells, Dada, Wright, Pond, Case, Simmons, Woodin, Miller, Nettleton, Fish, Seymour, Gasper and Johnson.

The writer entered this school in her sixth year, and it may be interesting to know what the little ones were taught. Besides the elementary branches, which were a matter of course, we were instructed in astronomy, geometry and elocution!

An orrery hung from the center of the room, and from this we learned the names and positions of the sun and planets; from a small paper-covered book we were taught the names and forms of

geometrical figures, and in our reading-classes we were drilled in speaking and recitation, imitating with our childish voices the efforts of trained elocutionists, as we shouted :

“To arms ! they come, the Greek, the Greek !”
or some other soul-stirring words.

Not long after this the Seminary building was erected, two blocks south of the Presbyterian church of the present day (1889). The location was beautiful, and the edifice seemed grand and imposing to our childish eyes. The upper story was for school purposes, the lower for boarders. There were three school rooms. “No. 1” extended the entire width of the building and more than half its length, and was for the use of the senior classes, and the place where all were gathered for morning and evening prayers and for the Wednesday afternoon rhetorical exercises. “No. 2” was a recitation room proper, and “No. 3” was the home of the primary department. Immediately upon the completion of this new house, the fame of the school spread into neighboring counties and pupils came from far and near.

One who looks over the catalogue of the first years of the institution will come upon such names as Baker and Merriman from Otisco ; Benton, Kellogg, Durkee, Ferris and Sprague from Ira ; Stephenson and Rice from Hannibal ; Emerick and Betts from Ly-sander ; Wilder and Melvin from Wolcott ; Bell from Weedsport, and many from other places whose names can not be given here.

Into this school came as instructors, from New England, the Misses Maynard, Smith, Dresser and Dole. Four ladies more admirably fitted for the place could not have been found. Some, if not all of them, had been trained under Mary Lyon at Ipswich (the initial Mt. Holyoke), and they entered upon their duties in the new Female Seminary with a devotion and enthusiasm born of their typical New England training. The first-named was the Principal, and she was *par excellence* a leader and guide. It was

said of her that her knowledge of books and her familiarity with letters were not greater than those of some of the others, but her executive ability was far superior, and she could "run" a school as few others could. She knew everything that was done without ever seeming to notice her pupils, and her reproofs were peculiar for their gentleness and wisdom. She had the supervision of everything; even the cupboards in the cellar, in which the boarders kept their stores of food, did not escape her watchful eye.

She labored that her pupils should grow, not only in knowledge of literature and science, but in manners and morals as well. For the latter she taught the Bible. For both morals and manners she gave us maxims, followed by talks filled with wisdom. Through all the busy years that have passed since those days, many of the maxims have lived in our memory. She wished us to be ladies, and she bade us "avoid loud laughing and talking on the street." She wished us to be pure, and she advised us to "avoid evil communications;" to be careful of the example we set before others, and she charged us to "avoid even the appearance of evil." She bade us, "act well your part; there all the honor lies;" to "make perfection our standard, and aim at the sun." She desired us to be useful, and she taught us to

"Count that day lost whose low descending sun
Views from thy hand no worthy action done."

She would have us strong in purpose, and she warned us, "be not overcome of evil, but overcome evil with good." She would have us perform every duty at the right time, and she laid before us this sententious maxim, "never put off till to-morrow what should be done to-day;" and lastly she gave us as an epitome of all sublime instruction the grand words of Holy Writ, "Whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are honest, whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report, if there be any virtue, and if there be any praise, think on these things."

In the minds of hundreds of women now living the remembrance of Maria Clara Maynard still lives as the embodiment of gracious and well-finished womanhood. She taught us good manners, not only by precept, but by practice. Courtesy was the rule, rudeness the exception, under her sway. How well do we who were in the primary department at the opening of the school, in the new building, remember the quiet way in which we were ushered into "No. 1" at the close of the day, seated upon the front bench during prayers, and then made to walk, two by two, as we left the room, and turning at the door, make a deep courtesy to our teachers, who stood at the table covered with green baize, at the other end of the room. This form of gentility was required of all, old and young. The fashion may have become obsolete, but the writer has often caught herself dropping a low courtesy as she entered a room, when, perhaps, no other lady would thus have entered—the unconscious act being the result of that early training.

In all these things Miss Maynard was nobly seconded by the other members of the faculty. The Misses Smith and Dresser were favorites with the girls, but Miss Maynard was the leading spirit; and when Mr. George Salmon won her for a wife, all knew that few men had been so fortunate. As far as known, these ladies have long since passed away, unless Miss Dresser, the wife of Rev. Samuel Whaley, may be now living somewhere in this country.

After the marriage of Miss Maynard came changes. The Seminary was turned into a school for both ladies and gentlemen, and men and women of more than ordinary ability stood at the head of the departments. Well do we remember some of the instructors. Prominent among these were Benjamin and Elvira Cadwell. The former was brilliant but slightly eccentric; the latter a splendid woman and a fine teacher, and the recollection of many days spent under her instruction gave us profit and holds for us pleas-

ant memories. Mr. Cadwell soon went to California, where his death occurred years ago. His sister continued as preceptress of the school with a Mr. Theodore Parsons, of Waterloo, N. Y., as principal. This gentleman was a fine teacher, and with the aid of Miss Cadwell, the school flourished; but perhaps the pupils will remember him more for his exquisite and most fastidious neatness than for any other one thing. Everything unclean seemed to fly from him. Miss Cadwell was appreciated by the people of Fulton, who counted it an honor to have her among them, and whose memory still is as "ointment poured forth."

We also well remember Mr. O. O. Shumway, who taught for some years along in the "forties," first, if memory serves rightly, as assistant and afterwards as principal.

Many stories could be told of those days, but this paper would be too long. Mr. Shumway was a good man and a most pleasant teacher, but his days of labor for the school ceased, and Rev. E. E. Bragdon took the place somewhere in '48 or '49. He was a Methodist clergyman of fine, dignified presence, with Miss Newman as preceptress.

The standard of scholarship was high, and the school stood well in the respect of the community, and at this time, and later, many pupils came from distant places.

Miss Newman gave one the impression of being all mind and soul; Mr. Bragdon of being just and fair, and glad to give every pupil his due share of credit. It was under these two that the writer closed her connection with the school, a connection that began in the little session-room in 1834 or 1835. She had been one of the pupils for more or less of the time from its first inception in such humble quarters until it developed into a full-fledged seminary for youth of both sexes. Conscious of the personal good received, she is convinced that the institution has been a blessing and a lasting benefit to Northern and Central New York,

and in consequence of the instruction received there, hundreds of men and women have led better and purer lives. Is it not well that we have turned our faces toward those grand beginnings? We ought to remember that other men and women have labored and sacrificed, and the harvest is ours with such breadth and beauty. It is not a memory merely, for the might and meaning of those years, none can measure. From the good corner-stone such sublime proportions have been builded, and they shall never crumble.

Turn the page, the tale is ended ;
Fold the web, of faint hues blended ;
Just a sigh for vanished years,
With their freight of smiles and tears ;
And for "Auld Lang Syne " one thought,
From the stores of memory brought.

Lucelia Wright Hamilton.

WEEDSPORT, N. Y.

FALLEY SEMINARY.

1856-1869.

JOHN P. GRIFFIN, A. M., PRINCIPAL.

FALLEY Seminary, up to 1856, was carried on under the management of the Black River Conference, and, while it accomplished a good work, its financial affairs were usually in a state of chronic depression, and every member of that honored body came up to the annual session dreading a question which he knew must be asked, and the usual spasmodic effort must be made to effectively answer "What shall be done for Falley Seminary?"

Under the principalship of such men as Professors Bragdon, French, Armstrong and Mansfield, Falley Seminary had been a recognized moral and intellectual power in Northern and Central New York. Its treasury was usually empty. Its teachers were overworked and underpaid, and had to look for their chief reward to the noble results of their devotion and skill in the steady advance of the cause of higher education in that region, and to the promising careers of the young men and women sent out by them as graduates. Those teachers were a class of plain-living, high-thinking, frequent-praying men and women, the long line of which, for lack of space, we will worthily represent here by the forever-to-be-honored names of Miss Rachel C. Newman, Dr. E. E. Bragdon, Rev. John W. Armstrong, Professors John R. French,

Charles S. Eggleston and Spencer R. Fuller, and Miss Angeline Munson: names which have not only been cherished by hundreds of grateful students now come to middle life, but reverently taught to their children as synonymous with all that is brave, self-sacrificing, capable and good in life.

Falley Seminary had no mean name in those earlier days among the literary institutions of the Empire State, and the men and women called to preside in her class and lecture-rooms were, for the most part, fully equal to the heavy demands made upon them, and the record of their labors is not only there, but all over this continent, as a noble part of the history of our church, and of this century's intellectual and religious development.

In the spring of 1857 Black River Conference (the members being at their wit's end as to the financial affairs of their literary protégé) magnanimously resolved to hand over Falley Seminary, bag and baggage, and all right and title to the same, with all present and prospective patronage and good will, to any proper man who would assume its debts and operate it in the interests of the church, which, in conjunction with the citizens of Fulton, had erected and thus far maintained it: a most judicious scheme, certainly, on the part of said Conference, and, measured by results, most fortunate for the institution. After some prospecting, the man was found in the person of John P. Griffin, A. M. The property having been sold on a mortgage, and bid in by the holder of the same, Professor Griffin bought it from him in the spring of 1857. Whatever might have been said of his business astuteness in the venture of 1857, if ever a man, in his plans for future success, builded wiser than he knew, it was John P. Griffin when he took his place as the financial and teaching head of our loved *Alma Mater*.

At first everything seemed unfavorable to his enterprise, for the memorable financial panic and depression of 1857-58, if I

remember rightly, came very near closing the doors of the Seminary. People who wanted higher education had no money, and help promised and expected from other sources did not come; but Professor Griffin met the crisis bravely, and for the most part hopefully, although there were painful yesterdays and dark to-morrows which we as students did not then know, but of which he told us, in moments of reminiscence, after we had come to man's and woman's estate.

He seemed to know nothing but Falley Seminary, and would allow you to know nothing else; dominating you and all other interests by his absorbing and authoritative devotion to his one idea and his one work. I used to say in those days that if his heart could be examined we would be certain to find, stamped upon its fleshly surface, a vivid picture of the old brick Seminary, with its pillars and cupola in unmistakable outlines.

Such enthusiasm is always contagious, and soon an army of new friends and patrons of the school was raised up, while reviving hope sprang up in the breasts of its old adherents.

The Seminary stood for thorough education, particularly for what is known as "classical education," for all students contemplating professional life; and there never was the least degree of allowance for any "side cuts," or shorter and easier routes to the required preparation for literary and scientific success. When the elective system in our seminaries and colleges began first to be considered and advocated by a few educators it met with no more fearless, conscientious, and untiring opponent than Professor Griffin, who regarded it—as do many others in these advancing years of its popularity—as an enemy of sound learning, and, in spite of all safeguards thrown around it, really offering a premium to superficiality. And now many a prominent and successful professional or literary man in the land is ready to rise up and call Falley Seminary blessed, because in the days of his inexperienced stu-

dent life he was saved from being led astray by new and glittering, but unwarranted notions, or making shipwreck upon one or the other of these threatening rocks.

The Seminary stood an untiring advocate of Christian education in the broadest sense, and for the idea that no young man could be properly fitted for the duties of American citizenship unless he was thoroughly instructed in the Christian idea, as applied, not only to literature and science, but especially to the institutions of our republic, founded, as they are, upon the principles of the Christian religion.

As a result the attention of the more thoughtful and stable in many communities was drawn to it, and it was not very long before Falley Seminary was as noted for the superior quality of its students as for the exceptional advantages it offered to the industrious. The most anxious Christian parents, as well as those who were the most thorough in their plans for the training of their sons and daughters, felt safe in committing them to the care of such a man as Professor Griffin.

The autumn of 1856 was indeed the day of small things so far as Falley Seminary was concerned. Its tide of life then sank to its lowest ebb. There were a few students, but they were not of the ambitious sort, and laid more stress upon a good time socially than upon any good thing that might be expected to come out of close application to their books.

At that time there was intense political excitement, and partisan strife ran high among the students. Political clubs were formed, flags were run up through the scuttled roof of the old Seminary, while the writer of these pages, and several others who have since gained more or less prominence in professional life, made their first attempts at public speaking from the jutting steps of the spacious front.

Picnics were fashionable at proper times; boat-rides on the classic river and the enchanting Neahtawanta often figured in

our programme of recreations; while moonlight walks were not altogether unknown; and rumor had it that the commercial returns from certain adjacent orchards and melon-patches were by no means as certain to their lawful owners as aforesaid. It was not a season of brilliant achievements intellectually or educationally, but it was a most enjoyable time; and no student who can say "All of it I saw and part of it I was" will ever cease to have pleasant memories of the fall term of 1856.

Late in the term Professor Griffin made his advent among us to serve by appointment from the trustees until spring, when he assumed proprietorship of the institution.

It was evident that a new day of thoroughness and enthusiasm had dawned upon us; and while we realized that the new principal was a severe critic, who would be satisfied with only the best possible results, we also believed that he would be a most kind and helpful friend, and coming days and months abundantly justified our expectations.

The *esprit de corps* of Falley Seminary in those days of its highest prosperity was unequaled in any institution of learning of which I had personal knowledge. Many a student who started in the race at a very slow and shuffling gait, with a most painful sense of his unfitness for extended intellectual pursuits, under the adroit management of this skilled trainer was enabled to finish the course with a tremendous burst of speed, which brought him well up among the best of his competitors, if it did not win for him first prize.

One explanation of all this is found in the fact that Professor Griffin seemed to have a personal interest in every well-disposed student. This was not expressed so much in words to his face as in words behind his back, or in helpful deeds of all sorts; especially in those good-natured but positive requirements which showed a thorough understanding of, and confidence in, his ability in any

given direction. By those who knew him best his often unexplained demands came to be regarded as complimentary to the student rather than otherwise. It is evident that he carefully studied the character and disposition of each student, that he considered the influences that heretofore had been about him, and that he felt it to be his duty to send back the student to his home improved physically, mentally and morally. He coveted earnestly the best gifts and attainments for his boys and girls, and no man was ever more just and really kind to those who did their best.

One thing in particular I must not fail here to emphasize, and that is Professor Griffin's marked kindness to clergymen and their children. Though not a clergyman himself he always manifested an especial sympathy with his brethren in that holy calling, more particularly in their universal desire to bestow upon their children the blessings of a liberal education. In the days of which I write, the salary of the average clergyman in New York State was almost microscopic in its scantiness, and the very closest economy was necessary in order to live at all, so the education always earnestly coveted in such a household often seemed entirely beyond reach. But there was usually great faith in God, and one way God took to honor that faith was by interesting Professor Griffin in the affairs of such a household. His own struggle with poverty when prosecuting his studies, and his ready skill in all financial and economic affairs, made him the best possible counselor; while the special favors he was always ready to bestow, often at considerable financial sacrifice on his part, came in the very nick of time, and therefore their helpful value was increased tenfold.

Many a man and woman whose childhood was passed beneath a clergyman's roof, and who is now noted for thorough intellectual culture and great usefulness in life, will read these lines with moistening eyes and a thankful soul in memory of the fact that the

unfailing friendship and substantial encouragement of Professor Griffin placed within their reach the educational advantages so eagerly sought in youth but which otherwise would have been denied them.

As a clergyman, and the son of a clergyman, I offer to him this simple tribute of grateful appreciation in behalf of the hundreds of my brethren who have had occasion to bless the day when so true a friend first took them by the hand and became a benediction of faith and hope to them and their children.

And this leads me to mention the rare religious influence that pervaded the institution, like a stimulating and healthful atmosphere, in those days. There was no offensive sectarianism, no religious cant, no narrow dogmatism, as repellant to a sensitive soul, as it is contrary to the true spirit of Christ; but there was a positive moral force, a refining spiritual *cultus* which always makes for true righteousness and lifts to a high order of educational influence every institution in which it is given full sway.

Christianity had a fair chance in Falley Seminary, but bigotry and narrow religious partisanship were politely but firmly shown to the door. As a result many a young man and woman were quietly led into a beautiful Christian life within those hallowed walls, while all were made to feel that nothing so worthily crowned a career of intellectual effort and success as a simple but reasonable Christian faith. Some of the finest scholars and most skillful instructors those students ever came in contact with were as noted for their piety as for their learning; hence, early in life they learned the truth, so important to a scientist, that the profoundest scholarship and the profoundest faith are never incompatible, but on the contrary are always helpfully harmonious, since God hath forever joined them together.

Professor Griffin was the pioneer (so far as I am familiar with the higher schools of New York State) in organizing a seminary

into well-defined departments of instruction with a competent professor at the head of each, thus giving to Falley Seminary an exceptionally high tone and prestige so far as thoroughness of work was concerned. Indeed, it came to be fully equal in this particular to most colleges, and it soon was an understood thing that young men prepared by Professor Griffin easily ranked among the very first in every college where they were afterwards found. I have been repeatedly assured by some of the most noted and efficient college presidents in the land that it was regarded as a mere formality to examine for matriculation any student who knocked at their doors with J. P. Griffin's endorsement in his hand.

It must not be forgotten here that this almost phenomenal thoroughness in a seminary was largely due to Professor Griffin's enterprise and tact in calling around him the most efficient helpers. Those were the days of exceedingly small salaries, but he was liberal for the times, and prompt, and the school was getting to itself a great and honorable name, and his enthusiasm was remarkably contagious; so he succeeded in drawing to Fulton and effectively using the very best instructors the times could afford. His cabinet, so to speak, was always a strong one. It is only necessary to mention the names of Miss Price, Miss Chubbuck, Miss Gibson, Miss Osband, Professors Copeland and Yager, the dignified Slee, the cultured, genial Underhill, the enthusiastic Boothby, Dr. and Mrs. J. J. Brown, whom everybody admired and revered, and the beloved George Griffin, and others not so well known to me personally, to triumphantly establish the above remarkable claim.

This wise management not only brought the school to a state of efficiency probably never surpassed in a seminary and seldom equaled, but it also filled up the halls until they overflowed into numerous club-houses, boarding-houses, and private homes in the

village, while many families were influenced to make Fulton a place of permanent residence by these rare educational advantages. From two hundred to three hundred students were in attendance each term, while the aggregate of different students for the year would sometimes reach nearly twice that number. No one who ever saw that fair array of young men and women in the old chapel or in the old brick church will ever forget it. It was a great and inspiring sight. The harvest of that sowing has already been abundant, and the end is not yet. Men and women by the hundreds, and even thousands, who were trained there are now found in every rank of successful life in every State of the Union, to keep alive the glory of those historic days and prove that what I here record is no vain and thoughtless boast.

Ross C. Houghton.

PORTLAND, OREGON.

FALLEY SEMINARY.

1869-1883.

REV. JAMES GILMOUR, A. M., PRINCIPAL.

THE history of the last years of Falley Seminary will be better understood if prefaced by a few facts, and this is essential to a clear and impartial history of this institution.

The Fulton Female Seminary was incorporated May 25, 1836. This was changed to the Fulton Academy April 11, 1842, and opened to both sexes, and again changed April 11, 1849, to the "Falley Seminary of the Black River Conference," under whose jurisdiction it then was, and trustees were elected by the Conference at its session in the spring of each year. At that time the common schools confined themselves to so-called common branches; higher mathematics and languages were learned at seminaries, private schools or colleges. The Seminary being denominational, and under an able corps of teachers, and backed by all the power of the Conference, soon attained high rank. In order that a proper understanding of this fact may be had, reference will be made to the records. Very many hold the opinion that the Seminary had large support from students coming from all parts of the country beyond Conference limits. The writer has taken pains to examine the records during the years from 1860 to 1870, and finds that about one out of every twenty students lived outside of the Confer-

ence, *i. e.* ten students out of two hundred. It is therefore certain that the Seminary drew almost its entire support from the Conference. One need only to look through the catalogues of that period to find many names of those who have since become well known divines. Prof. John P. Griffin was the principal of the school: a man thoroughly fitted to manage the institution and who, though a layman, stood high at Conference. In 1857 he purchased the Seminary property. This to some seemed a very grave mistake, and for several reasons was the beginning of the end. Conference as a body and individually could not take the same interest as before, and the result was that Mr. Griffin was compelled to work harder to maintain its position, and each year he went before Conference and stirred up its energy, and thus kept alive the interest. It was by his strong hold over that body and its members that he was able to so maintain it that under his ownership it was practically a Conference Seminary.

Mr. Griffin sold the Seminary to Rev. James Gilmour, who took possession during the winter term of 1869-70. There were in attendance this year (the winter term is used in all comparisons) two hundred and six students. Mr. Gilmour was a Presbyterian minister and a stranger to this community. The Seminary passed from under Methodist control and lost the enormous influence of Conference. This change broke the bond, and for one to appreciate how marked such an effect must have been, it must be recalled that the Methodist clergyman in nearly every town or hamlet within the bounds of this large Conference, who had heretofore taken pride in helping to swell the number of students and the power of the school, at once lost all active interest and ceased his work. A large proportion of the families of the students was personally known to Mr. Griffin, and his influence with them brought their sons and daughters to the institution. All this, too, was taken away. It was not intended under the new administration to

make the school denominational. It was not expected there would be any feeling, nor should there have been, but there was a great amount of discussion at the time, which old residents of Fulton will remember, about the Seminary going into the hands of the Presbyterians. This discussion was unwarranted, for there was no change of policy in the government of the school; but the discussion went on, the Methodists deprecating the change, the Presbyterians welcoming it. The result was natural: the support must be drawn from the Presbyterian element, while the other was, to a large extent, withdrawn. Again, about this time the common schools began to enlarge their dimensions. First one new study was added and then another. It is not my intention to enter into a history of the common schools, but briefly to say that the common school in Fulton, which in 1868 taught only the minor branches, in 1876 had so enlarged its work that students were there prepared for college. Nearly half the support of the Seminary came from Fulton and Oswego Falls, and as the common school branched out, this support was lessened, for taxpayers would not pay tuition to send to the Seminary while paying to have the same branches taught in the public school. This also was a strong influence.

The result of all these forces at work is best shown by reference to attendance. When Mr. Gilmour took charge of the Seminary in the winter of 1870 there were two hundred and six students. The change under the new régime, as before indicated, was rapid, and to show how quickly old ties were broken, in the winter of 1873 the attendance was ninety-two. It took about three years to complete the severing process, for, with slight variations, it maintained about that number, as the records show eighty-one in attendance in the winter of 1880.

When Mr. Gilmour took the management of the Seminary the seeds of consumption were already firmly fastened in his system. The climate aggravated the disease. From natural causes, as we

have seen, over one hundred students went elsewhere within three years. Then the question arose, could the attendance be increased? There never was but one answer—yes. The writer has had many conversations with Mr. Gilmour upon this subject, and well knows that the only barrier was his health. He had proved himself an able manager and teacher, rapidly increasing his own boarding-school at Ballston, which had over two hundred young men. This was burned to the ground, and then he came to Falley Seminary. He was a man who possessed strong moral courage, keen executive ability, and rare attainments. With a powerful personal magnetism he united sound judgment and Scotch firmness. That he was in every way fitted for the position is best shown by his marked success at Princeton and Ballston. The patronage and forces which had built and maintained Falley Seminary were withdrawn, and to rebuild it to its former position required great exertions. One could not work at home, for the public schools sufficed; it could not be supported by denominational influence, for each sect had its own school, and the Black River Conference had at that time its school at Antwerp. The only thing to do was to completely change the policy, and to draw its clientage from the children of well-to-do parents all over the country. It required great work to make the institution thoroughly known, and his personality felt in the homes of the students. On these lines the institution had a bright future; the policy was practical, was sure of success, was the only one to pursue if it was to be brought back to its former state.

Mr. Gilmour was eminently fitted for the work, for he had taught before with marked success. Then came other questions: Was there strength to do this work? Three years had wrought a great change; from being large, strong, robust and energetic, he was now sick, emaciated and with chances for only a short lease of life. Extra work would but hasten the end, and of what avail,

with no successor in the work? It would leave his family burdened with greater responsibilities. His physical condition forced him to adopt the policy he followed: to maintain the institution as long as he was able under the balance of its natural patronage and not change nor enlarge its boundaries. This he did for some years with true Scotch tenacity, even when so sick as to anticipate a speedy close. No doubt many students who attended his classes in 1882-84 will be surprised to know that to teach them he arose from a sick bed, to which he retired at the close of the recitation. His cheery word and genial face gave no hint of his true condition. Early in 1883, feeling that his work was done, and that he would not live another year, and strongly desiring that the Seminary should be maintained, he offered to dispose of the Seminary property to any competent body which would maintain it as it had been. It had a great future, and he knew it, if some right person would manage it. His whole heart was bent on maintaining the Seminary and finding some one to carry out the plans he had been unable to execute. The location, the building, its prestige—all were favorable. That it should reach a high place was his one hope. That this might be brought about while he was yet alive, he offered to sell the property for such a purpose at one-third of its true value. Certain friends attempted to carry out the plan. Articles were written for the village papers explaining the whole matter and asking the people of Fulton to take steps to accomplish it. These articles appeared at various times during January and July of 1883, finally urging active measures. The main idea was to get the people interested; that done they could formulate their own plan for its future. The idea suggested was to unite the public schools of Fulton, purchase the Seminary, and either run it as a high school branch or as a seminary, with all taxpayers having free tuition for children. The matter went so far that school-meetings were held to vote upon uniting the districts

as the first step. It is sufficient to say that the people were not interested; they voted down the proposition to unite the schools, and the plan fell flat. It was a grave mistake, as the institution was then in good running order, all things well maintained, a good class of students, an excellent line of apparatus in good working order, well-stocked Seminary library and society libraries, etc. But the people were not awake, even though it was then apparent that more room would be needed for their schools. Shortly afterward they were obliged to purchase an annex to the main public school at considerable expense. Since then they have argued *pro* and *con*, and finally six years later they united the districts and endeavored to purchase the Seminary, but it was too late; it had taken too many years to reach a decision. Mr. Gilmour had died, the Seminary had been closed five years, and the desire to maintain it had gone. It could not be bought.

The Seminary was opened for the school year 1883-84, but, Mr. Gilmour's health becoming so delicate that he was unable to give it any attention whatever, it was closed with the fall term and it has never been opened as a school since. It has since been used as a residence by Mrs. Gilmour. Everything has been kept intact just as it was, even to the smallest particular. The recitation rooms have been slightly changed, but so that they could easily be put in former shape. The apparatus, though removed to different rooms, is still in exactly the same places in the cases.

Was it the poetry of justice, that Presbyterians opening the doors of the good school, which has accomplished such grand things, had the especial right of closing those doors nearly fifty years afterward, when the magnificent work had all been done?

Does it not harmonize with the kindest thoughts of all the old friends of Falley Seminary that the building remains intact? It surely would cause deep regret if indifference or carelessness should hold sway where so much has been wrought for human lives. But

the brick walls, the well-appointed rooms and the multiplied appliances remaining intact, are only the emblems of the record of the Seminary itself. The institution has gone into history. Its work is completed. And if the building should go into the hands of strangers, yet all in and about the good old building is, after all, only the scaffolding. The builders and buildings of brain and lives will never perish. Those two strong white pillars in front might forget their mission and fall into a helpless heap, but so many who have gone out between them have been and are pillars in church and society, and will be pillars in the temple of our God, to go no more out forever. And it is indeed well that the old building is now flanked by two homes as symbols of the truer and better homes, which have been builded because of Falley Seminary.

Frederick D. Van Wagenen.

FULTON, N. Y.

THE KALAMATHEON SOCIETY.

Ad Verum et Pulcrum tendimus.

THERE is abundant evidence that the Kalamatheon was not suggested to its founders from without, but from within, and was a natural outward expression of an inward enthusiasm for self-improvement and high endeavor on the part of certain elect students of the public division. Early in the spring of 1862, from a nebulous desire, it took definite shape in the room of Miss Helen Fitch, then boarding on Fourth street with Mrs. Randall, since so well known as Mrs. Anna Randall Diehl. Professor Slee gave the society its name, Professor Griffin its motto, and at its first reported meeting, held May 16, 1862, it was fully organized.

The original members, whose energy and fine ambition gave it an impetus to which it owed much of the success of its long career, were Libbie Coates, Louise Falley, Mattie Harroun, Addie Highriter, Delia Dart, Mina Moore, Anna Penfield, Marian Smith, the sisters Libbie and Belle Taylor, Anna Robinson, Esther Thomas, Tula Townsend, Ellen Emerick, and Helen Fitch. The stately and scholarly Emma Blodgett was president, Helen Fitch, vice-president, and Tula Townsend, secretary. The question debated on that momentous May evening was worthy of the occasion: "*Resolved*, That a thorough course of study is necessary to the enjoyment of life and the performance of its duties."

The early meetings were held in No. 2. "And," says the vice-president, "we gravely debated the wisdom of darkening the windows, to prevent the boys from discovering what we were about."

The constitution probably represents the cumulative wisdom of the sixteen. "The object of this society," says Article 2, "shall be improvement in morals, manners, science and literature;" certainly not a narrow aim. The officers were elected by ballot, save two left to the appointing power of the president, and who always gave "civil service," viz. the critic and the janitor. The former was, of course, always alert for material, and during the historian's time usually closed her report by exhorting the young woman who said "for to" to reduce the number of her prepositions. As the months rolled on the office of janitor became somewhat onerous. Kalamatheon Hall must be swept, the lamps filled, and, as far as possible to the nature of coal-oil, kept from "a smell of burning," and in winter, a long season in Fulton, a fire must be kindled, but the office was never declined save for unusual reasons.

August 29, 1862, the society assembled for the first time in the room soon affectionately named "Kalamatheon Hall." Each member bore to it a chair from No. 54. The tremendous question before the house was "how to make those four bare walls a home."

A festival provided money for a carpet, an oak and green ingrain, which the society made and pounded its multitudinous fingers putting down, generously assisted, as in most of its muscular undertakings, by Aletheon and Peithologian volunteers. The first meeting held upon that carpet is recorded. Pride, no doubt, kept the members warm, for there was no fire, and it was November. The lamps stood in two chairs beside the president, but the bright eyes present noted no deficiencies. A stove, oak-colored shades on which glittered the name "Kalamatheon," a

table, a president's chair, a book in which to record the society's proceedings were purchased, and the walls were papered. Then an enterprising member, tired of carrying chairs from No. 54, appealed to the society's arithmetic and pride. "We can buy chairs," she said courageously, and quite disregardful of the chronic state of a school-girl's pocket-book. It was unanimously resolved to have chairs, and had they were within a week. Until May, 1865, tardy members found their way to the Kalamatheon door by the uncertain twinkle emitted by the key-hole. Mischievous ears were always up-pricked somewhere in the gloom of the attic—at least there was a legend to that effect—and leaving the door open, even in summer, was inexpedient. But after the date mentioned a bracket lamp of the genus coal-oil saved the belated from unlucky stumblings into the wood-box, which, like the rest of the kind in the building, was as big as a city pantry.

A complete set of Irving, the gift of the young men's societies, was the nucleus of a library. As no Aletheon would consent to have a Peithologian air his rhetoric over this joint gift, nor would a Peithologian listen to Aletheon eloquence on the occasion, Professor Griffin was deputed orator, and everyone was pleased and satisfied. These volumes were carefully covered, and a fine of twenty-five cents imposed upon any possible vandal who might be tempted to maltreat them. The first addition to this store made the library one hundred books. The next investment was a series of shelves for the west end of the hall, and a librarian was appointed.

Let no one think this enumeration of possessions gained is trivial. It was war time, and prices were, as our German friends say, "colossal." The faculty, with careful regard for a student's first business, vetoed any use of hours that would interfere with study. Every article purchased meant, for the most part, money earned by honest work. More than that, it meant that from the

faculty, their fellow-students, and the community at large the society had the hearty sympathy and co-operation which, with the inexperienced and rose-pink trust of youth, it took quite as a matter of course. It meant, too, that as a body it was thoroughly united and harmonious. All money earned was not spent upon self. Seventy dollars were raised for the Sanitary Commission, and one eventful evening a note of thanks, which had come all the way from Washington, was read. Other gifts, too, the society had the delight of bestowing, and these are, no doubt, made a note of in the receivers' books.

January 20, 1866, the society found behind its president's table a new and handsome chair, a gift from the Peithologians. The record says: "We cheered three times for the donors and then three times for the chair." In October of the same year a neat door-plate was presented by the Aletheons, an event which the president of the period has cause to remember, as the duties of the occasion nearly rendered her speechless. Miss Potter gave an engraving of Rosa Bonheur's "Horse Fair;" pictures of Washington and family and Lincoln and family were bought. Art was just then very patriotic. Curtains were hung before the bookshelves, there were spreads upon the tables, the president had a large Bible, and upon the second table was what in those days no family nor any organization of consequence was long without a photographic album.

Extreme dignity characterized the proceedings of those earlier years. Reading of Scripture was followed by select reading; then came an historical or biographical sketch (the writer was requested to confine herself to facts) and a debate, which was followed by recess, during which the president looked over the arguments presented, and decided *pro* or *con*, like Judge Bridlegoose, for her who had the larger number, while the frolicsome members tried to keep out of mischief.

When the meeting again came to order a poem was recited and an original essay read. The roll-call was soon made interesting by responses of sentiments from some one author chosen for the evening. Select reading was varied by the reading of a play, several taking part. English gave way to French or German poems, and historical questions and conversations were occasionally made to take the part of the historical essay. The original essay, at first always serious and elegant, was, as time wore on, sometimes permitted to become comic, and even the debate felt the effect of youthful spirits. As the society often possessed good voices, music was made to give delightful variety to the programme. With a self-confidence middle-age vainly sighs for, the society discussed the gravest subjects. The following are specimen topics :

Resolved, That whatever is, is right.—Sustained.

Resolved, That the rebellion now in progress will result in good to the country.—Debated three times, and decided twice in the affirmative and once in the negative, probably when a pessimist president was at the front.

Resolved, That the people of ancient times (period not given) had more energy than the people of the present.—Decision not given.

Resolved, That women should cultivate the art of public speaking.—Not sustained. (The president may have thought it would be "gilding the lily.")

Resolved, That love is a humbug.—Sustained!

Resolved, That a collegiate education is desirable for a *lady*.—The principal debater on the affirmative is now a distinguished professor in Vassar, but the question was decided not sustained.

The first Kalamatheon paper was called "The Lever" and was read May 25, 1862, by its editor, Miss Esther Thomas. Its motto reads, "Truth is its axis, energy and perseverance its arms, intellect its power." In 1865 the paper was re-named "The Gleaner,"

with the motto "To Learning's shrine our care-sought gifts we bring."

There is a record that the Kalamatheon assisted at various Aletheon and Peithologian publics, but it was not until September, 1865, that a distinctive Kalamatheon public was held. After prayer came an address by H. D. Weston of the Aletheons. It began in this strain: "Miss President and lady Kalamatheons, the Aletheons salute you as the star society in the grand trio of literary societies of Falley Seminary!" An essay was read by Belle Taylor; then "The Gleaner" was presented by its editors, Nellie Wolcott and Emma Mead. A poem by M. M. C. Burch, of the Peithologians, closed the literary part of the exercises.

From the first a "public," in which there should be a debate, was talked of and desired, but the readiest wits and most fluent tongues feared to trust themselves in the presence of the auditors who would occupy the south half of the chapel, and it was not until May, 1866, that a public discussion could be announced; but even then at the last moment the debaters weakened and read their arguments, which, with commendable foresight, they had committed to paper. The last recorded public was held in June, 1874, and consisted, as did the earlier ones, of essays, the reading of "The Gleaner," the president's address and music.

Judging from the papers yet in existence, the performances were creditable. If the rhetoric is sometimes uncertain there is no uncertainty of sentiment. There is, of course, a youthful luxuriance of adjective, and the solemn pieces are very solemn indeed, but the fun is genuine and refined, and the average contents and literary merit are high.

The women teachers and the wives of the professors were made honorary members of the society, and it is recorded that for blacking stoves and many other kindnesses the question of extending this mark of respect to C. H. Griffin was discussed; but, as

there is no record that he received it, it is probable his sex was held an insuperable disability.

But there were exercises of which there is little or no record. A revival swept up from the chapel to Kalamatheon Hall and placed prayer after the reading of the Scriptures. Lee's surrender was celebrated with "great joy," says the record, and memory adds "with tears." "We do not yet know what this has cost," said one—Major Taylor's daughter Elizabeth.

There was a memorable parting when a Kalamatheon went to California. "Our Eva Burke," she was named, and love sent with her a little gift, "a memorial of happy days spent together," says the record. Later "Our Belle Taylor" bade the society good-bye to make the same then difficult journey, for the Union Pacific was building, not finished. And the parting of death came also to the little band, and Kalamatheon Hall was as a sacred chaplet of tears.

Beside the festivals, which if full of solid work, were also full of solid fun, there were social occasions which resulted in life-long consequences to some couples, and in which the three societies gave themselves up to conversation and such refreshments as the season afforded. The first social held in Kalamatheon Hall resulted in filling the room so full the company could only stand up quite straight, and wait in breathless perpendicularity until the envoy sent to Professor Griffin brought back permission to take possession of the entire attic. Literary exercises and music enlivened this occasion. C. H. Griffin contributed an impromptu poem, which indicated what he might do if he gave his mind to verse, and one of the Kalamatheons sang "The Maniac," a blood-chilling selection, which the easily-pleased audience received with sincere applause. Unfortunately the rest of that evening's program is lost. There was, too, a notable candy-pulling, and at long intervals socials were permitted down stairs, though with

many restrictions about troubling the "help," who, however, seemed to enjoy the trouble. Picnics were held on Battle Island, and enchanting times were enjoyed going and coming. Of one especially the record says: "Nothing occurred during the day to mar the pleasure of any one, and all returned home saying it had been the gayest, happiest time that could be thought of!"

And the Kalamatheons cleaned house, a suggestive fact, indicating, among other things, that a cultivated mind loves refined surroundings. But those house cleanings were also periods of happiness. "We had a splendid time making over the carpet," says one Kalamatheon. "Oh, joyful youth! when cares and gray hairs were alike unknown, and all things, even house cleaning, worked together for delight!"

After twelve years the record closes June 4, 1874. One meeting was held later. It was August 31, 1888, and the place was the basement of the dear old Methodist church. The president was Libbie Coates, and the secretary was the same who recorded the minutes of the first meeting—Tula Townsend, now Mrs. Blake. No roll was called. The old friends looked affectionately into each others' faces and had an informal talk.

Emma Blodgett, Libbie Coates, Libbie Taylor, Anna Penfield, Eva Burke, Mattie Harroun, Ellen Emerick, Anna Foster, Marian Smith, Belle Taylor, Nettie Allen, Kate Voris, Ophelia Drake, Huldah Loomis, Elizabeth Cummings, Estella Mendell, Lizzie Porter, Mary Forbes, Hattie Hunt, Anna Blanchard, Emma Baldwin, Alice Vose, Emma Foot, Ella Gregg, Alice Osborn, Lucy M. Salmon, Nellie Alden, Lotta Giddings, Emma Smith, Fanny Howe, Ella Lathrop, and Mella Loomis were presidents of the Kalamatheon. Several of this number served a number of terms.

Of the value of the society as an educational force it is difficult to speak, because it belongs among those rare benefits not appraisable. It certainly quickened perception and trained attention, and

while it accustomed one to order her ideas, and to express them in appropriate language, it also taught the rarer power of carefully and appreciatively listening. Moreover, one object was gained not set down in Article 2 of the Constitution. Young hearts were knit together in an indissoluble bond, and though no maiden eyes may now look out upon the lovely picture of the wooded hills and silver river visible from the windows of Kalamatheon Hall, the society still lives. "When the Kalamatheons have become famous, relic-hunters will come begging for a splinter from Mrs. Randall's house," said a merry member in 1862. Wives, mothers, home-keepers, yet lending a hand to the world's work, are now the majority of the Kalamatheons, useful, if not famous, members of society, and relic-hunters might do worse than to treasure bits of this house. One Kalamatheon is in a mission school in Loftcha, Bulgaria. Timid, shy, a poet with an heroic heart, not Kalamatheons alone, but all her friends, are tenderly proud of Linna Schenck. Another is numbered among the learned women of our day, and has given a suggestive earnest of her powers in her "History of the Appointing Power of the President."

Of those promoted to better work than any this world offers, gentle Anna Penfield was the first to go. The list is necessarily imperfect. Lizzie Sutfin, Alice McGonegal, Mrs. Libbie Taylor Brando (one of the original sixteen), the sisters Libbie Giddings Rice and Lotta Giddings Perham, Eliza Wright, Florence Clark, Calista Smith, Mrs. Alice Osborn Rhoades, Mrs. Florence Bassett Haley, Mrs. Lois Hotchkiss Poe, Carrie Benedict, Mary Alden (honorary member), are all the names secured. After each one of these names may be written the significant word "Christian." Not dead are these sisters beloved, but raised in glory.

Elizabeth Cummings Pierce.

TERRE HAUTE, IND.

THE ALETHEON SOCIETY.

WHEN the work of writing a brief history of the Aletheon Society was taken in hand, it was found that the secretary's records for two-thirds of the society's existence had disappeared and could not be traced. It was therefore impossible to make the sketch as complete as could be desired, but the memory of early members, and private records in their possession, supplied the material facts of the origin of the society, together with reminiscences of prominent actors in that interesting event, and have done something toward making up one desirable item—a list of the presidents in the years covered by the missing records. The members who contributed most in this way were Rev. Alfred Coit, D. D., Rev. H. D. Weston, Prof. A. S. Roe and Hon. S. M. Coon. Prof. J. P. Griffin, whose hearty co-operation in the founding of the society was one of the most important elements of its success, also recalled the circumstances of its organization and supplied material that no other of the writer's informants could have furnished.

The Aletheon always claimed to be the true successor of the Academic Society, a loosely-organized body, which led a sort of go-as-you-please existence up to the spring of 1862, though very imperfectly fulfilling the purposes of such an organization.

In the winter term of 1861-62 some of the members in attendance secured the dissolution of this society. Others, beside some who were away during the winter, teaching, early in the spring term of 1862 repudiated this action as illegal, and held a meeting of the Academic Society in No. 35, on Wednesday, April 2, to effect a reorganization. A part of the students sustained the action of the winter term as decisive, and, holding aloof from the reorganizers of the Academic, they formed the germ of the Peithologian Society. The reorganized Academics regarded them as seceders.

Professor Griffin had urged upon the students the formation of two gentlemen's societies, and promised, if his advice was taken, to provide during the summer vacation permanent rooms in the building for the two.

On Monday, April 7, 1862, according to a diary kept by Mr. Weston, which furnishes early facts and dates, the Academic Society met after chapel and elected these officers: President, C. P. Coit; secretary, H. D. Weston; treasurer, Frank Garlock; janitor, A. S. Roe.

The next entry, made but four days later, is:

"Debate in evening. The Academic Society adopted the name ALETHEON, or Lovers of Truth. Session held late."

When the members of the societies returned for the fall term of 1862 they found ready for their occupancy the rooms that in after years became endeared to them by many pleasant associations and the benefits there received. The assignment of the two halls was determined by lot, and the Aletheons were delighted with the result, as theirs, being a corner room, admitted the light and commanded the view on both side and end.

The furnishing of the hall was a somewhat serious matter for students so poor that they hardly dared to make their initiation fee a dollar. Here again Professor Griffin helped them out by

advancing money, which was repaid in due time. When furnished and decorated, as it came to be, the hall was a neat and pleasant room, and convenient, unless a little crowded sometimes. Do you see it now, old Aletheons, as you saw it when you stepped across the threshold? At the right was the platform across the west end, raised a few inches, where the president and secretary sat behind the official desk and before the heavy dark-green drapery, which gave such distinction to that end of the room and its occupants. Projected upon that imposing background the figure of the president took on such dignity as a judge in wig and ermine. The drapery was topped with a wonderful stretch of brazen ornament, which, like the glory of the great man who sat before it, looked substantial, however thin and hollow in reality. Around the room ran a line of settees, with a break for the stove midway of the south side. A marble-topped stand near the east end held a large and handsome Bible, the gift of the Kalamatheons, and the album containing the photographs of the members who joined during the later years. A large frame on the southern wall held seventy-seven likenesses of earlier members. It was voted in 1870 to get a new glass for this frame and rearrange the pictures. On the walls hung also, in separate frames, portraits of Professors Griffin, Dorris, Slee, Underhill, Boothby and Brown, and engravings in heavy gilt frames of Grant and Lincoln. During the last year or two a bracket on the north wall held one of Rogers' terra-cotta statuettes, bought with part of the proceeds of a reading by Anna Randall. But the chief artistic treasure was the series of engravings, four in number, of Thomas Cole's famous paintings of the "Voyage of Life," presented to the society at an early day by Ira W. Morley.

Perhaps the library, as among the furnishings of the hall, should have mention here. Though choice, it was very small, and it seems to have had a hard chance for its life, for it was voted

October 19, 1868, "that the settee acting as book-case be placed on the stage to prevent members from using it as a seat." The record mentions the voting of funds for the library, and also the presentation of volumes by members, and a vote of thanks to Professor Briggs for a gift of books. Professor Woodward at one time acted as purchasing agent for the society in placing an order for books.

The society was thus fairly launched. Among those who engineered the undertaking, all agree, the Coit brothers, Albert and Charles P., were the principal actors. One of their contemporaries recalls Albert as "the leading spirit." Charles was the first president, and their youngest brother, Judson P., was the last. No family made, or well could have made, a more notable contribution to the membership than this one. Others of the founders were D. C. Scoville, Ira W. Morley, H. D. Weston, George H. Barton, E. P. Johnson and A. S. Roe. It was in the mind of the writer to sketch briefly the personal traits and the subsequent history of prominent early members who have become conspicuous in professional and public life, and some material for that purpose was kindly furnished; but it was found that such sketches would extend the article beyond the limit assigned, and the material provided could hardly have secured equal justice to all those deserving such mention.

The regular meetings of the society were two each week—the business meeting, between four and five o'clock on Monday, immediately after the calling of the roll in chapel by the principal to secure the report of church attendance the preceding day, and the literary meeting Friday evening. The work for the term started off at the first Monday's meeting with the election of officers for the first half of the term. The officers were president, vice-president, recording secretary, corresponding secretary, treasurer, librarian, chaplain and janitor. The president appointed a committee

on the constitution, and a committee on resolutions, which was expected to report at each Monday meeting at least three questions for debate, one of which was chosen as the subject of the next Friday evening's discussion.

There must have been during the existence of the society fifty-six presidential terms, but several of the presidents held the office more than one term. Among those who presided during the period covered by the missing records were Charles P. and Albert Coit, A. S. Roe, H. D. Weston, and undoubtedly others of the original members: Eugene Hinman, E. C. Hull, S. M. Coon, Arvin Rice, Abner Lasher, Frank Buell, Dwight D. Porter, T. E. Hancock, A. G. Benedict, W. E. Reynolds and Addison Hawks. Inquiries addressed to others, who, in all probability, should be named in this list, secured no response.

The existing record of the presidents begins with the last half of the fall term of 1868, when D. P. Morehouse held the office. His successors were: 1868-69, winter term—S. E. Forsyth, J. R. Simmons; spring term—H. A. Jones, J. D. Phelps; 1869-70, fall term—H. E. Barrett, C. D. Lathrop; winter term—B. W. Barker, B. F. Cook; spring term—F. P. Sinclair, H. E. Barrett; 1870-71, fall term—G. W. Hawley, H. E. Chase; winter term—N. W. Cadwell, D. J. Tompkins; spring term—N. M. Goodell, J. B. Coit.

At the first meeting a committee was appointed to solicit applications for membership among the visitors present, and when one was secured it was voted on then and there.

The first business meeting of a term, especially the fall term, was the time when visitors thinking of joining were most likely to be present, having been urgently invited by patriotic emissaries of the society.

The expenses of the society were small, there being no rent to pay, and were largely met by the initiation fees. Small taxes were

levied from time to time for special purposes, and some money was made from public entertainments.

The main transaction of the ordinary business meeting was the adoption of the question for the next debate. When it had been chosen, the members who wished to speak in the affirmative stood up on one side of the hall and those contrary-minded on the other. The president appointed a man on each side leading disputant. As the leader named his supporters the secretary took down the names, and it was from this list that the speakers at the ensuing debate were called off, one from each side alternately.

The members of the question committee foraged among the loftiest themes of history, psychology and morals. More often than otherwise the inquiry would be whether some power was justifiable in some act, or which of two great persons or agencies contributed the more to some specified end. Yet there was always a tendency to grapple with current issues, especially political ones, and such topics called out the most stirring debates.

At the opening of the literary meeting the chaplain read a passage of Scripture. After the minutes of the last meeting were passed upon, the president appointed a critic for the evening, and after the reading of an essay the debate proceeded. When the president had decided the question sustained or not sustained, according to the preponderance of argument, the critic made his report, and an essayist was appointed for the next Friday evening.

Once in a while the essayist made his effort in verse. W. W. Totheroh, since a noted educator and preacher, gave at least one poem in the hall, besides one at a public. The secretary tells us that on December 30, 1870, "the house listened to an excellent poem by Mr. R. E. Day."

The Friday evening meeting was often varied with incidents not down in the order of business. When did the players not "kick" at the ruling of the umpire? On May 19, 1871, "spirited

discussion followed concerning the justice of the decision." On one occasion "Mr. Cook related an anecdote for the edification of the society." Now and then an old member, back from college, dropped in to see how we were getting along. They were always expected to address the brethren, and more than one testified that they found nothing among their college privileges that did for them quite what the Aletheon used to do.

The great event of each term was the public literary entertainment held near its close in the chapel, and always called simply the "public." The participants were appointed by the president. The constant features of the programme were the debate between two members, the reading of the society paper "The Monitor," and the president's address. Usually there was also an introductory address, on any subject the speaker might choose. Sometimes there was a declamation, and once at least a poem. "The Monitor" was written by the appointed editor and such persons as he could induce to contribute; and before reading it he must submit it to the principal to insure the absence of offensive personalities, to which there was always a tendency. The first public occurred on May 2, 1862, during the presidency of C. P. Coit. The last of the series was held Friday evening, June 23, 1871.

The publics always crowded the chapel, and probably would have done so had the room been much larger. For the great occasion the best pictures in the hall were taken down to the chapel and displayed upon the eastern wall, if possible a little differently from the arrangement of any preceding term, though that came to be rather difficult. Our marble-topped center-table graced the front of the stage, with a chair beside it for the president. If any Aletheon's heart swelled a little bigger with pride at one time than at any other, it was when he sat in the crowded chapel and saw the picked men of his society march in from the north hall, to the accompaniment of music, and take their places on the stage.

As to the participants themselves, if their exaltation had not been tempered with stage fright they could hardly have preserved a decent show of modesty.

The Aletheon was not a secret society. Visitors were present at many of its meetings, and such visits are often mentioned in the record. All the Peithologians were invited in on February 5, 1869, and took part in the debate. One evening, as the secretary tells us, "many members visited the room from the Peithologian Society in time to listen to a speech by Mr. Simmons, from Cornell University, and a complimentary speech from their president, Mr. Bulger." There is nothing to show which of those two silver-tongued brothers was meant, and it made little difference for when "Mr. Bulger" gets upon his feet, a speech is provided. The Cornellian referred to was John R. Simmons, a prominent and lively member of the society in the later years. He was elected president for a term, as above stated, but nobody had then even nominated him for the Baptist ministry.

A very gentlemanly and courteous feeling prevailed between the societies as organizations. There is a record that the Aletheon once censured some of its members in the severest terms for making a disturbance at a Peithologian public. The cordial relations of all three of the Seminary societies were in part promoted by the "society socials," when the upper floor of the building was given over for the evening to moderate festivity, and the "sweetness and light," erstwhile cooped up in the Kalamatheon hall, pervaded all the halls and the great attic, as happy pairs promenaded through them or lingered in the piano rooms for music and chat. Only the members of the societies and the faculty were expected on such occasions, and the fortunate ones naturally considered these parties more select and enjoyable than the general socials held on the first floor. Another social event was a union society picnic on Van Buren's Island in the fall term of 1869, and it was one of the pleasantest incidents in the history of the society.

The chapel entertainments given each term were by no means the only public exercises in which the Aletheons took part. In the spring of 1869 a union public was held in the chapel. A union debate was once held in No. 35, but it could not have been entirely public. In January, 1871, Mrs. Anna Randall was engaged to read before the societies in Salmon's Hall. The Aletheon's share of the profits of this entertainment was eleven dollars. The societies had the financial responsibility of the public exercises of anniversary week, with the resulting profit or loss, of engaging a lecturer, hiring an orchestra for the annual exhibition, and having a stage constructed covering the platform and altar in the Methodist church. The carpet of the Aletheon hall was used to cover this stage, or part of it. Among the lecturers secured were Fred Douglass and B. F. Taylor, and one year John G. Saxe read his poem "Yankee Land." At its close he undertook to recite, by request, "The Proud Miss MacBride," and, in a double sense, forgot his lines. Each of the men's societies elected four of the participants in the annual prize declamation.

In the years 1870 and 1871 the membership of the society fell off largely, and there seemed to be no prospect of its regaining its former strength or even holding its own. The once-crowded hall was but poorly filled when the debates occurred. Where a dozen or more had spoken on each side, often only four or five appeared. The division at the last debate was as follows:

Affirmative—Chase, Lathrop, Hubbard, Tompkins, Cadwell, Horton. Negative—Hawley, Rice, Goodell, Alden, Sinclair, Lee.

During the anniversary week of 1871 a number of old members were on hand, and it was judged that there would never again be so good a chance to test the sentiment of the Aletheon body in regard to the future of the society. At a meeting on June 28 the subject was discussed seriously and at length. The outcome is thus reported in the last of the secretary's records:

"Society met by call of president. Large attendance, including several members in active connection years ago. After an exhaustive discussion the following preamble and resolution were adopted:

"Whereas, the members of the Aletheon Society see no hope of successfully continuing it; therefore

"Resolved, That the society be disbanded so soon as a committee elected to dispose of its property shall have completed its labors.

"This resolution was unanimously adopted. After making provision for carrying it into effect we adjourned."

Appended to the foregoing record was this note:

"The committee above referred to consisted of J. B. Coit, F. P. Sinclair and C. D. Lathrop, and divided the property as follows: All left in the hall to Rev. James Gilmour; the residue, consisting of marble-top table, library books, photograph album, and all pictures to Prof. J. P. Griffin. This division was in accordance with the unanimous choice of the society.

"C. D. L."

Thus endeth the record of the Aletheon Society. The closing act was the meeting of the committee to pack and ship the articles voted to Professor Griffin. This done, the door-plate was taken from the door and laid upon the record book, open at the final entry, and the last Aletheons filed sadly down the stairs.

Members of the faculty, who had taught in other schools and known other societies, delighted to bear witness to the high character and promising talents of the men composing the Aletheon. The members themselves regarded their membership as the most valuable privilege secured by attending the Seminary, and they did not change that estimate in after years. The society received a fine class of young men, at a plastic age, when honorable aspirations are most active, and its influences did much to mold their

character in abiding forms of strength and beauty. It was just the agency to awake and gratify the ambitions that young students entertain, and its good associations and stimulating exercises left an imperishable imprint on their hearts and minds. Voices that have proved persuasive in church and court and legislative chamber were trained in debate in the narrow hall up under the eaves of "Old Falley," and friendships were there formed that death itself could not end. Of what students' society could better things be said?

Charles D. Lathrop.

SYRACUSE, N. Y.

THE PEITHOLOGIAN SOCIETY.

Λογοίς τε καὶ ἔργοις.

THE opening of the spring term of 1862 at Falley found the Seminary lacking that usual and necessary safety-valve for student eloquence and wisdom, a debating society. To meet this manifest need, a call to form such an organization was issued, a meeting held, and a committee, consisting of H. T. Burchard, F. P. Lantry and W. H. Torbert, appointed to draft a constitution and by-laws. At a meeting held April 11 this committee reported.

This report was accepted and adopted, and the following officers elected: President, F. P. Lantry; vice-president, George S. Griffin; secretary, H. T. Blanchard; treasurer, George H. Barton.

These, with their associates in these first meetings, may be regarded as the founders and fathers of the Peithologian Society, and are hereby handed down to posterity in that honorable capacity: L. A. Loomis, P. A. Barnes, C. S. Rice, B. F. Griffin, S. W. Gilbert and F. A. Tucker.

Organized and ready for business, the first resolution selected for debate is worthy of notice, being: *Resolved*, That the doctrine of election is taught by the Bible. Undoubtedly a Calvinist had wandered into this Methodist fold, and, firm in the faith, proposed giving the dissenting brethren a chance to prove him wrong. After a learned and spirited debate, in which the Bible, as interpreted by

the Westminster Catechism, was evidently too much for the negative, the president fearlessly decided the question sustained. As there is no tradition that the gentlemen of the affirmative were ever called before the faculty to account for this night's work, it is fair to presume that freedom of thought was allowed to all students in this school. Nevertheless, were he Arminian, Arian or Calvinist, his bed must be made and the room swept by 6:30 a. m. Less freedom of thought and more of action would have better pleased some. Very happily for our society, it had in the Aletheon Society, of about the same age and size, an exceedingly lively and enterprising rival. It is to the credit of these organizations that one of their first acts was the establishment of a reading-room managed by a joint committee and furnished with leading papers and magazines.

The members of the Kalamatheon Society were admitted at certain hours, during which time the gentlemen were expected to be totally oblivious of a reading-room nearer than Oswego.

Though a good thing theoretically, a jointly-managed reading-room became a very disjointed affair, and under date of December 12, 1864, we find the following entry in the records: "A motion was made and carried that it is the sense of the house that the reading-room should not be opened this term." It was closed and never reopened.

The society held its sessions this first term in No. 2, but during the summer vacation three society rooms were furnished off in the attic story of the Seminary. These rooms were "let unfurnished" to the three societies, Professor Griffin wisely foreseeing that the rivalry inevitable in the necessary furnishing and adornment would form a wholesome tonic to society life.

The new quarters were occupied the fall term of 1862. The walls were bare and the floor uncovered, but it was home and something for which to work.

Many of us who were then active members can easily remember the anxious hours passed in planning ways and means for making our society-home both attractive and comfortable.

A place on the "committee on room-furnishing" was no sine-cure. Ever before our minds was the fear that those fellows in the next room were devising plots whereby we would be brought to confusion.

Term opening was an occasion of great anxiety to those who had been "left over" and who felt the responsibility of making good all losses and, if possible, increasing the membership.

New students of fine appearance and in evident ease as to money matters were greatly coveted and zealously cultivated. It was a drill in practical politics, with the often usual result of "getting left." The best dressed students were not always the best society material, neither were a full pocketbook and a good head always in company. Then to see a man you had "worked" early and late, and to whom had been confided in moments of over-confidence momentous state secrets relating to plans for further room furnishing that would make those Aletheons green with envy—to see him rushed into the other hall, in spite of your best efforts, and made one of those same Aletheons was an occasion for gnashing of teeth. But then the tables were turned occasionally, confidence restored, and life again would seem worth living.

A very simple programme met all requirements for the meetings of our society during these early years, the debate in which all took part being the chief feature. Golden days they were to us who were bearing the heat and burdens of the day. Were not the times bristling with weighty questions, concerning which we all had very pronounced opinions, and which our good health demanded should be aired? And what a surprise some of our most unpromising and seedy-looking new members would give us when they stood up to deliver their message on these questions! Can we

ever forget "Pat" Bulger's maiden effort, replete with facts, garnished with poetry, and served with fiery eloquence? We wondered if Lantry, Houghton, Barton and Richards, and other giants in debate, as we rated them in those days, could stand before this new orator.

As the years passed, our debating society gradually evolved into a literary society, and the programme was varied by essays, biographical sketches, and songs by a glee club, affording an opportunity for those not gifted in debate to exercise themselves in other ways to the edification of their brethren.

During these early years we often find on record the fact that a member has gone to the war, and resolutions are adopted commemorative of these patriotic acts, the wording of which indicates a grim determination to make them worthy of the occasion.

Once each term the society treated itself and the public to a "literary exercise" in the chapel. For the first three years these publics consisted of an extempore debate, two on a side, a little music, and the reading of the society paper, "The Columbiad" (whose solid shots of truth were supposed to shatter the walls of error) and the Kalamatheon paper, "The Lever," which was expected to finish the leveling work commenced by "The Columbiad." Generous girls, those Kalamatheons, who for years contributed papers for the publics of both the Alethes and Peithos.

Naturally these debates would be rather crude and hardly calculated to draw large audiences. The writer blushingly recalls one of his great efforts on an occasion of this kind, when he eloquently pictured the terrible results of a nation plunged into ruin and "arnica" if the course his opponent favored should prevail. His antagonist's frequent allusion to this unfortunate *lapsus lingue* did not at all conduce to his peace of mind. Such experiences and the half-filled chapel set us thinking. Evidently there was a long-felt want of a most pressing kind in these public debates. We

resolved to meet it. The result of our efforts was made manifest in a "new departure" on February 25, 1865. The promise of something new served to crowd the chapel. Neatly printed programmes distributed to the audience gave the following

ORDER OF EXERCISES.

Anthem.

Prayer, by Rev. J. D. Adams.

Poem, "Our Name, our Motto, our Offering,"—M. C. Burch.

Music.

Debate. Question—Is a man responsible for his belief?

Affirmative—O. A. Houghton. Negative—J. E. Richards.

Music.

Reading of "Lever," Libbie Taylor.

Reading of "Columbiad," G. G. Stebbins.

Music.

Benediction.

These exercises were thoroughly prepared and evidently well enjoyed by the full houses that ever after greeted them. A salutatory and president's address were features afterwards added. Very soon the ladies introduced public exercises on their own account, and their papers ceased to be a feature of the other publics.

An interesting feature of society life was the zealous rivalry between the members of the two societies on the south side for the greatest number of partisans among the Kalamatheons, and it was no unusual thing for a lady to be called an Aletheon or Peithologian, according as her "best fellow" dwelt in one or the other hall. The methods to secure this preference were various, but the good old Methodist way of personal appeal and visitation (in the preceptress's room before an entertainment) was the most common and natural.

We all remember the necessary red tape to be observed on these occasions, also that it was generally an empty form, as in nine cases out of ten the matter had been settled in advance. However, these empty forms were sometimes made to contribute to our amusement. To induce a "fresh" Alethe to ask to see a Peitho's lady, and on begging for the pleasure of her company to some entertainment, to be firmly answered in the negative, was a fruitful source of audible smiles whenever the affair was mentioned. Come to think of it, this was a game the other side could play at also, and probably did.

Occasionally, to advance the cause in a kind of wholesale way, society action was taken and an offering made of a kind and in a way to do the most supposed good. The following incident illustrates this rivalry:

Learning through some underground source that the Aletheons were proposing in their minds a society present to the Kalamatheons, we Peithologians determined not to be ignominiously "left." Little was said, but a good deal done in a short time, with the result that, while our neighbors were still considering the matter the K's found placed in their room at their next meeting an elegant chair for the use of the president. Knowing of the A's intention, the ladies whose sympathies were in that direction, while praising the chair, beamed somewhat maliciously at their Peithologian sisters. An examination, however, of a card reading "Compliments of the Peithologian Society," caused a transfer of the beaming act to the Peitho ladies, who, no doubt, felt unspeakably proud of "their boys." While the motives prompting these acts might not stand the closest scrutiny, the result was, nevertheless, satisfactory to those of us who furnished the funds for the fun.

Not to be outdone in generosity, at one of their publics the Kalamatheons, with an ever appropriate sense of the fitness of things, presented to the two gentlemen societies each an elegant

Bible. As president of the Peithos at this time it became the duty of the writer to step forward, receive and acknowledge the gift. A lively remembrance of confusion and halting remarks remains, and also his exceeding great consolation as he discovered his brother in affliction, President Lasher of the A's, as sorely pressed for words equal to the occasion as himself. Possibly the Kalamath-eon president, in absent-mindedly addressing us as "sister," added no small amount to our mental distress, as neither of us had ever regarded ourselves in that light, exactly, before.

Possessed of a Bible, the reading of a passage therefrom by a chaplain became thenceforth a regular feature of the opening of each session, much to the gratification of the owners, no doubt.

The years come and go. A stream of new names and faces take the place of old and familiar ones. No loss of interest is evidenced. A library is fairly founded and book after book added. Occasionally one of the "old boys" pays a visit to the scenes of his youth, is "glad to be with you again, and to find the work going bravely on, in the main, just as of old." He was right in the matter.

But at last the end approaches—we append the last entry.

PEITHOLOGIAN HALL, *February 26th, 1880.*

House called to order by the president.

Mr. DeForest appointed critic. Motion made and carried that we waive the question for debate and choose the following for to-night: *Resolved*, That the rules of the school be maintained. The debate was decided in favor of the affirmative.

Motion carried that the next question be: *Resolved*, That the Indian has suffered more at the hands of the white man than the negro.

House adjourned until Thursday next.

N. N. STRANAHAN, *Pres.*

SUMNER McDONOUGH, *Secy.*

One fall day in 1882 a pilgrimage was made to Peithologian Hall. Fifteen years had elapsed since I last passed its door. Then the Seminary was in vigorous life and the society a lusty youth. Now the school was a thing of the past and the hall had none to care for it. But there was the furniture Barton and I had carried up long ago, the rostrum as we had built it, and the frames of pictures I had made and placed on the wall. What a verdant looking set, for the most part, but how good it seemed to meet the "boys" again. Many had gone over to the majority, the rest were full of the cares and business of life. And who can measure the help in bearing these burdens of to-day received from the drill of society life?

I sat down in my old familiar place. The old scenes and faces came upon me like a flood. Was it an excusable weakness that allowed the lump in my throat, and caused the tears to course so freely? I seemed to be sitting in the house of death, and the dead, one well beloved.

A long last look upon the familiar scene, then I softly left the room lest the dead should be disturbed. In a way I never had before experienced I realized to the full that our well-beloved society was no more.

Dead? Oh, no. For by the token of these tears and vivid memories it lives and long will live in the hearts of scores of loyal and loving sons.

Charles H. Griffin.

RAVENNA, OHIO.

SEMINARY LIFE.

INDEED it was a great privilege for any young man or woman to be a day scholar at Falley, but supreme satisfaction was only found in occupying one of the spacious rooms in the Seminary building, with all its palatial appointments, with spring beds, resting on which you would almost sink out of sight into the great masses of curled hair which composed the mattresses; with pillows so large and downy they never needed pillow shams, with large, easy and reclining chairs, floors carpeted in moquette or axminster, steam, electric bells, polished mirrors, rare pictures elegantly mounted, ceiling and walls delicately frescoed or richly papered, janitors to do your bidding—anticipating every desire, ever ready to perform any service, taking entire charge of your room, making up your bed so it was always soft—attentions and luxuries such as are rarely found except in a regal hostelry like the Palace Hotel.

Then the assembling for meals in the old basement dining-room; a group of about one hundred well-behaved, mannerly boys, who always did and said the proper thing, and such lovely girls, with their handsome faces, their hair, hands and gowns always faultless. Professor Griffin sat at the head of the table running directly through the dining-room from the gentlemen's to the

ladies' side; Professor Boothby sat opposite. Between the divisions of about eight or ten were seated at different times in different years Professors Slee, Underhill, Johnson, Morse, Haydn, Scoville; and ranging opposite were Miss Munson, Miss Bailey, Mrs. Griffin, Miss Griffin, Miss Price, Miss Mina Moore, Miss Cynthia Tuthill, and the two Misses Willard, one of whom, Miss Cora, became the wife of Professor Haydn. Some, who were not familiar with the object of this arrangement, supposed that Professor Griffin had arranged the teachers in this wise that they might discover the good boys and the proper girls. If this was his object he was not as far-sighted as usual, at least so far as the gentlemen teachers were concerned. As heads of division they would do the carving and serve the meals, and when they had served their division, the pupils who were served first would be sending in a second time their plates, and they were kept so busy waiting on the boys and girls that they had no time to discover the sly glances, the little flirtations, or any other irregularities that might be going on.

But transcending all was the *ménu* itself. It was said that one could always tell with mathematical precision what one would have for a meal on any given day; the steward having such a precise method of ordering that he had certain kinds of food, meat and vegetables for certain days. It has also been said that for supper if we had apple sauce we were without cheese or pickles, and if for variety we had cheese or pickles we were without apple sauce or tea. It was related that if on Monday we had roast beef, on Tuesday we would have cold meat, and Wednesday lol-soodle, and on Thursday hash; this order and process being required to utilize all the original purchase. But anyone who ever boarded in the Seminary and remembers that Mrs. Stoddard was the stewardess will recognize that such statements as the foregoing were the humorous tales of boys, told in sport to add to the caricature of the boarding school; in fact the whitest, sweetest bread, with

good coffee, wholesome meats, choice butter, fruits, vegetables in their season, the best of their kind were always provided by Mrs. Stoddard, who was indeed high up in the caterer's art, and whose pies and delicacies have been lingering in the memory of all Falley boarders these many years. Necessarily there were some advantages in boarding in the Seminary. We were likely to have quite unexpected taps at the door, and our visitor was Professor Griffin in his slippers, whom we were always so glad to see, and who was always pleased to find us in our own room alone, without visitors, studious, with none of the by-laws regulating those who boarded in the Seminary being violated.

On Sunday morning we always had prayers in the dining-room, and it seemed like a gathering of a large family around the family hearthstone. It was a sacred, blessed hour, in which student and teacher drew near to each other and to the Great Exemplar. Mina Moore, Cynthia Tuthill and Cora Willard were, by consent of faculty and students, a kind of regency who mediated between the faculty and the students with rare diplomacy, having the confidence and love of both, persuading the faculty that mercy, not justice, was the better way, and placing before the students their own sublime example of doing right and of devotion to the best interests of Falley.

In all this throng there was one dear form and face of whom one hardly trusts his heart to speak. Before her we stand, now as then, with uncovered heads; her feet were always running on errands of kindness; for everyone she had a kind "good-morning" and a pleasant smile; if any were sick she was as patient and faithful as a mother in her ministry of love. Who does not recall the dainty delicacies and the never-failing panacea of *picra* which were sent to our rooms in case of illness. A woman whose gifts of head and heart were always employed in discovering duty and discharging it. Phœbe Griffin! Thy sweet, pure character, thy

exalted womanhood, thy labor of love and sacrifice are written on the tablets of the heart of every alumnus of Falley, forever to remain. They all unite in wishing you perennial joy in the life that now is, knowing that such as you have an inheritance of felicity in the life to come that fadeth not away.

At one time there was a colony of boys from Camden, among them Ben Stone, John Stoddard, the two Penfields, Munger, Tut-hill, Cromwell and the writer. Professor Griffin knew the Camden colony was composed of exceptionally good boys, and he depended upon them to assist him to inaugurate all reformatory movements. They were always first to be advised of his contemplated reforms, as they fell in with his suggestions at once and endeavored to exemplify in their own conduct and deportment Professor Griffin's ideals.

Some rare sports enlivened the routine of every day. The following affords an amusing illustration: In the rooms were little curtains which were used as wardrobes, making a covering for Sunday clothes. On one occasion Stoddard and one or two companions had set fire to this curtain in Demilt Penfield's room, and at once the cry of fire was raised. One of the professors appeared at Penfield's room and inquired, "Mr. Penfield, what is the matter?" He replied, "My Sunday clothes are burning up," and with his reply he let slip a bucket of water, which proved a real shower bath for the professor, who exclaimed, "My clothes are not on fire!" At this all shouted, and, simultaneously, the fire, the professor and the boys went out.

It was our special delight to use the water from the other fellow's pitcher, to place sand and burdocks and thistles in each others' beds, together with all those delightful things which will suggest themselves to a boy to do, that he may make another boy comfortable and pleasant. We were always accomplishing such mischief, with rare sport for the boys who were planning the move-

ment, but with sorrow and discomfort for the victim; but as all had a turn about at being the victim, it no doubt happened that each had a full average of pleasure and discomfort. To tell it all would take forever; but the friendships and the experiences which came to those who boarded in the Seminary are among the choicest friendships and experiences of a lifetime. It is a pleasure to recall the good old times. To those who were participants in these scenes enough has been related to bring them all vividly into memory's view, while others, not actors in them, may be turning forward to the next chapter. While we thus abruptly leave these dear old hallowed memories, they shall remain forever enshrined in our hearts.

The Seminary social was the place and point to which the students looked forward and from which they looked back. It was the real Mecca of Falley Seminary delights. It was solemn in its opening with prayer, and it remained a most seriously solemn affair from beginning to end. After the opening exercises you might offer your arm to some fair one and begin the ceaseless march around the Seminary chapel, keeping step to two or three hundred others, who were imagining, as you were, it was fun. When you had exhausted your conversation on the atmosphere, or some other similar topic, you would excuse yourself, seek another fair one and similarly afflict her. This routine might be varied by sitting down on a hard bench, perhaps the same bench on which you had been sitting making up poor lessons after hours. If one were really brilliant and chanced to interlock with an equally brilliant girl, you might discuss some abstruse principle in science, or meander among the stars, or scan Virgil or Homer, imagining the girl you were talking to was really a Grecian goddess; unexpectedly when at the very acme of your pleasure the old bell rung again, announcing that the festivities were to be concluded.

The experience of a timid Oneida youth at his first social is not only romantic but has its *hæc fabula docet*. Just after the concluding bell had rung he offered to chaperon a young lady to her home, and she allowed him the pleasure. It was a dark and rainy night. They started, going in the direction of Oswego Falls, as they reached the old pottery, which was belching forth smoke and flame, the young lady remarked in a still small voice that her home was only two miles farther. After tramping in mud and rain they reached her home in safety. On his return he stopped at the pottery to dry his clothing, reaching the Seminary between twelve and one, having imagined that every fencepost was a midnight assassin or a professor seeking him. The lights were out. Entering the basement door, the old iron pulley and weight squeaked as never before. Taking off his shoes, so as not to disturb the sleepers, he began the ascent to his room; reaching the third floor he met the slippered grand old man with hands distended in holy horror. "Why, what does this mean? Another boy who has lost his head as well as his heart? Meet me at No. 18 to-morrow; I will call the faculty; this shall be made an example of." The youth, the ardor of his heart and clothes dampened, meekly replying, said: "It does not seem to me you need to make an example of this; no one would care for the experience when they saw the example, notwithstanding the young lady was delightfully charming, a choice Hart by name, a choicer heart by nature." Professor Griffin smiled and said, "I will excuse you this time; disobedience has had in this instance, as it always does, its own reward." The disobedient and detected lad assented rather than engage in a polemic in which he recognized Professor Griffin had taken the strong side of the question.

Professor Griffin was indeed a great man; he won the confidence and respect of all the students; he was as big-hearted as he was brainy; an ideal self-made man, whose only purpose in life

was to do good as he had opportunity; aiming always to do the right thing; never disciplining a student except in love, and only thereby seeking the student's greater good. The thousands of youths when he trained and qualified to become useful men in life, teachers of others, men occupying influential positions in pulpit, politics and press, men renowned in law, in medicine, men equipped for business and the activities of life, women rooted and grounded in virtue and character, modest and noble in all that exalts womanhood, thoroughly prepared and qualified by intellectual training for the larger opportunities of good and usefulness that are everywhere and always opening to women—these all are molding the thought and character of other communities throughout our country in the ideal molds in which Professor Griffin had molded them at Falley. Thus the mighty influences for good which he set in operation in human hearts and minds are being vastly multiplied in many other lives and in many other communities. Few, indeed, are they to whom the satisfaction of an ever widening influence for good is so largely and so regally given. The highest ideal of manhood and womanhood ever and again being reproduced is the fitting monument of Professor Griffin's life and work—more glorious than towering shaft or gilded dome.

Willard H. Torbert.

DUBUQUE, IOWA.

PROF. HAYDN'S CONCERTS.

WHAT pleasant memories, to the students of Falley Seminary who were pupils of Professor Haydn, cluster around those rooms in the attic which were set apart for our use. Those rooms were carpetless and destitute of furniture, with the exception of a piano very much the worse for wear, and one or two wooden-seated chairs, but we music-scholars enjoyed many hours of fun in our special domain, up four long flights of stairs which the other teachers seldom ventured to climb, and where Professor Haydn couldn't possibly manage to be in all the different rooms at once. What a medley of discordant sounds proceeding from those rooms from morning till night assailed the ears of the unfortunates who roomed within hearing distance, and how rejoiced would they have been could the dumb keys in present use for "piano fiends" have been substituted for the cracked tones which they were forced to endure. Each pupil had a certain number of hours to practice per day, and we were supposed to be diligently drilling our fingers during the time allotted, but truth compels us to admit that we devoted ourselves at times to pursuits more congenial than strumming five-finger exercises and scales. Many stealthy visits did we pay each other; many stolen interviews did we have by talking out of the windows with the boys who roomed

in our vicinity, and many fascinating novels did we peruse during our practice hours; but equally vivid in memory is the hour of retribution which surely overtook us when we faced our instructor, were subjected to his critical, not to say pointed, remarks, and were called upon to give an account of our misspent time and an excuse for our poorly-learned lesson. Many were the expedients to which we resorted to escape a reprimand from Professor Haydn or a visit to Professor Griffin; but, alas, how often were our schemes frustrated, our excuses held up to ridicule, and we compelled to pay the penalty for our misconduct. There were many, no doubt, who worked conscientiously and faithfully, and they, of course, can recall none of these experiences of which we write; but there was a band of mischievous girls whose brightest reminiscences of Falley are associated with those barren music-rooms; and the risks we ran, and the hair-breadth escapes we had are subjects for many a hearty laugh to this day.

We surely all remember Professor Haydn's long lead pencil which served so many different purposes, namely, to point with, to comb his hair, mark the fingering, beat the time, and last, but by no means least, to crack our knuckles. Many a time has it descended on our luckless digits. Last and crowning remembrance of all—who has forgotten our annual concerts given at Salmon's Hall in the presence of an admiring (?) assemblage, consisting of the faculty, dignitaries of the village, our parents and friends? Some of the elder students of the male persuasion were permitted to escort their favorite young ladies to these highly exciting though strictly moral shows, and without doubt they enjoyed our entertainment whatever the musical critics may have endured. There were always two pianos on the stage, and on one grand occasion there were four, in order that a composition arranged for sixteen hands might be executed—as we remember it was, literally.

What weeks of diligent practicing, of jealous heart-burnings, of severe scoldings, and bitter weeping preceded these appear-

ances in public! Even after all these years we can not hear the overture to the "Caliph of Bagdad" or "William Tell" without a vision of Professor Haydn as he appeared on the trying occasion of a final rehearsal, his long hair flying, face flushed, hands and arms beating the air frantically, and scolding at the top of his voice, in broken English, as he vibrated from one piano to the other in a vain endeavor to keep us all up to the different movements. We can never forget the terror which used to strike us when it was our turn to come under his displeasure and to receive a glare and a frown leveled at our devoted head. Looking backward now, we think he always closed the rehearsal under the firm conviction that we would one and all break down, mortify him, and disgrace ourselves on the evening of the concert, but we can not remember that anyone ever failed to reach the finis after a fashion, though perhaps not in as good style as Professor Haydn would have liked. As for the performers, they left the hall after the rehearsal feeling as though they had been through a fiercely fought battle, many killed and all wounded. Some of the most promising pupils were given solos to play, and surely many of us could to this day give a pretty complete list of the pieces which were rendered from year to year—Gottschalk's "Last Hope," "Banjo" and "Last Smile," Thalberg's "Home, Sweet Home" and "Last Rose of Summer," overture to "Poet and Peasant," "Le Carnaval de Venise," "Trinity Chimes" and many other old time favorites which we never listen to without recalling the days at old Falley. It was considered a great honor to be intrusted with a solo, and, though we went through unheard-of trials and tribulations to master our selections, and walked on to the stage with eyes dim, hands trembling and knees ditto from fright, we were never known to resign our hard-earned honors to another. It was "do or die," "sink or swim," but, like the Imperial Guard of Napoleon, we never surrendered. Who can recall without smiling the final

words of caution which Professor Haydn, knowing all our little failings, used to whisper to each in turn as we went before our audience?—to that one "Don't keep time with the foot," to this one "Draw in the elbows and hold up the wrists," and to another "Don't play too fast"—all of which we, without exception, forgot as soon as we felt the eyes of the assembled multitude upon us. How well we still remember the peculiarities of many who appeared at our entertainments; of one upon whom we looked with envious eyes as he strode upon the stage, his very coat-tails standing out with dignity, seated himself with the utmost composure and rendered his solo in a masterly manner, but with an air of *veni, vidi, vici*, exasperating to behold; of another whose show piece was Gottschalk's "Banjo," and the way in which she pushed back the stool at arm's length from the piano, placed her handkerchief at the side of the rack, threw her hands over her shoulders in a preliminary flourish, and proceeded to hammer out that unfortunate composition, was most edifying to the observers if not so gratifying to the listeners.

We were most thoroughly taught; and, though the writer has had several different teachers since then, some of whom rank among the first in New York city, she never found one more thorough, more painstaking, or more anxious to advance his pupils in every possible way. She is under many obligations to Professor Haydn for the firm foundation he gave her in the science; it has been of inestimable benefit in her musical career since leaving Fulton, and through the years in which she has taught stupid brains and awkward fingers the intricacies of music, she has learned to appreciate his efforts in her behalf, and to sympathize with him in his thankless and nerve-destroying profession.

Ella J. Hulett.

BROOKLYN, N. Y.

THE HARMONIC ASSOCIATION.

THE earth is full of inarticulate sounds, and blessed be that medium through which it is first learned, that from these voices one may gather sweetest harmonies.

Not alone to the different branches of study outlined in the curriculum of the Seminary do some of us trace the most helpful educational influences. With kindly feeling we can remember Professors Slee and Underhill in the class room; yet, though many years have passed since then, we can still hear those voices as they were lifted in praise to God, or again as they ministered to our earthly wants.

The dominating idea in George MacDonald's writings seems to be the effort to awaken slumbering minds and souls to the grand possibilities before them. In a large measure these professors sang this thought into our souls. We gratefully recall the uplifting influences which have so graciously surrounded our being. We remember how our souls were thrilled when we first listened to some of the great singers of earth, and we recall with inexpressible delight the hour when we first listened to the grand old organ in Lucerne Cathedral; also to the solemn amens as they rose from the sweet-voiced choristers and were lost in the vaulted ceiling of dear old Westminster. But with a far tenderer feeling

do we seem to live over the days when the deep, strong, soulful voice of Professor Slee was first heard. The character behind the voice spoke to us of something nobler than we had yet dreamed. As fit companion, blended the fine tenor of Professor Underhill, full of sweetness and pathos.

Is it a wonder that Eva Burke, Ella Barker, Mattie Harroun, Nellie Shaw, O. A. Houghton, Charles Griffin, and many others of us found great delight in mingling our untrained voices with such as theirs? Is it not possible that we there learned the keynote to many a glad melody or sorrowful strain, which we have sung during the intervening years?

Memory has enshrined in our hearts the pleasant hours spent in No. 54, the music room, where we gathered each week to practice song or anthem. The répertoire was not limited, and, while we sang the war songs and popular airs of the day, we aspired to the cantata of "The Haymakers" and the concert-room. Many of the dear voices heard in solo, duet or chorus are forever silent, but their sweet tones still linger in our memory.

Dear old Harmonics, with, perhaps, mosses already gathered on your tomb, we reverently bring our simple wreath of laurels and lay it lovingly at your shrine; for in other days thou didst minister not to our earthly conditions only, but to our heavenly aspirations.

Mollie Wilson Peddie.

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

ANNIVERSARY WEEK.

THE last week of the school year! Can not every pupil of Falley Seminary recall how anxiously, eagerly, tearfully in some instances, this week was anticipated and dreaded? It was a week of great excitement and of continued, unremitting labor on the part of both scholars and teachers.

The closing exercises were a growth, as all good things are. At first they continued for three days and evenings. There was no such thing as a sermon on Sunday evening especially for the students. Monday and Tuesday were devoted to examinations. Printed programmes were issued telling when, where and to whom each class was to recite. A list of the examining committee was printed at the close of the programme; also announcements of prize speaking, concert, address before the literary societies, society publics, and the exhibition.

An examination was held at the close of each term, but it was not of as much importance as the yearly examination. The standing of each student was kept on record and was accessible to anyone at any time. The close of the year gathered together the work of the thirty-nine weeks and thoroughly sifted it.

In the first years the work began at 8:15 and continued till 5:15, each subject continuing one hour and a quarter. From

three to five recitations were in progress at the same time, at each one of which some of the examining committee were present. This committee consisted of all the best scholarship in town and of many of the ablest Methodist divines and of patrons of the school from all parts of the State. Father Smith, the good Roman Catholic priest, was one of the honored visitors to these exercises. His delight was to visit the Latin classes. These gentlemen occupied prominent positions in the various recitation rooms: upon the stage, if there was one, if not, they were so placed as to command a good view of the class. Each pupil must stand and recite, and then submit to questioning or criticism by teacher or visitor.

Do not think because the test was oral that it was entered into lightly or unadvisedly by the scholars. The same nervous apprehension, doubt and trembling that the regents' examination now causes were felt by the scholars undergoing this questioning. Everyone who was studying Latin or Greek must pass an examination in the grammar of those respective languages. Proficiency in reading Horace or the Iliad did not excuse from this trial.

A pupil absent from examination, except in case of sickness, was suspended, but suspensions were few, because one of the first lessons every scholar in Falley Seminary learned was the duty of intelligent obedience.

The manner of conducting the recitation was simple, but it threw the whole responsibility upon the scholar. The teacher prepared papers with the topics to be discussed. One of these papers was drawn by each member of the class and an outline put upon the board. When called upon the scholar recited from this outline. Teachers could and did vary this method as time and circumstances demanded.

The latter part of Tuesday afternoon was given up to the reading of the merit roll and the report of the examining committee.

Some prize declamations were held, and part of Tuesday afternoon was devoted to that. In this contest only gentlemen could take part. The candidates were chosen for merit in scholarship and general proficiency. Each contestant selected his piece and drilled himself with the aid of some particular friends. The woods back of the Seminary often resounded with the eloquence of these young men. The prize was awarded by a disinterested number of gentlemen, and usually consisted of a set of books.

June 28, 1863, a new feature was introduced. An address was given on Sunday evening by Dr. Reid, of Genesee College, before the Missionary Society. As no record of any other similar event can be found it is supposed that this was the only one given. Another feature of this year was an address on Latin pronunciation by Professor Underhill.

In 1864 a departure was made in the anniversary exercises. The work had increased to such an extent that one day more was required to compass the needs of the growing institution. The work of examinations extended over most of three days, and the exhibition occurred on Thursday. The recitations did not begin till 9:30 and closed at 4:30, each one occupying, as before, one hour and a quarter. On Monday and Tuesday were the regular examinations. Wednesday morning was devoted to Greek and Latin grammar. In the afternoon the usual routine of Tuesday afternoons of preceding years was followed. On Monday evening Miss Helen Potter gave select readings; on Tuesday evening was Professor Haydn's concert, and on Wednesday evening the address before the literary societies.

In later years this programme was further modified by a public given by one of the literary societies. Professor Haydn's concerts were held in Salmon's Hall, the opera house of those days. Prize declamation was given in either the chapel or the Methodist church, the publics of the literary societies in the chapel.

The examining committee was kind and courteous to the scholars, and entered into the spirit of the school. No partiality, no unfairness were ever shown by any member of this committee. Their "well done" meant all it said and was not bestowed where it was not merited. Their work harmonized with and supplemented that of the teachers. They were good men and true, and the results of their interest and sympathy may be seen in the lives of the scholars upon whom they passed judgment.

But the crowning event of the year was yet to come—the exhibition! All others sink into insignificance in comparison therewith. It was a day looked forward to with pleasure by all the village people and the whole surrounding country. From early dawn till nine o'clock the various streets that entered the village were lined with wagons containing friends who came to the exhibition. If any resident had relatives in the country he expected to entertain them on that occasion. The best day of the Fair sees no more visitors than did exhibition day. It may not be patriotic to admit it, but it is the truth that exhibition day was looked forward to with greater anticipations of pleasure than Fourth of July.

The exhibition was held a few times in the grove on the corner of Buffalo and Fifth streets, but afterward in the Methodist church. Long before the time to begin (nine o'clock) the church was filled, with the exception of the seats reserved for the students. Often by the industry and perseverance of the class the church was trimmed. When undertaken it was not *half* done. These exhibitions came before the church was repaired. Across the whole front was a flight of steps with no covering but the blue sky. The gallery was as it is now—all around the church. One year the class was more than usually ambitious to have the last day the best of all the year. By rising early and working between times and after times the work was accomplished. Wreaths of evergreen, fresh and spicy, were festooned around the whole gal-

lery. Light wreaths were entwined around the chandeliers, and in fact decorated every place where evergreens could be placed. This made the church seem cool, no matter what the temperature was. It was usually very warm, but it seldom rained; even the elements seemed to favor this gala day.

The stage was built for the occasion and was large enough to seat the faculty and the committee. A hair-cloth sofa was placed in front of the pulpit for the two or three young ladies to occupy who were to read in the next period. The stage extended from the pulpit forward across four of the front seats. Neatly carpeted, decorated with evergreens and flowers, and occupied by dignity, honor and intelligence, it was a sight of which to be proud. Every student feels a heart-throb as he recalls this picture.

The faculty, the committee, and as many of the students as wished, marched in procession from the Seminary to the church, sometimes led by the orchestra or band which was to furnish music for the occasion. This march was not conducted in a stiff, military manner, but was an easy, happy, independent walk.

After all were seated in the church, benches were brought in and the aisles were filled. Some of the students were selected to seat the people, and their task was by no means an easy one, for there was not standing-room. At first no admission fee was charged, but, to help defray expenses, and to lessen, if possible, the crowd, a charge of ten cents for half a day or fifteen for all day was made. But still people came. The assembly was orderly, quiet, interested, and showed in various ways its appreciation of the efforts made for its entertainment.

When all was in order Professor Griffin announced the opening of the exercises. The order was always: prayer, distribution of schemes, music. The unadorned four-page scheme told in the plainest print what was to be given to the audience that day.

The music generally came from one of the neighboring cities. In the earlier days Professor Haydn's music class furnished this part of the exercises, and it was of no mean order. But soon the class was not satisfied with home talent, and sister cities were called upon to send us their best orchestras. Auburn responded one year, and all pronounced this one of the finest orchestras which had ever served any class.

The "green room" must not be forgotten. It was "fearfully and wonderfully made." On the right hand side of the pulpit from the church entrance it was located. Curtain calico formed its walls. But what mattered its construction? It was a sheltering corner to those who were soon to make their appearance upon the stage, and it was the witness of many trembling, doubting, frightened young ladies and of terror-stricken young men.

Among the earlier schemes, dialogues are given as one part of the entertainment, but these soon passed away. The primitive fashion of wearing wreaths was at first adhered to by some of the young ladies. In this, as in everything else, the students were generous. The wreath, of myrtle, sometimes commingled with flowers, came well down on the forehead and the back of the neck. As the years advanced the wreath departed, and "beauty unadorned," except by youth, intelligence and good manners, prevailed.

The compositions and speeches were original. Everyone who heard them would vouch for the truth of this, and so would the writer, for each one wrote "with fingers weary and worn"—but not with handling books. Each wrote and rewrote, and wearied the brain by calling upon it for thoughts stored away and for thoughts that must come at call.

As the Seminary expanded so did the style of literary work, and no effort was spared by scholar or teacher to make the composition a work to be proud of through life. At length prizes

were given for the best composition, and this brought forth still better work. Within ten years the subjects varied as follows: In 1861 we find such subjects as, "Aim at the Seemingly Impossible," "Whatever We May Wish We May Have," "When an Anvil, Bear; When a Hammer, Strike," "They Build too Low Who Build beneath the Stars." In 1871 there is a Latin salutatory and compositions and speeches on these themes: "Showing Off," "Animal Implume Bipes," "Clouded Stars," "What I Know of Politics." The capitals are used in the same manner as on the schemes. The exercises were occasionally varied by a debate between two gentlemen. To be a disputant was one of the honors of the time.

Flowers were by no means absent from this gathering. They were made into stout bouquets and thrown with much exertion of muscular force from any part of the church upon the stage for the favored one. To have the greatest number of bouquets was cause of congratulation to the receiver.

At the close of the afternoon session diplomas were awarded, prizes distributed, the benediction pronounced, and the year's work was at an end.

The exhibition was a feature of school life which passed away with seminaries. These times could not endure the strain which came upon the pupils of that old régime. Commencement has superseded exhibition; schemes have become programmes; the stage has become the rostrum; compositions have become essays; speeches, orations; bouquets—space fails us to tell what they have become. Six hours of the literary display have been reduced to three. Yet in the hearts of Falley Seminary students no commencement can take the place of the exhibition. No one wishes to return, but all look back upon it lovingly as a feature in their school life that is laid away where neither "moth nor rust doth corrupt."

The following is a copy of the "scheme" of the annual exhibition which took place Thursday, June 30, 1864:

MORNING EXERCISES opened with prayer, music, distribution of schemes; then followed Latin salutatory by F. S. Buell; Comets and Planets, M. Jennie Root; Epitaphs, H. Josephine Crane; Thoughts, Nettie Allen; Pockets, Sara A. Willard; Excelsior, W. Telford; Music; Our Obligations to the Founders of our Nation, A. B. Cooper; Bells, Adelia Pinkney; Why? Mary H. Kuhl; Women for the Times, Belle W. Taylor; The New Era, C. M. Green; Music; Variety, E. C. Hull; Living in Vain, Ophelia W. Cook; The River, Alice S. Farnham; Words, Emma A. Mead; Wrecks, Emma F. Brush; Opportunities, H. G. Mitchell; Music, Celebration of May Day, selected; Music.

AFTERNOON EXERCISES—Who am I? J. E. Hinman; Chains, Alice L. Peake; The Lily's Mission, S. Libbie Cummings; Cobwebs, Helen L. Farmer; Iron-clads, C. H. Griffin; Music; The days are Passing, F. S. Buell; Where hast thou Gleaned to-day? Helen E. Byington; Our League, Eva E. Burke; Our Nation's Heroes, a poem, H. W. Hunt; Music; Shadows, Anna Foster; Pocket Handkerchiefs, Frank E. Kenyon; Discussion; "*Resolved*, That the Truth ought always to be proclaimed regardless of consequences;" affirmative—M. G. Bullock, negative—A. J. Fitch; Music; The Spirit of Liberty, O. A. Houghton; Lenses, Libbie I. Coates; The Eleventh Commandment, Rowena K. Ney; Our Heroic Dead, Valedictory, Marion F. Smith; The Garden (with Valedictory Addresses), G. H. Barton; Music; Diplomas Conferred; Music; Benediction.

Elizabeth I. Coates.

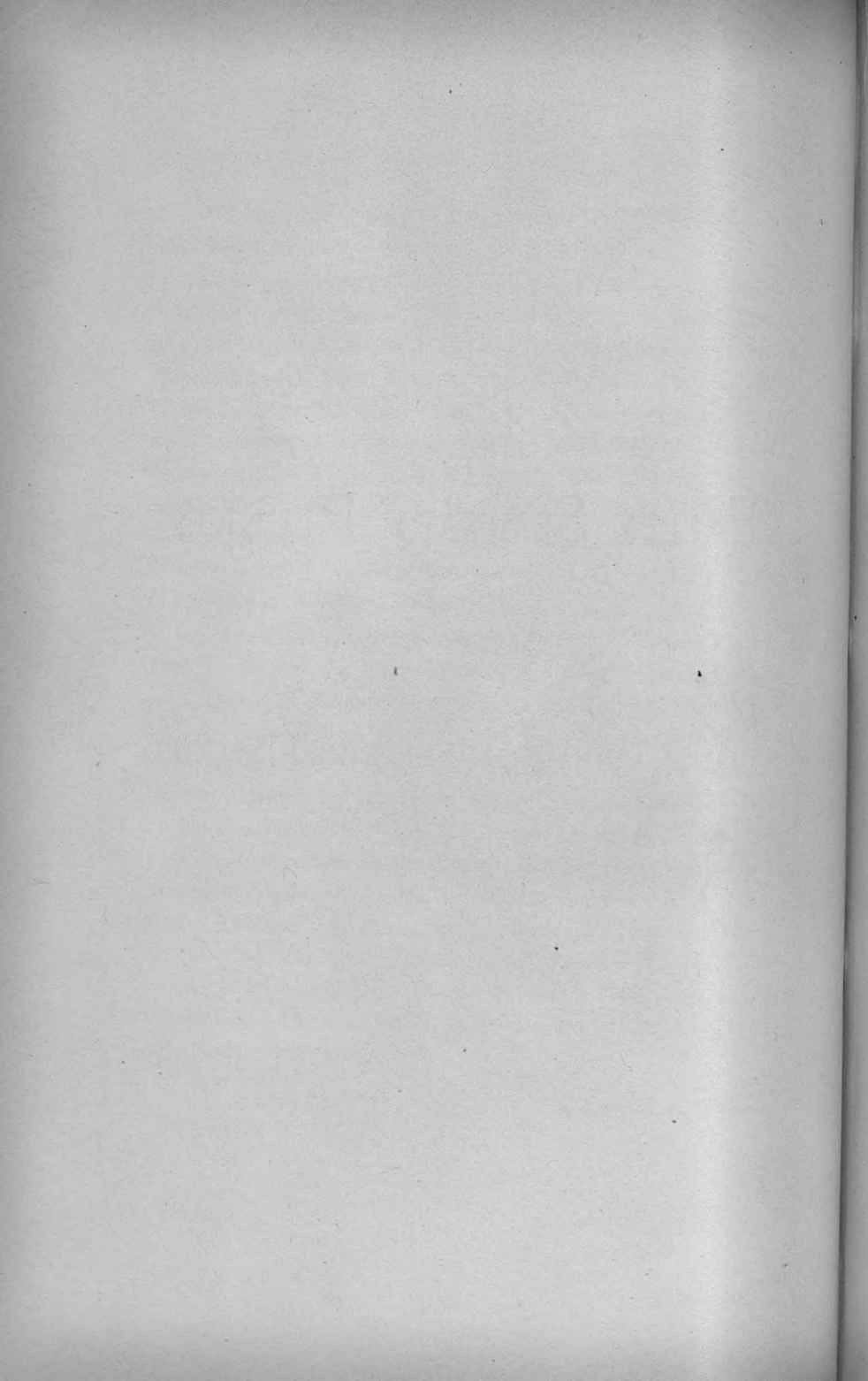
FULTON, N. Y.

FALLEY SEMINARY REUNION

FULTON, N. Y.

AUGUST THIRTIETH—SEPTEMBER SECOND

1888.



WHEREFORE ?

BEFORE the reader enters the delightful paths in front of him it ought to be recorded how the reunion came. Whether it were seed dropped by some passing bird into welcome soil, or it was an inspiration from heaven; yet as we say in our address of welcome, "it grew." Though held closely within, choked it could not be; and grow, it did. And when fairly rooted in one heart, it needed only the suggestion to one and another of the old students of the dear Seminary, and soon we were sure it was something more than a delicious dream. And when at last a timid call was made, a few came—a few who ought to be enrolled among the immortal ones on Falley's sacred list.

April 23, 1888, was the significant day. Speeches were made; counsels were asked, and a rough plan drafted. It all looked so well under the warm light of love and hope; but how would it seem or shine framed within the hard, crowding facts of a severe, practical life? Of course the one dreamer of all could see such beautiful visions. Therefore it was determined to reach our fingers out of Fulton and feel the pulse of a larger public.

June 15th a moderate-sized meeting came together. It was largely the same immortal few—charter members of this one good, grand rennion. There had been a committee of correspondence

appointed at the previous meeting. This committee, by its separate members, read the letters received, and under the warm glow of these responses, the reunion seemed already a success, and August 23-26 was set apart for the memorable gathering. The committee of correspondence was increased by the addition of two members, for the massiveness of the work began now to loom up in front of us.

Yet all of this had been only preliminary and tentative. Now a decision must be reached. June 21st in the basement of the old brick church, not far from nine o'clock at night, that brave little company must decide whether, after all, it was not best to let the sweet plan die. It was, indeed, a fateful minute; not one of us there will ever forget it. How the questions, hurried and hot, came and went: would people come? would doors open? would interest march in good form and with a steady step from Thursday night until Sunday night? what would it be to invite teachers and students into Fulton and greet them with only a memory? It would be a Seminary dead, and only a sentiment living. Would it not be better to let the plan have a year's growth and see if it could stand upon its feet? why not let it die now without mourner or dirge? The bugle call came when one said, "But another year Professor Griffin may be gone." With a quiver the question was put, and the reunion had a snug home in a strong, warm resolution. August 30th-September 2d was the eventful date. It was so quickly a permanent organization. And yet the path into that strange future was still untrod. What did August 30th-September 2d hold for us? However, that band—the leadership of the good column coming afterward—went out into the night, saying we will win, for "we will talk it and talk it and believe it." And so the invitation was sent out to the old teachers and students. The invitation was freighted with this personal plea:

"Will you give us at least a few hours of your presence? Do not let Falley Seminary put down a last black mark because of

your absence. The roll will never be called again. We desire to take you once more by the hand, so be ready with your song, or speech, or story, to gather with us under the shadow of old Falley."

It was not a careless hearing. The invitation was greeted by a response warm and strong.

Sorry indeed are we for those of you who were unable to enjoy with us that opportunity "once in a life-time" of a student of our *Alma Mater*. So naturally might we hurl a cruel "I told you so" to those who did not come, because they counted the reunion "common," or were entangled so tightly in the interests and cares of ordinary life. However, in our generosity, we send out only our sympathy for all who came not within the charm and under the benediction of that splendid gathering. To one and all of the good readers of the HISTORY AND REUNION OF FALLEY SEMINARY we offer these pen-sketches of those wondrous, moving, living pictures of those blessed, bright days of August 30-September 2, 1888.

Glad through all the years will one be that it was the coming into the kingdom for such a time as this. None gathered so much out of it as did I. Who may tell it?—those wondrous days; the deeper, better living since; the certainty that Falley Seminary cultured hearts as well as brains, and made friendships fuller, as well as lives nobler—was worth all its cost.

To all who contributed by hospitality, or presence, or speech, or song, or story, to the magnificent success of the reunion, I say out to you now—my gratitude. Let the immortal hope say, "God be with you till we meet again."

W. Dempster Chase.

FULTON, N. Y.

PROGRAMME OF THE REUNION.

"Should auld acquaintance be forgot
And never brought to min'?"

THURSDAY EVENING:—Greeting song—Prayer—Hymn: "Blest be the Tie that Binds,"—Address of welcome—Response—General Jubilee—Reception. (At this time the register will be opened, and the enigma solved as to who you are).

FRIDAY MORNING:—Chapel Exercises, conducted by Professor Griffin and Faculty. (To revive remorse or to make beautiful memories live, the by-laws will be read; the roll will be called). Music—Historical hour—Poem. Half hours with occupations and professions:—Business—Teaching.

FRIDAY AFTERNOON:—Music—Introductory exercises; followed by half hours with occupations and professions:—Law—Ministry—Journalism—Reading by Elocutionists—Music.

FRIDAY EVENING:—Banquet. Bring your song, or speech or story.

SATURDAY:—Do as you please. Calling—Visiting—Rambling—Boating—Fishing.

SUNDAY:—A love feast at the Methodist Church—Morning services, pulpits supplied by old teachers or students,—A Seminary prayer meeting—A union platform meeting: song service, short addresses, the good-bye said.

"But we've wandered mony a weary foot
Sin' auld lang syne."

THE RECEPTION.

AUGUST 30, 1888. A veritable "saint's day" in the lives of hundreds, who for weeks had kept opposite this date the time-honored red letter, and wherefore? Because there had come to them an appeal to pause for a moment in the struggle of life and turn for a few days, or hours at least, to give each other greeting in the dear old school-home. Falley Seminary recalled once more her own.

All day, from north, south, east and west, students and teachers had been gathering to the maple-shadowed village of Fulton, which rests on the eastern bank of the beautiful, busy Oswego river.

What thronging memories, mingled with doubts, fears and hopes, have filled each heart as they hurried thither, eager for the meeting, yet fearful of the changes wrought by the lapse of years. Now the twilight hour has come, and, since the chapel bell has long been silent, the old Thursday evening prayer meeting expands into a jubilee of greeting, thanksgiving and praise, to which the deep-toned church bell summons us. How they are thronging the seats! Many could not wait the summons but have hastened to meet the picture of the past which should await them. What words can express the first flow of thought which surged

through the mind and almost stopped the beating of the heart as the crowd of waiting faces became visible? Never until the angel of the resurrection has lifted us from the shadow of earth-life into the white life of eternity will this scene be duplicated.

How we searched for the dear faces from which we had parted years ago. There, surely, are the eyes which greeted us so kindly in the happy past, but where are the bonny brown tresses, the wealth of gold or the raven locks, which crowned the brow above them? Either silvered with the years or gone with the rose-red roundness of cheeks whose outlines no fountain of youth has as yet preserved.

With just a start we remember that the faces about us mirror the changes in our own. Now and then one seems to have been forgotten by time in his ceaseless course, but their name is not legion. Nearly all bear record of inward struggle and joy and sorrow; faith and doubt, success and failure have written there in lines of unerring accuracy the various life-histories.

But where are those whom we honored and loved as teachers and helpers? Look! Yonder down the aisle comes the leader of all that band; snow-crowned the shapely head which we remember with scarce a thread of silver; but underneath the eyes beam with the same grand spirit which led to victory in whatever contest might arise with youths and maidens in "ye olden time."

Of him we may say, as Tom Brown said of Dr. Arnold, of Rugby, "Other sides of his character might take hold of and influence students here and there, but it was his thoroughness and undaunted courage, which, more than anything else, won his way to the hearts of those on whom he left his mark, and made them believe first in him and then in his Master."

Cheer after cheer sounds his welcome, only to be renewed with increasing energy when the wee woman, who was his faithful helper and a very mother to every student heart, is discovered trying to hide herself in his shadow.

Dr. Branch
Then comes another who, before our time, was master of our *Alma Mater* and is now an honored professor in a neighboring university. We take him at once into our ranks and give him the same welcome we extend to those who helped us in the happy past, because we know from those who were faithful supporters of his administration how true he was to his work.

Dr. J. J. Brown
After him our eager eyes rest upon one who all his life has sought out the wonderful, beautiful mysteries which the study of science alone can reveal; who opened charmed pages to many a student in dear old Falley and then extended his work first to one and afterwards to a second of the fine young universities of which Central New York is so justly proud. Like all grand intellects, which have almost touched the heart of divinity by their ardent study, he found so much to reverence, so much above and beyond his own powers, that he grew to esteem himself and his influence far below their true value; but by and by he will know, as all who love him now know and understand, what a great thing it is to live a pure and godly life, and to dedicate to the service of the young all the power of a gigantic mind.

Beside him walks his honored wife. She too was loved as a teacher, and by her thorough instruction in elementary work laid the foundations for many a superstructure of earnest, successful scholarship.

Mrs. Gibson (Hart)
Near them follows one who brought from her beautiful mountain home a heart of truth and tenderness, and an intellect well cultured for the work of caring for the young women committed to her almost absolute control. Right royally was her trust fulfilled, and this night the sight of her beaming face stirs many a loyal heart, which, through the years of separation, has never forgotten or ceased to be grateful for her words of counsel and excellent mental discipline.

Who could mistake the stately form which brings so vividly before the memory the hours spent in No. 54? the trial of faith with Greek accents and composition, the days of endless delight with Goethe and Schiller. How often we pictured that ambitious professor as reaching ere long a chair in Yale or Harvard. But the charms of business, place and power overcame all this tendency, and we may not say but the student-teacher's character retouched by contact with business men, is stronger, more admirable to-day than in the old days when its possessor reveled in academic honor.

What visions of happy hours in the school room, at table, at socials, or wherever it was our good fortune to meet this congenial spirit does the almost boyish figure which follows bring before us! To displace gloom with sunshine, to turn sorrow into joy, to make the heaviest task a theme for jest, and so lighten the labor, has been his life-work. Would the world held more such souls. Earth's duties would become easier and the road to heaven be found by many disheartened spirits.

Near him we see one whom we remember as a stately maiden, who came from what might have been a life of idle pleasure to earnest toil for the young. She won many fair vassals to her allegiance by her quiet dignity, conservatism and womanly modesty. What wonder that by the law of "the attraction of opposites" she charmed the knight of sunshine and laughter and consented to walk with him the way which we call life.

Another comes: to some of us a stranger, to others that choicest friend, a gifted manly teacher, who has helped over the thorny places the young soul thirsting for knowledge. The eagle eye has lost none of its brightness, but the frost is on the locks, once dark as night. After years of teaching he turned to the ministry of souls, but his native gifts were strong within him, and, fortunately for one of our leading eastern universities, he was in-

Prof. Stee

Prof. Underhill

Miss Rice
(Underhill)

Prof. Hager

duced to join the ranks of its professors, where he is doing noble work both for time and eternity.

Towering above all about him comes the whilom professor of Latin and mathematics with a dainty lady, whom he delights to honor, by his side. With what pleasure both are remembered as teachers and workers. He has been an earnest searcher after great natural truths since then, has seen many lands, has traversed our own beautiful continent in quest of knowledge; and still as master of science in one of the finest schools of which the Empire State can boast, pours out to others of the mental wealth which he has garnered.

The little lady has exchanged her large classes for a select one which registers but two, yet they command her greatest zeal and devotion.

And now the noble procession closes with the kindly face which for years was the light of every student of Greek and German. How many when faltering were reassured by a timely hint or a word of encouragement from him who, during all the years he ministered in "Old Falley," never caused one student's heart to ache.

Mid this nineteenth century struggle for wealth, fame, and power, these noble, faithful helpers, who consecrated every gift God gave them to the work of maturing young minds for the conscientious fulfillment of life's highest duties, shine as the fixed stars in the ever changing heavens.

And now the noble procession lengthens. Grand, true men and women who never knew how effectually they roused the higher powers of the many souls whom their souls touched, nor how loyally they were honored when doing their work in the years that have fled. As the dear faces are recognized each one is greeted with enthusiasm. Hands weary not in giving repeated welcome; eyes moisten and kindle, cheeks flush with feeling, and hearts of teachers and pupils thrill with delight.

Dr. S. W. Brownell
Prof. Eggleston

Just as the present seems buried in the past, the one melody, which touches the key-note to all this loving welcome, peals forth from the organ:

"Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
And never brought to min' ?
Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
And days o' lang syne?"

No mistaking that touch ! It is the master's hand which guided our myriad voices in songs of praise, the joyous heralds of chapel prayer in the school days of long ago.

How the grand instrument under his power almost voices the words, but to crown and make perfect the harmony there stands before us the sweet singer of the "Occident," who sends the quaint Scotch ballad ringing through the room in tones so thrilling that each voice joins, as by inspiration, the refrain:

"For auld lang syne, my dear,
For auld lang syne,
We'll tak a cup o' kindness yet,
For auld lang syne?"

Now the hot blood surges from heart to throat, and sends the tears fast dropping down, as we remember those who are not, nor ever can be, of our number again. We can not bear the bitter thought that they have no share in this night's wonderful experience. But listen ! As the last faint pulsation of the organ dies away, was there above, beyond us, in the upper air, an echo of sound like the soft rustling of poised wings, an indescribable, impalpable presence, as if the sainted ones, "not lost, but gone before," had paused in the work of eternity to share our joy and soften our sorrow ?

Only God and the angels know, but surely the gates of pearl swung earthward, for when the call to prayer followed, every head was bowed in reverence, and many hearts found themselves "nearer to the great white throne than they ever had been before."

Prof. Hough

Mary Bruce

After the prayer followed the rare old hymn of Christian fellowship, "Blest be the tie that binds." Then the address of welcome from him to whom we are deeply indebted for all the pleasures of this never-to-be-forgotten reunion.

"These days are singularly unique. Why this gathering? Let it be told in a simple way. It was Falley Seminary which drew here a widowed mother and her children. Do you wonder that the institution became a part of me? Then out into the ministry, through hamlets, towns, cities; at last my itinerant feet stepped into Fulton. No other place had ever been like it; no other skies quite as bright: no other air quite as sweet. So the old days were lived and lived until they became more real than the days about me. More real?—they were—are the roots and reality of the days which are now. Thus it seemed that a gathering of the teachers and students must be; and it was dreamed and dreamed until some one overheard the dream, and hearing it told it. The thought in me would not stay; it grew and grew, until you have the goodly green boughs about you, and shall have the delicious fruit of these rare hours in front of you. Grew?—how could it help it. The roots were in the best soil of my nature, and, under the old boyhood skies and amid scenes that were brighter and more beautiful than any which could slip from pencil or brush, it must grow. How did it grow? Can you tell how a spire of grass grows; how a head of wheat, a thought, a love, a hope, grows?

"But does this gathering need any defence? Is it not well to meet again after all these years and exchange spectacles, measure wrinkles—their depth and length, count gray hairs, literally put our heads together and see whose brain or benevolence has climbed up the highest, and so made the broadest, most beautiful parting? Is it not well to meet after all of these years and compare records—look at each others' log-book, wave handkerchiefs, ask for kindly breezes, and push on beyond the horizon? And

when you compare records—it is in the code of the reunion, that you may shut your eyes and boast to the very brink of truth; or tumble over if you will—boast about your husband or wife or children. Teachers and students, we bid you welcome within our gates; we are proud to do it, because you come not with any ignoble motive; because you come as clans gather, or as soldiers build camp fires, or as homes look into each others' faces in the holiday-time.

“We are happy because you are scholars, and as one says, ‘There may be scholars who are mean or wordly, but they are so in spite of the tendency of learning. Learning weakens the influence of that part of our nature that is common with the brute by stirring that which we have in common with the angels. The scholar finds within himself a world of light where he can swing the Coliseum, tread the Pantheon, stand upon Mars Hill, muse within the Porch, the Academy, or the Lyceum. Here he can study metaphysics with Aristotle, language with Plato, mathematics with Euclid. He can soar and sing with Homer, sail the seas with Cæsar, and conquer the world with Alexander. Truth springs out of the earth to meet him; righteousness looks down from heaven to smile upon him; the winds break forth around him into melody; the universe becomes to him a temple.’

“More: we know you, and we warmly welcome you; you who come—drawn across the States—simply because Falley Seminary has not lost her grip on you; the old magnetism holds; the old love abides. We are proud to welcome you. More: we know you and cherish you. We sat under your instructions, tested your patience and piety, or sat on the same form with you and heard you tell so well what you knew, or mantle your ignorance in such a beautiful way. Were we not, are we not, similar threads in the one pattern? Were we not, are we not, kindred voices in the same song—beautiful anthem! best of songs! Some of

you come back, and fortune has smiled upon you; earth's riches are yours, or hopes have swept into high honors, or happiness laughs the hours through in your hearts. We congratulate you while we welcome. Some of you have had weary paths, darkened hours, but you have been true, heroic. You have not lost your character; you are rich in divinest gifts, in your loyalty to duty; you have a record here and will have a reward there which can not be bought with gold, and ought not to be sold for silver. You have succeeded. You come back to the beginning of the race, and, in the rapture of results reached, revel in these blessed hours. You have failed somewhat; dreams have faded; hopes have died. You come back here as children come back, to get a good start, and run to make one more jump.

"Nay, nay; who knows what success or failure is?—We care little for this; we welcome you in the name of *Alma Mater*. Success or failure: these are outside words—in politics, trade, and struggles—you are our brothers, our sisters, and sit again on the old hearthstone; we love you; you are your own dear selves: this is most and best. Tell us you would not have known us; that you have thought of us through the years; tell us how glad you are to see us; tell us of the bright things we did not do, the blunders we made, but above all be your own precious selves; let the old school-fellow and the old school-girl look at us until we forget, for you have looked us back into the glad days and decades gone. There *was* but one Falley Seminary, *is* but one. Do you think it dead? this, the funeral? Never; her happy, sublime memories make her alive in thousands of noble hearts, as piles of brick or stone or stated school years could not. How Falley Seminary lives and holds, your coming tells. She sways an unseen sceptre from Maine to California; she lives in majestic power in business, professions, loves and homes. Socrates told his weeping friends that they could bury him if they caught him. You will need more

than a century and more than a continent in which to bury Falley Seminary. We may say of our loved institution:

“And when the stream
Which overflowed the soul was passed away,
A consciousness remained, which it had left
Deposited upon the silent shore
Of memory; images and precious thoughts
That should not die and can not be destroyed.”

“This is a fitting place in which to welcome you, for ere the church was builded, a home was here, and in it she dwelt who is our honored guest to-night; who thought and did, and Falley Seminary rose in its grand proportions to stand for Christian culture and to send out endowed lives to roundly fill splendid spheres and to honor the King.

“You who gave of your means, you who toiled and taught, is the reward enough? Falley Seminary has paid a hundred fold for every dollar put into her. Count over her students in shop, office, store, in professions, in homes, and it will not be too costly a shrine though built of silver, because of the thousands who, going forth, have made themselves felt for right and righteousness, for God and noblest selfhood. Already you seem at home again. Be one of us. Fulton never swung her gates more widely open than she does to-night. May every wrinkle be a dimple, every memory a benediction. Come against us; let us know you are here. Let the girl in you laugh, the boy in you shout, the dead mischief in you come to life. May these days be the sweetest of all the years. Going, may you carry us in your thoughts and hearts until—until the greeting yonder.

“Teachers, students, welcome!”

A well-known Member of the Assembly from Oswego county responded to the address of welcome. He said “I knew nothing of being expected to make an address until this afternoon when at Oswego I saw myself announced to reply to an address of wel-

come, and, although I am expected to say I am glad of the opportunity, the fact is that I would be glad to be almost anywhere else; and the circumstance is only mitigated by the fact that I shall have an opportunity hereafter to witness the discomfort and misery of all the others who, the chairman informed me, are to be called upon to speak without a moment's notice.

"I feel very much as the boy did who was in a class at a school and the teacher prepared them for examination. He placed the class in a row and the big boy at the head and the next in size next, and the first boy was to answer to the question—'Who made you?' 'God.' And the next the question, 'Of what did he make you?' 'Dust of the earth.' When the examination day came the big boy didn't attend and the teacher did not notice it, but asked the question, 'Who made you?' of the next boy, who answered, 'dust of the earth.' The teacher said, 'No; you are wrong; God made you;' but the boy replied, 'The boy that God made isn't here, and I'm only dust of the earth.' That is the way I feel; that in this great assemblage of talent and ability and worth and skill that I am only the dust of the earth, the humblest of all.

"But looking back over my school days at Falley, I remember that I was always breaking the rules, always getting disciplined, getting demerit marks, and then my home remittances would not come, and I would suspect that my demerits had been sent to my father. And now having passed out of parental control I am subject to that of another—to the control of one nearer and dearer, an old Falley student herself, and she said when I told her of my invitation to come, that she was coming, and that settled it. I have learned to obey; and when she commands, like all married men, I surrender to my wife.

"What changes time has wrought, what marks of strife and struggle, what successes and defeats of those who mingled here as

students. We have met here to look each other in the face, to recall old days and to renew old friendships. We gladly accept our welcome; we prize most highly the opportunity."

Then, as one after another were called forth, we heard once more the dear familiar voices of our former teachers in greeting. How every word thrilled and filled our hearts, as the "light of other days," illumined all the place, and when he, who in the far-away time could make mathematics laugh and Latin prose overflow with jollity, had convinced us that we were "twenty to-night," our enthusiasm knew no bounds.

We could have listened in delight until the "wee sma' hours ayont the twal," but they said us nay, for all were eager for the trial of skill which awaited us in speaking names registered far down the roll of years in memory's hall.

Then followed the hours, when, with hand clasp and welcome word and eager eyes, we met once more in social converse those whom we had thought to greet only in the beautiful beyond. Time stopped his wheels or bade them backward move. The long days of separation we remembered not. We forgot the lines upon our faces, the silver in our hair, and were once more the boys and girls of Falley Seminary. Nor could we be persuaded to turn homeward until the thought of chapel at nine, when we would gather on classic ground in the dear old halls, like a beacon light lured us to rest.

Then, as one after another went slowly from out God's beautiful temple into the quiet starlit summer night, a spirit of sadness shadowed each heart, for we knew the recording angel had folded one more precious leaf in life's history, and inscribed thereon, "Past forevermore."

Mina Moore Wheeler.

AUBURN, N. Y.

CHAPEL EXERCISES.

THE Seminary bell is ringing. Its well-remembered voice is again calling the student to morning prayers. The intervening years since last we thus obeyed its summons are in the valley of the past. To-day we are on an eminence overlooking all; surrounded by the same scenes and friends as in those days. We are the same, although the silver is threading our locks and deep furrows appear on cheek and brow. We look into each others' eyes, we listen to the same well-known voices, we talk of the old joys and friendships. Arm in arm we hasten along the familiar streets of Fulton. We approach the Seminary, which, seemingly unchanged, opens her doors to her returning sons and daughters.

We ascend the front steps and enter the chapel. Everything is just as it used to be: the aisles, the seats and blackboards on each side, and the platform with its table and seats for the faculty. The students come thronging in, rapidly filling every seat and place for standing.

Here are men and women representing various periods of the Seminary's history. Some were pupils of the honored Dr. E. E. Bragdon, others of Dr. French, Dr. John W. Armstrong, and Professor Mansfield. But the great majority were here during the administration of Prof. J. P. Griffin.

From near and far they come, from Iowa and Indiana and Colorado and many other States, each finding some acquaintances or trying to discover former friends in the crowd. Only one entire class is present, the graduating class of 1868, consisting of five members. Like loving sisters these cling together, enjoying the delightful friendship which twenty years has only strengthened and matured.

Professor Haydn is presiding at the organ with all his former ability, and the choir is in its place. The faculty enters and the accustomed places are taken on the platform. Here are Professors Griffin, Brown, French, Eggleston, Slee, Underhill and Brownell, and their wives, and Professor Granville Yager and Mrs. Susie Gibson Hart, Misses Munson, Rosetta Coit, and Martha Gaylord. These are the very teachers, who, with others, made Falley Seminary what it was in its palmiest days—Christian educators, who labored faithfully to prepare their pupils for the highest usefulness. Gladly we study these loved faces again, grown more beautiful through the experiences of these added years. But not all are here to-day. We look in vain for Prof. George Griffin and Prof. E. Briggs. Memory brings them vividly before us, and we fancy we can almost hear "Professor George" reading again, as he used to do, "Shall Jesus bear the cross alone?" or "Cometh sunshine after rain." Doubtless he and many others of those who used to gather here are singing the "new song" in that bright home where crosses and tears are no more known.

And now Professor Griffin announces the hymn "All hail the power of Jesus' name." Every one sings; while memory is active, and the tide of emotion rises. Voices grow tremulous and tears are brushed quickly away. As we sing the words "Let every kindred, every tribe, on this terrestrial ball," we think of the large number of Falley's students who are giving the best energies of their lives to promote Christ's kingdom among men; of Linna

Schenck in Bulgaria, and of ministers and Christian workers in our own land. Professor Griffin selects and reads an appropriate Psalm and then bows in prayer. Thanking God for his great mercies in the past, he pleads for blessings upon all his students, asking for them once more, as formerly, all that a great and loving heart could desire. Every head is bowed, every heart is melted and subdued. We know it is the last time he will ever thus pray for us in this hallowed place. We must go forth again, never to return, but this prayer shall live in our hearts, and its heavenly influence shall hallow all the past and bless us in the coming days.

The prayer ended, Professor Griffin addresses us as though it was the beginning of a new term of school. He takes that well-known memorandum-book from his side pocket and announces the various classes, teachers and places of recitation. He gives us rules and regulations and then proceeds to call the "Sunday roll." We are to rise and answer to our names when called, and report how many times we attended church on the preceding Sunday, or, if we were absent from church and our conscience excused us, to answer "excused." As he calls each name, Professor Griffin gives a keen, quick glance at the person answering, and frequently he speaks words of recognition. The students take many liberties this morning, and laugh and recall old scenes with a strange freedom. This is a long roll-call, lasting till nearly noon. At length it is finished. We take a last lingering look at these old familiar halls, and then go forth, bidding a long adieu.

Again we are to go forth into the untried future. Again our paths will diverge. Who can tell over what seas and mountains the way shall lead? We carry in our hearts the old love for teachers, schoolmates and *Alma Mater*, renewed and intensified.

Hattie R. Hunt Reynolds.

STRAY THOUGHTS.

Of all the many pleasures the reunion afforded, none will be as sacredly cherished in our student hearts, none will seem quite so tender and hallowed, as the chapel exercises. Like the fabled notes of the dying swan, the old Seminary bell never sounded half so sweetly as when it rang its last call to us that lovely Friday morning. We cease the youthful chatter its first strokes have beguiled us into as we hasten up the hill, and in hushed reverence listen to catch its faintest dying echo.

How familiar is all within the dear old chapel! It seems but yesterday that we were here; can it be fifteen, twenty, thirty years? Most of our loved teachers are on the platform, familiar voices come from the choir, dear classmates and friends are here and there in their wonted places, even the rusty box stove, the green-baize cushions, the sun-scorched shades, and the legends of hieroglyphics on desk and wall, all welcome us with an air so serenely natural that the intervening years drop out as by magic, and we are the fun-loving, but earnest, students once more. Forgotten the silver threads, the wrinkles of care, the spectacles!

And if this were not enough to produce the blissful transition, we hear the familiar voice of Professor Griffin as he opens the Book of books. Did we ever hang so lovingly on his every word before as we follow him through that beautiful 147th Psalm, so appropriate to the occasion with its calls to "Praise the Lord?" Ah, no; we fear we never listened as now. But it could not all have been in us, for his prayer—who can describe its pathos and power! We think he, once again, in the hallowed chapel, full of mighty memories, may never have so leaned on his Saviour, may never have so looked up to God. It was indeed friendship, grandest results, immortal yearnings and the child-like heart finding the listening ear, and feeling the dear greeting of the one Father of us

all; and, what has ever so revealed to us the depth and tenderness of Professor Griffin's love for us! How that prayer bears us into the very presence of God! It is an holy place, a wonderful moment! Our hearts are stirred as never before; all eyes over flowed; and into the sacred enkindling flame we cast our scepticism, our indifference and our sordid aims, resolved to lead purer, nobler lives.

Estelle Mendell Amory.

BELMOND, IOWA.

[These hours held us in a charmed captivity. With not a little effort we wrenched ourselves from out the sacred surroundings, and filed through the doorway—teachers and students—and down the steps, leaving the dear old chapel forever behind us. Naturally we fell into the traditional line of march to the church; for does not the chronicler tell us that in those “elder days,” “this march was not conducted in a stiff, military manner, but was an easy, happy, independent walk?” We seemed to be stepping in the footprints of the other years as we walked leisurely and thoughtfully to the old brick church. Did we not think ourselves back beyond diplomas or speeches or compositions—students once more—on our way to the packed house and the splendors of an old-time exhibition? But simply fairly seated, it was evident that the programme for the forenoon must be lifted over into the afternoon. We came together at half-past one to hear that grand Historical Address, which made the past live, and stirred all hearts until enthusiasm crystallized into a resolution, and, with what came that afternoon, made this book possible.—[EDITOR.]

HISTORICAL ADDRESS.

*Fuimus Troes, fuit Ilium, et ingens
Gloria Teucrorum.*—ÆNEID II, 325.

WERE the machinery in a long-silent factory, left thus by the vicissitudes of commerce, suddenly to start into motion, and should the workmen, as of yore, stand ready in place; or, better, were the hearthstone in a deserted New England homestead to renew its warmth, and those who left it for other scenes in the years ago, flushed with the earnestness and vigor of youth, to once more cluster around it, and were the ancient roof-tree to again perform its kindly office of protecting those whom providence had consigned to it, the scenes would not be unlike the one that we behold to-day. Here, where for nearly forty years eager feet climbed the stairs and walked these halls, the silence of half a decade is broken. The doors again swing open to our touch, the bell rings out its gladsome call, and we fill the seats in the chapel.

“The same old bricks are in the wall,
The bell swings to and fro;
The music’s just the same, dear Tom,
’Twas twenty years ago.”

In one way or another old times and old impressions are having a wonderful renewal. The front porch, so impressive to our youthful eyes, the majestic columns, marvels to our untaught

minds, the halls, the recitation rooms, the stairs and balusters, those small recitation rooms, all suggest memories and stories, the bare naming of which would far exceed the limits of this hour. As we wander about, the old sounds even come back to us—the far-away roaring of the falls, in the evening the plaintive cry of the whippoorwill; and, I doubt not, many have had revivals of mind sounds, those bright talks with which the youthful ear was beguiled as you told yourselves the wonderful deeds that would be performed after you started out on your errantry.

We who respond to the call convening us are only a fraction of those who, from first to last, made up the long roll of pupils calling Fulton's Seminary their early school-home. From 1835, when the school began its corporate existence, to November, 1883, when the doors were closed, more than 6,500 men and women, once boys and girls, had looked upon our Academy, under some one of its names, as their *Alma Mater*. Of course many of these make up a large part of the bustling population of this thriving village; could all be here, how sorely would the hospitality of our hosts be tried! And why are not more rejoicing with us on this "once in a life time" occasion? Let foreign lands and the uttermost isles of the sea reply, for the lines of our associates have gone out through all the earth and their words to the end of the world. This for the living; but were the dead to answer, responses would come from the burial grounds in almost every state in the Union; from the cemeteries throughout the South where repose those who fell in the defense of their country, and even from the depths of the sea would come an "All hail!" to our gathering. No picture drawn by that master artist Thackeray fixes itself more deeply in the memory than this: "At the usual evening hour the chapel bell began to toll, and Thomas Newcome's hands, outside the bed, feebly beat time. And just as the last bell struck, a peculiar sweet smile shone over his face, and

he lifted up his head a little and quickly said, 'Adsum!' and fell back. It was the word he used at school when names were called; and lo! he whose heart was that of a little child had answered to his name, and stood in the presence of the Master.'

We are present. The Master is here. The years roll away. Old Time, indeed, turns backward in his flight. Forgotten are the cares of business; no lawyers' briefs are thought of; there are no sermons to be prepared; the teacher forgets his classes, the physician his patients, and all, as youths, gather again in the familiar place. It is not an anniversary occasion, nor yet would we call it a memorial exercise. This building, erstwhile named Falley Seminary, stands strong and steadfast; many of those whom we esteemed as teachers are here to-day to extend a hand to us; but that impalpable something which constituted all this a school no longer exists. The material is not lacking, but the body does not breathe. Nor do we come to try to inspire it with life. We do not come to bury Cæsar, but to praise him.

With St. Paul we may truthfully say that we are citizens of no mean city; but what of the antecedents of the institution that we so justly revere? Naturally every individual here thinks the high-water mark was attained in his day, and no doubt once wondered that the wheels did not stop when he left. If, however, we call that the most prosperous period when most pupils attended, we must ascribe to the management of John P. Griffin the highest meed of praise, for during the thirteen years of his sway there were more than 3,000 different names recorded, with an average attendance per year of 442. But there was a school here long years before our worthy preceptor set foot within the precincts of Fulton.

It is not a little creditable to the first settlers of this town that so very soon after the village began they should have appreciated the merits of a school of a high grade. The constructing of the

Oswego canal gave the village life. It began in 1825, and in 1828, when the enterprise was completed, we may think of Fulton as fully fledged and vigorous. Six years afterward, in 1834, in the vestry of the Presbyterian church, then standing on the southwest corner of Oneida and Second streets, a Miss Cole, sister of the wife of Rev. John Eastman, M. A., pastor of the church, began keeping a select school. The precise location of the vestry was, I understand, on the open space north of the Midland freight house. Here the school was maintained till it was moved to the large building erected for it on what the prospectus terms a "retired and elevated part of the village," now Rochester street. The edifice, enlarged, is the present Roman Catholic church; but till the brick structure that we of a later date have known was built, this modest house served its day and generation well. In May, the 25th day, 1835, the year also of chartering the village, it was incorporated by a special act of the Legislature of the State as "The Fulton Female Seminary," and as such continued till April 11, 1842, when its charter was amended by the Legislature, changing its name to "The Fulton Academy." This was done to admit of the entrance of boys, who had not, as a rule, been admitted before, though reference to the old books makes me suspicious that really good boys were sometimes instructed with their sisters and cousins. In this same year, 1835, the sum of \$4,000 was raised, the site bought, and the edifice at least begun. There was a board of trustees appointed, and shares at a par value of twenty-five dollars were issued. The taking of these, in the main, furnished the means for building.

The first catalogue issued was for the half-year 1836-37, and it chronicles the attendance of 102 different persons, chiefly from Fulton and the immediate vicinity, though names are found hailing from Massachusetts and Michigan. Miss M. C. Maynard early became preceptress, and she was a most admirable teacher;

so fine, in fact, that one of the prominent members of the board of trustees, George Salmon, attracted by her strong qualities, prevailed upon her to become his wife, and she in time sent children to this school of ours.

The early managers of the institution were faithful and active, and their project flourished reasonably. They had, themselves, invested deeply in the plant, the most liberal takers of stock having been George F. Falley and Russell Case. In the winter and spring term of 1842 came the first installment of boys; and a representative lot they were, for we find recorded the Cases—Charles, George and Henry—George N. Falley, the Fishes of Fulton, and the Hubbards of Fulton and Volney, Albert L. Lee, Nathan M. Rowe of New Haven, several Salmons, Melvin F. and William C. Stephens, Clifford and Mortimer Thompson—the latter known to fame as Q. K. Philander Doesticks—the Tuckers, Whitakers and Woodins, who, apparently, had long been waiting to have the opening made. From this time for more than forty years the line is unbroken. A study of the names given of teachers and taught would reveal many that have shone on the scroll of fame; but it is no part of our duty to inscribe distinctions. Everybody is well known to some one, and those names that we might select possibly would not be those to attract others.

The principal at this date, *i. e.* the opening of the Academy, was Amos G. Hull, who was succeeded by Rev. Edmund E. E. Bragdon, A. B., who must have come here very shortly after graduating at Wesleyan. He remained till 1844, when he resigned; but he came again in 1848, and was largely instrumental in securing funds for the erecting of the new building. As a subsequent professor in Genesee College he was widely known for his scholarly attainments.

From the prospectus of this year a few words are taken, showing the advantages of the school's location: "This Academy is

located on a small eminence in a retired and healthful part of the pleasant village of Fulton, eleven miles from Oswego and twenty-four from Syracuse. Packets daily pass on the canal through this village, in running between the above-named places, and there are good facilities for students to get to and from the school from every other direction. From the Academy the observer has a commanding view of the surrounding country: the beautiful waters of the Oswego river, upon which the village is located, are seen at a considerable distance, apparently gliding at his feet, while a charming landscape, agreeably diversified, gradually ascends towards the west, and much enhances the beauty of the scene." I fancy that a portion of this description was copied verbatim from some composition prepared when the school was devoted exclusively to girls. However, be this as it may, it survived just one more issue of the catalogue, and then the "distant river" "gliding at his feet" disappeared. Progress is the rule of the world, and in 1849 we are informed thus: "The name of the institution formerly known as the Fulton Female Seminary and subsequently as the Fulton Academy was changed by the last Legislature to Falley Seminary of the Black River Conference. A splendid brick edifice, 108 feet long, 50 feet wide and four stories high is now in process of erection. The new building is located in a pleasant and elevated part of the village of Fulton, facing directly upon the public square, and commands a delightful and extended view of the surrounding country. Fulton is of easy access from almost every direction, either by plank road or railroads."

It is barely possible that some of those present away back in "ye olden time" read words to this effect: "Fulton, Oswego County, N. Y., the seat of Falley Seminary, is pleasantly situated on the Oswego river at the falls, on the Syracuse & Oswego Railroad, twenty-four miles from Syracuse and twelve from Oswego, and has a moral, intelligent and enterprising population of about

4,000. The Seminary is located in a pleasant and elevated part of the village, facing the public square, and commands a delightful and extensive view of the surrounding country." This is Professor Griffin's statement in 1858. With the exception of increasing the population to 5,000 in 1864, and noting the building of the Midland Railroad in 1869, it is the same that every Falley Seminary pupil read to the end, for after 1869 no catalogues were issued. Those who have had experience will recognize the ease in furnishing copy for a new catalogue by simply cutting up the back pages of the old.

As already indicated, a new venture was made in 1849, April 11, when the institution passed under the patronage of the Black River Conference of the Methodist church; and, with varying degrees of prosperity, it thus continued until the spring of 1857, when a transfer of the plant and privileges was made to John P. Griffin, A. M., an experienced teacher, who took all the rights and titles of the school without, it would appear, assuming all its obligations, it being the opinion that the advantages already had from the scholarships had generally compensated them. Mr. Griffin came to Falley October 3, 1856, as principal under the trustees. From him, late in 1869, the Seminary passed to Mr. Allan Gilmour, who turned the school over to his brother, the Rev. James Gilmour, himself a teacher of long standing, in whose hands the same continued to the end—November 28, 1883.

Immediately after the assumption by the Black River Conference of the care of the institution, measures were set going to provide more ample accommodations. George F. Falley had long been a most enthusiastic supporter of the old school, and his widow's name heads the list of subscribers for \$4,000. William Schenck comes next, with \$1,000, and then in varying sums the names follow till the aggregate reaches \$7,365. I am informed that Mr. Schenck afterward increased his gift to \$3,000. To this

amount must be added \$5,000 raised by a system of promised scholarships of \$100 each—a scheme which I fear did not realize quite the expected advantage to the givers, for when the transfer was made by the Conference trustees the benefits of these scholarships lapsed.

After all these forty years we may still grasp the hand of Mrs. Falley, who as Mrs. J. T. Hewitt is with us to-day. Truly she began her well doing early. William Schenck, after a useful life, in another world than ours reaps the rewards of his good deeds here. It is noteworthy that George F. Falley and William Schenck were brothers-in-law, and that a daughter of the latter, Augusta M., now Mrs. Charles S. Eggleston, with Augusta M. Strong and Mary C. Hoes, in 1852 constituted the first class to graduate from the new building. Miss Schenck was afterward a teacher in the school.

The land for the Seminary was given by Col. James L. Voorhees, of Lysander, Onondaga county, and the work of building was pushed rapidly to completion. Meanwhile the cognomen of the most liberal giver was settled upon the school, and the name of Falley will long be cherished by those who shared in the results of his generosity. In the fall of 1850 it was apparent that the date of dedication could be set, and, suitable provisions having been made, on December 5 of that year an audience completely filling this room assembled and listened to prayer by the Rev. William Hosmer, Scripture reading by Rev. James Erwin, and the dedicatory address by the Rev. D. W. Clark, afterward one of the bishops of the Methodist Episcopal church. This address, an admirable one, was afterward printed and extensively circulated.

Thus launched, the craft set sail, and, sometimes in the face of head winds, generally however with favoring breezes, it pursued its way; under different commanders, with crews that represented varying degrees of ability and tact; with passengers sometimes

crowding and again scantily filling its cabins and decks, but always trying to accomplish its mission. As to the result of the voyage we must await the end of time to make complete answer.

We who have enjoyed the privileges of Falley Seminary have much to be grateful for that it was located in the village of Fulton. First let us thank nature that she saw fit to make the region so interesting physically. The underlying rock is covered with traces of her penmanship, for the Medina sandstone is deeply graven with her impress, made cycles since; or, rather, shall I say she left in relief the figures of vegetation of which she wished us of these later days to know? And then to charm the eye she led hither the streams from the inland and bade them break through the barrier separating them from Ontario. Through earth and rock they have worn their way, and how have our eyes lighted and our ears exulted as we have seen and heard the ceaseless rush of waters which, like those at Lodore,

"Never ending, but
Always descending."

go twisting and twining to their rest in the lake.

To history also we must render thanks that she has given to the Oswego, at this very point where the village is, a gloss that few streams can boast. For long years she made it a highway of nations. The Indian's route with his noiseless canoe for untold ages, it became the channel through which the indomitable Jesuit from Canada reached the Onondagas, and adown which he fled, in helpless terror, from the anger of his merciless foe. His war-like people, the French, pushed their armed expeditions upon its waters, and after them the English passed and repassed in their efforts to dispossess the Gaul. At the Upper Falls, or the Cascades, they planted a fort whose traces may be seen to-day, and on Battle Island fiercely fought their savage enemy. Along what is now the First street of Fulton thousands of armed men

have marched in the order of offense or the confusion of retreat. Revolutionary stories cluster around it, and it is hallowed with associations of the war of 1812.

Fiction, too, must know our gratitude, for the immortal genius of Fenimore Cooper is indissolubly linked with this river of ours. Who that has read the Leatherstocking series can look at the Cascade and not fancy that he sees the Pathfinder himself in the swiftly-darting canoe, behind him the trembling salt water sailor, and Eau-douce calmly guiding the frail bark amidst the seething waters? Who can not see the sportive frontiersman carefully collecting the water shipped and saying: "Fourteen spoonfuls, Eau-douce; fourteen fairly-measured spoonfuls. I have, you must acknowledge, known you to go down with only ten." Sweet Mabel Dunham and that faithfulest of Indian women Dew-of-June watch its descent from the shore. Arrowhead the unfaithful and Chingatchgook the Delaware also keep the land. I have never heard the whippoorwill utter his despairing cry in Fulton without wondering whether he be not a lineal descendant of those whose cries, real or imitated, attracted the attention of the early voyagers. The bushes along the river's edge we have fancied the successors of those that concealed canoes from hostile eyes, and every rift in the stream may have been the scene of bloodshed, real or fanciful.

Nor can we forget the good people of Fulton, who from their store made our school possible. Their giving in those early days was almost phenomenal. It is not how much, alone, that should be estimated in giving, but how much proportionately. From the outset the citizens of this town and vicinity were most generous. Nor was their kindness confined to the school as such. Those who came here from a distance in many instances formed lifelong friendships, and never, to my knowledge, was the great heart of the village found beating otherwise than in unison with that of

the Seminary. As that grand old man Dr. Stephen Pardee once said to me, "I tell you, sir, we are lonesome when the Seminary has a vacation." Such being the sentiment of the place, what wonder that unfeigned regret has followed the ending of the school and that so enthusiastic a greeting is given those returning to these exercises?

In many ways a school is like a river. The waters that covered the body of the adventurous De Soto were not the same that "flowed unvexed to the sea" through the guns of Grant and Farragut, but yet they were those of the Mississippi. The stream that bore Du Puys in the seventeenth century and St. Leger in the eighteenth was as much the Oswego as that which turns Fulton's mills in the nineteenth century. The school which had its modest beginning in the vestry of a church, made its way step by step, always changing yet always the same, through wooden walls to classic halls, is the one over which we would pass the name of "Falley," and whatever honor and glory it may have attained we the earliest and latest of its pupils claim as ours. As the deforesting of a land may dry up water courses and so end a stream from its fountain head, so may changed social conditions and improvements in other directions make such an institution as Falley cease. But during its successful career, whom shall we not applaud for the grand unity which made such attainments possible? Shall we pass in silence the trustees who for so many years gave their time and money for our good? Not so; rather let us revere them, when we find them bearing the names of the Rev. John Eastman, Aaron G. Fish, George Salmon, M. Lindley Lee, the Rev. Lemuel Dada, George F. Falley, Charles G. Case, Peter and William Schenck, Robert C. Kenyon, Ransom H. Tyler, Charles G. Bacon and scores of others prominent in good works in this and other towns. Nor were their labors merely nominal. Reference to the well-preserved books of the Seminary convinces me

that they entered whole-heartedly, and I may say absorbingly, into the task they had assumed. All honor be to them, both living and dead, who were in any supervisory manner connected with Falley Seminary.

To stand *in loco parentis* is the peculiar office of many a teacher, and often his province includes even more, for to the conscientious, pains taking teacher the child will yield a greater deference than to father or mother. Nor does that man or woman who in a measure surrounds himself with a degree of exclusiveness akin to that divinity which we are told "doth hedge royalty about," touch that pitch of kinship which should always exist between the teacher and those taught.

The spirit with which this reunion has been carried along attests the impression which as men and women our preceptors made upon us. As I utter these words you are thinking of the long line of admirable instructors who in your respective days invited and received your highest esteem: of that admirable woman Maria C. Maynard, principal for five years; of Miranda Smith, Almira Henshaw; of Principal Bragdon, who subsequently as Genesee's teacher of Greek for many a year won a rank along with the finest scholars in the land, a man to whom also we owe much for his painstaking labors in securing subscriptions for this building; his wife Eliza B. Bragdon, who was preceptress for two years; Benjamin H. Cadwell, from 1844 to 1846 principal, and his sister, Elvira P. Cadwell, preceptress from 1844 to 1848, and for many years subsequently the teacher of an excellent private school for girls in this place; O. O. Shumway, instructor and principal; Theodore L. Parsons, principal from 1846 to 1848; Charles S. Eggleston, known to everybody who ever lived in Fulton, who from 1848 to date has taught everything except music that was taught in the Seminary, and though his nominal services ceased before 1860 there was not a year till 1869 when he was not

called upon as a reserve, and he was always ready; then that queen among women Rachael C. Newman, who from 1848 to 1856 was preceptress and taught an extended round of branches, making her memory still linger sweetly in the minds of the pupils of those years; Prof. John R. French, from 1849 to 1854 the accomplished teacher of mathematics and natural science, laying the foundation for the superstructure of fame reared at Genesee and in Syracuse University; Rev. Hiram Mattison, that prodigy of nerve and determination, to whom the heavens were as an open book. What a vision of stateliness comes before us when we recall the face and figure of John W. Armstrong, the scholar, the teacher, the man, who died in the ranks as one of the principals of State normal schools. That accomplished scholar the Rev. George Hapgood always aroused in me the thought of Dr. Augustus Muhlenberg, who wrote "I would not live away." I can not remember the time when his hair was not white, but what sweetness and serenity in his face, what appreciation of a lesson well learned. We must not forget Principal J. H. Mansfield, Miss Angelina Munson, for several years the preceptress, nor Andrew Roe, long known as the teacher and preacher. Joseph L. Morse, as a teacher of mathematics for a single year, left a most favorable impression. How pleasantly the boys remember the tender way in which Miss Charlotte N. Chubbuck, the preceptress from 1862 to 1865, treated them when they bashfully sought her intervention in the important matter of securing the company of some blushing damsel for an entertainment "down town." To this day they call down blessings on her head for her discrimination. Helen L. D. Potter began here her wonderful career as an elocutionist, and I am reminded that her rendering on this very platform of "Boy Britton" was the first piece of polished reading that we had ever heard, if we are to forget Professor Griffin's attempt to tell us how somebody at Lima had charmed his hearers with his rendering of

"Excelsior." Our friend will pardon his old pupil, I hope, if at this late date he remarks that though the voice dwindled to a "childish treble," it did not attain that far-away quality so desirable when "that youth 'mid snow and ice" still aspires and still shouts "Excelsior!"

Alvah H. Dorris came in war times, and his excellent repute I gain by hearsay. Elkanah A. Briggs was his popular and long-time successor in mathematics. W. A. Brownell, the famous geologist and teacher, was once here, and at the same time his scholarly wife was preceptress. Rev. Granville Yager in 1866, came to Falley Seminary fresh from college, and all liked him. As a professor now at Middlebury College, Vermont, he more than sustains the reputation begun here. Then Miss Susan R. Gibson, preceptress, and Mr. Griffin's sister Frances, for many years teacher of the ornamental branches, form pleasant features in our picture, and Miss Myra A. Osband, again a preceptress, and Harvey Woodward, mathematical teacher, who went from Falley to a successful ministry. In a double capacity some are recalled: Miss Mina Moore, who taught so well all that she undertook, in English or classics was alike at home. During a stay in the Seminary covering a period of five years she was the only woman to whom I recited. Rosetta Coit, first as pupil, then as teacher of the primary department—what devotion was there to her calling; and when, as she deemed, she responded to the call of duty and enlisted in the freedmen's cause, what zest and ardor in the Master's work! What cared she for persecution? Souls redeemed and a university in New Orleans planted by her indomitable zeal attest her worth. George S. Griffin, the superior scholar and unflagging teacher, how we mourned his early death! His most excellent wife, who came to us as Miss Esther C. McClure, was long our accomplished teacher of music. Nor would I omit her successor, Miss Mary L. Alden, so lately deceased. If in our own list we

mention few of those who taught in the later days, it is because their names are not so easily attained. Among the best known, however, were Professors Buckingham and Dickinson.

Professor Gilmour himself and his talented wife had no superiors in point of intellectual attainments. A brilliant scholar, his ideal of a school, however, was not that popular one which had so long prevailed within these walls. The quality of his instruction was first-class, and he employed thoroughly competent assistants. It was not until continued illness compelled him to effectually close the doors that the school was ended and "Finis" written. We can not say with Tom Moore, of his College Bells:

"And so 'twill be when I am gone,
Thy tuneful peal will still ring on;
While other bards shall walk these dells
And sing your praise, sweet evening bells."

After to-day our chapel bell has no vocation.

In our cursory glance certain omissions must have been noted. Nothing has been said of that admirable little man known as Herman Haydn, who taught the young idea how to play the piano, and who had the rare discretion and fortune to transfer Miss Cora Willard from the Seminary school to a small one of her own. But those whose knowledge of the professor was confined to that dreary round of "one, and, two, and," etc., known to the melancholy musical tyro, knew very little of the depths of true music shut up in his soul. It was when he went trout fishing that he came out *fortissimo*. Such sprightliness! There goes a fish now off his hook, and away goes the professor, his feet fairly twinkling as he darts for the speckled beauty. What gladness overspreads his merry face! Alas, "what a fall was there, my countrymen!" Behold the return! Where glad expectancy reigned now sits supreme regret, and the words break out: "I thought it wash a drouth, but it is noding but a dace. If I wash an artist I would shpot him."

There was another who always greeted the newcomers and the returners most heartily and sincerely, who was the soul of enthusiasm, and who in the class-room never had a superior; who could arouse long latent talent when the possessor himself had not dreamed of its presence; who could make the driest subject interesting and entertaining. Clouds have gathered over his name; but will you not pardon an old school-boy for saying this much of Asa Boothby?

Another man went from our school to a college professorship, who, with his pleasant wife, also a teacher, was always held in the highest esteem. It was always a mooted point—in fact not settled yet—as to which Prof. J. J. Brown liked the better, his studies or his turning-lathe; you know where it was, at the end of the corridor just at the entrance to this room, the chapel. Did he ever fail in information or in illustration? I think not; but if ever closely pressed, his finger laid against his nose was sure to prompt his wits for the desired fact or fancy. At the formation of the faculty of Syracuse University he was offered the chair of natural sciences, a position that he still holds with credit to himself and with profit to the college.

Have you missed our excellent preceptress in 1860-61—Miss Anna A. Price? If so, let it be stated that she soon ceased to be miss-ed, for she became the wife of our teacher of Latin and mathematics, Charles M. Underhill, who thereafter, whatever his pecuniary condition, certainly was never without Price.

The pleasures of this day are not a little enhanced that the man who for so many years impressed the youthful seminarian with the thought of what dignity a man might have and yet be human is here, a part and parcel of us. You know what Brougham said of Thurlow, that no man could be half as wise as the latter looked. We soon learned that "John D. Fletcher Slee," as we in irreverent moments sometimes called him, was like unto other mortals, and

that a cold lunch at VanValkenburg's was as much relished by him as by his more lively, not to say frisky, associate, Underhill; but when I glance back along that dim perspective and see Professors Slee, Underhill and Boothby walking together, immaculately attired, and all clad as Solomon certainly was not, I am almost disposed to believe the current report among the boys that Hanna made their clothes at a reduced rate that they might advertise his business. However, up in No. 54 who would dare bring into dispute the dictum of him who wielded authority and occupied that chair of state at the west end? From Crosby's Greek Grammar through the expedition of Xenophon's Ten Thousand, and then to "the destructive wrath of Achilles which brought unnumbered woes upon the Greeks,"—to say nothing of those youthful modern readers of the Iliad—through all this Professor Slee conducted us, and as to the quality of the work—well, let this answer: In the spring of 1863 a former teacher in the same department, the Rev. Spencer R. Fuller, said in my hearing to an associate clergyman, Rev. M. D. Kinney, "You should have heard that work in Greek; I never saw better, no, not in college." Notwithstanding the severity of his face and the reproving character of his frown, I think I have known him to walk quickly away lest he might lose his reputation and be caught laughing at some school-boy prank, and even then we had suspicions that his back and gait did not altogether hide the appreciation that we grew to know he thoroughly possessed.

But if Professor Slee was the embodiment of dignity, no one ever laid that charge at the door of his brother-in-law, Charles M. Underhill, though we always thought he had all that was necessary. He it was that used to call at pupils' rooms in the fruitful autumnal season, so provocative of early and late calls on certain neighboring orchards, and in the most agreeable manner assist in the destruction of apples and pears, never asking any

questions for conscience' sake. In departing, in a very thoughtful way he would carry with him certain unconsumed specimens, for the delectation, we always thought, of his friend who would never be seen looking around in boys' rooms for apples. He must have been a queer specimen who didn't like Professor Underhill's recitations. There never was any lack of variety; whether it was algebra in his room or Cicero in Janitor Stoddard's parlor away down in the basement, we were never sleepy. Any suggestion that could have the least bearing on the lesson received all the consideration that it merited, perhaps more. When there was a speech to be made that just pleased the boys, Professor Underhill was the man to make it. Over the way, when that wonderful fence surrounded the park and a turnstile led into it, Professor Slee once so roused our patriotism to a burning pitch by his fervid eloquence that we were almost ready to exclaim "Lead on!" But when his friend followed—and he then claimed it had always been just his luck to follow—he stood on the stile, and how those jokes dispelled the ferocity excited by his predecessor! Why, the farmers even heard of him, and over in Granby they prevailed on him to tell them all about farming, and he did it in a style more solemn than anything his most intimate friends ever thought him capable of. However, in the years of our acquaintance there was not a line that we would change. His class room makes a bright spot upon our canvas.

And him who for thirteen years had the helm—what shall I say of him? And that most excellent wife, who in many trying moments made us feel that if she were not mother she certainly was next to her, what tribute shall we pay to her? It may be no news to them that it was so—it certainly was no intended discourtesy that prompted the pupils frequently to refer to them as "John P." and "Aunt Phoebe." Rather let us say that exuberant youth realized the true nobility of their natures, the real affection that filled their

souls, and in this somewhat homely way indicated their appreciation so much heartier than the formal address of Professor and Mrs. Griffin. To the man who administers discipline must come a degree of odium; but the pupils who were disciplined here generally grew to realize that their punishment was just, and among those who to-day vie with others in expressions of affection are those who are men and women better for the disciplinary measures of this school.

It has been truly said that the good we would say of our friends is too often reserved till the ears that should hear it are closed to mortal sounds. Let this occasion be an exception. We may, for the nonce, all of us, imagine ourselves Tom Browns, not at the tomb of our Dr. Arnold, but here in our Rugby, taking him by the hand, looking into his kindly eye and telling him in person what we owe to him. May this day serve to erase any marks that may be against us, and may this greeting excite in us a desire to deserve equally well of those whom we may be called to lead. The one an instructor of paramount excellence, a business man of the utmost success, and above all a Christian of stainless life; the other a helpmeet in all that God designed in that most beautiful of unions, marriage, in her Christian experience fully equal of her husband—Mr. and Mrs. John P. Griffin live in the hearts and lives of the thousands who have known them.

There were pupils, too—how they gathered from all directions! And how soon they settled down to steady, hard work! What appetites, physical and mental they had! And how were their wants supplied! Do I recall any familiar scenes as I depict the school-boy of 1860 and some of the following years, when, landed at the Fulton station of the Oswego & Syracuse Railroad, he looked about for the village and the Seminary? Have you ever seen him trying to effect an entrance into the then solitary mill at the west end of the river bridge, thinking that that was his destin-

ation? I have. In fact it was the standing joke among the old boys to walk over and get the fresh lads to try the mill. "Ten dollars fine for riding or driving on this bridge faster than a walk" was the first piece of information that we gained as we advanced; but when the heights attained, we were duly entered and assigned, how soon we got acquainted. Who ever heard of a formal introduction in those days? And yet we were on speaking terms, the most of us, inside of twenty-four hours. How some boys extinguished their lights at ten o'clock at night by carefully caulking the cracks and key-hole and by suspending a bed-blanket at the window! Then, too, that law which demanded the sweeping of the rooms each morning was sometimes complied with, at least an indication was affected, by robbing some conscientious lad of the débris that was left in proper order by the side of his door, and moving it along to the next. Was all this wrong? I suppose so; but we are not discussing great moral questions. Then the rooms themselves—do you remember them? They were not exactly Sybaritic in their appointments, and doubtless it was best that they should not be, for no boy or girl ever went from them any less strong physically on account of their plainness. Woe be to the lad who thought he ought to lie on feathers! his only consolation was to lie on some other subject. He here found nothing soft. Otherwise he might have been tempted to lie abed in the morning, an offense never to be tolerated. Those little box stoves, how comfortable they made the rooms in the long winter's evenings—good places for roasting chestnuts and popping corn. I don't seem to remember whether that was against the rules or not; but the boys who had properly filled their boxes with wood from the shed had to keep their doors well locked, else lazy fellows would shorten their own wood-hauling journeys. "Water must not be thrown from the windows," but alas for poor, weak human natures there were temptations that Professor Griffin himself could not

have resisted. "The beds and bedding must be kept in proper condition;" but I have seen sham battles, I might say pillow-sham battles, that made those not engaged retreat to the farthest corner of the room. Once the contest, just after dinner, had progressed with varying success for several minutes when stalwart Ebenezer G. Stranahan, with a shout of "Lay on, McDuff!" brought down his pillow upon the trembling back of Charley Griffin, the principal's nephew, with so tremendous a blow that the sorely-tried end of the case parted and away went the pillow out of the window, and—was there ever before such a coincidence?—landed at the very feet of the rapidly-passing head of the school. Did you ever know a pillow to go up stairs three steps at a time? Well, that is just what that article did on this occasion. It is true that an irate professor accompanied it, but over the scene that followed I draw the canopy of silence and let you who have been there imagine the interview.

What fun was had at meal time if one's *vis a vis* was not too depressing; innocent fun it was, and it went far towards producing excellent digestion. The food was just what we needed and there was an abundance of it, and if some boy, with natural liking for pie, succeeded in increasing his allowance by an extra piece, by processes best known to the initiated, I don't believe the recording angel nor Professor Griffin will hold it up against him.

What a mischievous fellow that Brockport boy was who managed to purloin the dining-room bell the last night in March, and to ring it violently at half past six o'clock in the morning of April 1—breakfast was regularly at seven. Wasn't the fun that followed something to remember? It was Monday morning when we had to bring down our laundry bundles and throw them under the stairs. Professor Underhill was one of the very first to come rapidly down, but it didn't take him half a second to comprehend the whole joke. He deposited that bundle in a hurry, and with a face

like a judge's stalked into the dining-room and went clear through to the girls' side—just what he had started to do, you know. By this time Katy had locked the boys' entrance and Mrs. Riggs was trying to mollify Professor Griffin's wrath over the unpardonable infraction of all propriety in ringing the bell a half hour ahead of time. "Why, it's April Fools' Day, don't you know, and the boys are only having a little fun." She so pacified the principal that he retired to his office and didn't come through to the boys' hall, where a veritable babel of April Fool shouts filled the air. I think the lessons were much better than usual that day.

Let no one after all this think that hilarity ruled the hour. Work and a disposition to work were everywhere evident. A lazy body of either sex was at a discount. Early to bed and early to rise, generally obeyed, produced in all excellent results.

In No. 35 science reigned. Thence came all those exasperating, penetrating odors, filling the nostrils with disgust, yet a place which those who sought the reason of things much affected. In this room, the chapel, day pupils studied, and among other classes Professor Griffin heard his beginning Latin, and we luckless novitiates stood in a line around the room, going through the misery of something akin to spelling down. It was effectual, though. Over on that board I have made innumerable algebraic characters, and there, too, I displayed the geometrical knowledge that sufficed to admit me to college. In my dreams, not to say nightmares, I sometimes recite here now. Down in No. 2 the preceptress reigned supreme, and there the day pupils among the girls studied. No boy was ever supposed to approach its sacred portals, unless, perchance, he recited there, save on some public occasion when he waited, hat in hand, for the young lady who in the chapel above had consented to be "beamed" home by him.

And this brings me to the consideration of those evenings of frivolity sometimes indulged in this room, yclept "socials."

What was the charm that made youthful mortals so anxious for them? I have known the hands of this innocent clock to be set back that that inevitable and dreaded ten o'clock might not be reached. But 'tis always the same and thus it will ever be. The ever true tale has always its listeners. There are two or three cases on record when we went to the dining-room and ate warm maple sugar and made molasses candy. The sweetness in these cases was quite apparent. Room 18 was devoted to small classes, and here I remember reciting Virgil, *i. e.* the *Æneid*, to Professor Griffin himself. No. 54 was the chosen home of Greek and German, and sometimes bookkeeping.

No one can forget the public divisions. What wit, wisdom and eloquence had airings then! Doubtless commonplace to the teachers, but sources of inestimable good to us. Akin to these were the literary societies, where we learned to think upon our feet and to express intelligibly our thoughts. Almost as old as the school are the records of these societies. Away back in the days of Principal Bragdon was the Peithologian Society, whose doings were carefully watched by teachers and trustees. In fact a young man was expelled for words spoken in debate derogatory to the institution. Then came the Upsilon, whose last days were in July, 1861, when I find Professor Griffin acknowledging the receipt of \$1.15 from this society, agreeing to return it when called for. Our old friends C. P. Coit and George H. Barton are named as president and secretary respectively. I would say further that the society died then, and there is no record of the money having been called for. It was, however, in the spring of 1862 that society matters took a substantial form. The few survivors of the old organization met and agreed then and there to formally disband and to make two new societies. These took the names of Aletheon and Peithologian. Their success was pronounced from the start. Membership in either at the outset was settled much by

chance, but afterward society spirit and rivalry ran high. Among the girls the Kalamatheon soon followed, and the principal, to show his appreciation of our laudable efforts, had done off for us, in the hitherto unused attic, rooms which were given to us rent free. We laid out large sums of money in decorating and furnishing. Libraries, too, followed; but the prime object, facility in debate, was never lost sight of. I think I speak for hundreds of others when I say deliberately that no one branch followed in school was of as much utility to me as the debating society.

Some of the memorabilia of these rooms are most valuable. When, finally, they went to pieces, the boys of the Aletheon gave their books, the series of pictures called the "Voyage of Life," by Thomas Cole, a gift from a member, Ira W. Morley, and a priceless collection of pictures of the members to Professor Griffin, then in Syracuse. They are now in his possession, and, as I have reason to know, are highly prized.

Our public occasions betokened no little industry and zeal, and I think I may safely say, in most instances, merit. The Peithologians always read a paper, at least in those earlier days, called "The Columbiad"—"their columbiads of truth were to batter down the walls of error." It was a suggestive adage, and I know in more than one instance the boy drilled here has put the motto in effect.

We were a little world of our own, but when the rumors of war swept in upon us, they started into life feelings of patriotism hitherto dormant. How many letters went home in that spring of 1861 asking, "Can I go?" Well do I remember him who was afterward Major Taylor of the Twenty-fourth Cavalry coming upon our playground and saying to us, "About the right size, boys, for soldiers!" We knew him well, for was he not the father of Libbie, Belle and Sate Taylor, girls who were always among the first?

For a moment I must sing arms and the heroes. There were many who left us in the earlier days of the strife, while others lingered till they were thought large enough to become food for powder. Some of them came back to school. Stowell, who went out in the Twenty-fourth Infantry, returned after serving his two years, equally good as pupil or soldier. What a hero in our eyes was Frank Garlock, who came back from Antietam all battle-scarred! That injured eye, sunken face and clipped ear were to us prouder marks than any insignia of nobility—they were nobility itself. What a happy greeting we gave John W. Dillenback—who began Latin right down there in that first seat, who threw up his college course for the war—when he visited us in the spring of 1866 with the silver olive-leaves of a lieutenant-colonel! Can we forget the empty sleeve of Murney Lewis? Do we not speak a little more tenderly of all those boys—Gilbert, Burchard, Johnson, Mains, Wright, and the many others—who laid all their expectations on the altar of country and ran the risk of death? They came back to school, some of them, and perhaps have gained the stations in life they had hoped for before the tocsin sounded; but many started handicapped by war's delays. If any have erred and strayed in life's journey, one at least of Falley's pupils would like to record here his undying love and regard, which over and through the besetments of the day looks to that happy boyhood, to that separation for battle's din, to meetings even amid the roar of cannon, to a clasped embrace when war was done; and, while he would condone no crime, would ask the pardon of man and God for all offenses. But there were those who sat with us at the board and in the recitation who, donning the blue, marched away to glory and death. On what field sleeps to-day our friend Philetus Barnes? Perhaps you remember that brilliant young man William Jones, who standing here at my left told us of his pride in being a member of the Forty-fourth New York. For more than a quarter of a century the dirges have been sung over his grave,

"Dead at the dawning of the strife." And then there arises a face, that of my familiar friend, one whose acquaintance I earliest made when I came hither. The soul of society, the life of the recitation, always *primus inter pares*, how could he resist the call of country? An only son, fond parents did not stay him, and how proudly he marched away in the One Hundred and Tenth, only to fall a prey to the miasma of Port Hudson. The scene is ineffaceable when the remains of Loyd Loomis came back to us, and we crowded the church to pay our last sad rites, and then bore them to the keeping of Mt. Adnah. For more than twenty years I have at least once a year stood by his grave and thought of the sacrifice the liberation of a race cost the fathers and mothers, the brothers and sisters of the republic.

Friends, it has been written, and deeply graven in our hearts is "*Troja fuit*." Changed surroundings have swept away the conditions that called our Troy into being and that sustained it. The school of the future is the public school, *i. e.* one whose pupils must daily sit at the home-board and in the family circle gain the lessons of living. Nor would I have it otherwise; but our Ilium is not altogether of the past. It lives in the present and shall live in the future. Conservation of energy has taught us that there is nothing lost in nature—the tiny wave breaking upon the pebbly beach affects the poise of the universe. So then with us the influences that made us what we are, are moving on. We are ourselves passing along the lighted torch, and not only in our own lives but in those that come after us must still live the grand history, nay, the spirit of the school that we have met to honor.

Though much tossed about by wind and sea, may each son of Falley struggle on till he shall build the walls of his own proud Rome, and may he bear successfully his gods to Latium.

Alfred S. Roe.

WORCESTER, MASS.

DIVERS.

Few are they that go
Where white pearls lie, below
The strong sea's pulse and flow;
Many are they that bear
The treasure on throat and hair.

Not that they flaunt the stone
Its pride and lustre own;
But he that gropes alone
After the shell-housed pearl
Under the briny swirl.

Only the finder knows
Where the victory grows;
Only the one that throws
Life on a doubtful leap,
And plucks it back from the deep.

Few are they, strong-hearted few,
That pierce the sea of knowledge;
Many are they, tricked out to view,
That get their pearls in college;

At the merchant's glittering stands,
Ready strung and mounted—
Curious gems of many lands—
All for cash discounted.

Wisdom is not bought that way;
Buying is purloining,
When ruddy coins we do not pay—
Wealth of the heart's own coining.

Books are good; like orient spice
Is scholarship's aroma:
But never was the pearl of price
Wrapt up in a diploma.

The rudest pebbles, with the dew
Of the rough ocean shining,
Have beauty past the emerald's hue,
With all its cold refining.

The humblest shell upon the shore,
Caught out of the wild splashing,
Tumbled by loud waves o'er and o'er,
When sea and sky were crashing,

Weaves a quick charm about the heart,
A freshening emotion,
Because the wee shell is a part
Of the grand, breathing ocean.

It tells of fairer treasures strewed
In many a deep-sea valley,
Below the tempest, heaving rude,
Below the freighted galley.

Whoever where life's waters roll
Has caught an inspiration,
And heard the voices of the soul,
And their interpretation;

Whose word to mortals is a part
Of life's sublime romances,
Becomes the master of the heart—
Its passions and its fancies.

But few are they that go
Where white pearls lie, below
The strong sea's pulse and flow,
Though many are they that bear
The treasure on throat and hair.

In the dim ways that lure,
Under the waters pure,
Under the light obscure,
Rubbish and wealth amid,
Truth in its shell lies hid.

There, in the vast profound,
Where tides go round and round
And utter never a sound,
It bides till the diver's hand
Lifts it from weed and sand.

Not the great waves fears he,
When they draw back into the sea,
Not the dread mystery.
All that his spirit knows
Is truth in its still repose.

For the diver, awake, asleep,
Has visions of things the deep
Hides in its jealous keep.
Naught in the depths can daunt
The privileged soul they haunt.

Never the ocean lays
The jewel of purest rays
Where the foot of the careless strays.
Truth must be won from the deep,
And life is a price but cheap.

Richard E. Day.

SYRACUSE, N. Y.

[The address of Prof. A. S. Roe had made our reunion more glad and grand still; the poem by Richard E. Day had started the wonder in us if we had indeed been "Divers" and if any of our lives bore on their breasts large, lustrous pearls, which we ourselves had brought from ocean's dark depths.

What, more? He, who to hundreds will never be other than "Prof." Slee, was ready with his talk on the practical theme

"Business." This theme was discussed as though he were "to the manor born;" as though teaching had been only an episode. Listening, you felt it was the same heart beating inside of him as of yore while he held us in that old-time, tender, soulful way. How the sublime truth came to us with impressive emphasis, that the real measure of life can never be found in place or profession. And while he talked we thought that, merchant or minister, at the fireside or in the mart, nobility of soul and genuine goodness were the essentials and all else incidental.

And as we looked out upon that splendid gathering of men and women from all the avenues of life we were glad to be counted in that excellent company, and were prouder still of the work Falley Seminary had wrought. Indeed, the instruction had never been narrow, and lives determined and developed had been made thoroughly ready for whatever God held for them.

But surely this wondrous afternoon, in the blessed old brick church, will be full to the very brim, for what have we here beside? These are telegrams from warm student-hearts hungry to be with us. Were we not thrilled again and again as they were read?

From Omaha, Nebraska, the wires brought us this message:
 "Regrets. Best wishes to teachers and students. Yours,

"JANE M. McKOAN."

From Toledo, Ohio, this came: "The alumni of Falley Seminary in Toledo send greeting. It is with regret that we are compelled to be absent. Though years have passed those days are still fresh in our memories and dear to our hearts.

"WILLARD ABBOTT,

"S. W. NETTLETON,

"KATE NETTLETON HEALY,

"MISS M. D. NETTLETON,

"J. C. PROSSER,

"S. C. SCHENCK,

"ELIZABETH DOW SCHENCK."

Spokane Falls, Wash. Ter. (now Washington), greeted us after this loyal manner: "To Professor and Mrs. Griffin and all the old friends, greeting. Would gladly answer in person to roll-call. With you in spirit. A. E. and S. E. LASHER."

San José was fastened to us by this: "To teachers and students California extends greeting. Shall be with you in thought, especially in chapel exercises. May other reunions follow and this not the final farewell. O. A. HALE."

What a commentary are these upon the truth of the address: "Let foreign lands and the uttermost isles of the sea reply, for the lines of our associates have gone out through all the earth, and their words to the end of the world."

After this, Dr. Oscar A. Houghton gave us a good, sensible talk on the "Ministry." He referred to his childhood home, which, together with the Christian influence of the Seminary, had been the forces pushing him into this best of callings. He emphasized what Professor Slee had said, that a man should do good and live nobly in any and every walk of life. Every man was more or less a minister. All were under the same obligations to live uprightly and for God as the minister. Each one should shed about him radiating influences which would lead those near him into better living.

The address and poem, the talks and telegrams were the main features in the beautiful-faced Friday afternoon. But all the lines on the face, all the tones of color, all the flushes of joy and rapture, all the gleams of light are not here; no artist captured them. When the exercises were ended, those who had not banquet tickets for themselves or their friends crowded to the front. For once we came near being grateful that no more had come, for the banquet would be, and not all the good friends find themselves within the light and glow of those rare, resplendent hours.—EDITOR.]

THE BANQUET.

FRIDAY evening, the 31st of August, 1888, will forever be a memorable one in the annals of Falley Seminary. Between four and five hundred teachers and scholars of other days gathered around the banquet tables spread in Church's Hall and laden with the choicest delicacies and most delicious viands.

The delightful ebb and flow of conversation between friend and friend, reviewing hallowed memories of the past, the inquiries and surprises at who this one and that one used to be, the joyous mirth and hearty laugh, the clink and clatter of the table, the flowers and the enrapturing music, the ladies so bright and handsome with their elaborate toilets, the gentlemen so genial and self-contained—all these contributed to make it a scene of bewildering beauty and supreme satisfaction, one of those historic hours in a lifetime in which the past, the present and the future all seem to converge. The girls of bygone days, stately women now, valiant and efficient workers in every enterprise of philanthropy and love, with noble sons and daughters as large and handsome as the mothers were when girls in days before at Falley. The boys of years ago had become men of affairs, occupying important positions of trust and usefulness in state, in the pulpit, in the professions, and in the business and commerce of to-day. The hair of some of them had

whitened with years and work, and if the chapel roll had been called, one could not resist the feeling that it was indeed a roll of honor.

Regretfully leaving the repast so sumptuous and so satisfactory we turned aside to the intellectual *ménu*, only to be enraptured with the brightest wit, sparkling repartee, keen humor, and the earnest thoughts of earnest men. Professor Underhill presided with accustomed grace and dignity and in his own inimitable way kept all at their best. Duty and years had scarcely left a wrinkle or a furrow on him. He was the same genial, kind, accomplished, buoyant, whole-souled man we had all known so well and loved so much as teacher and friend. Opening the "feast of reason," he was earnest and eloquent. His choice language and inspiring thoughts lifted every heart to the mountain heights of joy and satisfaction, making the occasion and the hour historic. Giving vent to his irrepressible wit, he related an experience resulting from a partnership with Professor Slee; it was rich and racy and as follows:

"It was here in Fulton that I went into partnership with Professor Slee. We had for years been bound together by ties of friendship, but hitherto we had not grappled with any complicated problem of a purely business nature. We were now to negotiate for the purchase and keeping of a cow. I had the control, through Mrs. Underhill's courtesy, of a fund of sixty dollars which her father had given her to be used in the purchase of a new milch cow. Professor Slee knew of this fact and, while he did not care for the cow, *per se*, he did want an open vision of a pailful of foaming milk coming into his house daily. He approached me repeatedly and always, as I now clearly recollect, with the tact of a rising negotiator. 'You take the owl and I will keep the turkey, or I will keep the turkey and you take the owl,' was the way the white man put it to the Indian with whom he had been off on a hunting expedition.

"It was finally arranged between us that I was to buy the cow, furnish the stable, and to have the care of her, and divide the daily yield of milk with Professor Slee. We were to alternate in milking. He was to furnish the fodder. In nine weeks from the date of the agreement we were both receiving milk again from the milkman's wagon. I have always believed that the early exhaustion of our own milk supply was owing to a lack of nutritious fodder which my cow-partner agreed to furnish. I afterward sold the cow to Dexter, the butcher, who applied the avails of the sale to my meat account."

The first sentiment was "Falley Seminary," and was responded to by Professor Griffin. While age had somewhat bowed his form and left its traces of care and faithfulness, yet his face mirrored the great heart and soul he always had. Overcome with emotion, he spoke most earnestly of Falley Seminary, his life and work and the difficulties which had to be encountered and overcome, of his faithful colleagues, of the boys and girls whose lives and characters had been formed at Falley, the memories and affections which the years in Falley had made for him. He said that now he lived and reveled in the past rather than in the future of this present life, as he was appreciating more and more the infirmities of advancing years. When he had finished every heart and eye was full of sympathy and love for Professor Griffin, recognizing he had been the inspiration and the impetus of their lives towards all that was good and best. The next sentiment was "Reflections," responded to by an Iowa alumnus. J. Madison Watson responded with characteristic eloquence to the sentiment, "Student Life," and treated his subject exhaustively. Patrick Bulger and his brother made very witty responses, and when they were through no one could tell whether it was Patrick, his brother, or Mr. Piper, that was in Professor Haydn's pear trees. Hon. S. M. Coon, of Oswego, made a very happy and choice response.

Mrs. Dr. Emens read a letter from Dr. Kendall upon boarding around. Letters were read from Mrs. Elizabeth Cummings Pierce and several others, whose names are unrecalled, which were of very great interest. The speaking concluded by a few happy remarks from Professor Underhill. Then all joined in singing the doxology. Thus ended an evening of the rarest pleasure. The reunion banquet was over. Every Falley alumnus leaving Church's Hall had mingled emotions of pleasure and sorrow. Pleasure, that so many of us had been permitted to reassemble in such a joyous scene; regret, that so many had fallen by the way since we had left old Falley, and deeper regret that doubtless we should never so many meet again in our earthly pilgrimage.

Parting, we recalled those who had fallen in the bivouac of life on duty; rejoicing that so many faithful ones had escaped the arrows of the death-angel. These reflections bring to remembrance that heroic count who had fallen in the thickest of the fight. When the reveille was sounded and the roll was called, some comrade at the name of the noble count responded, "Died on the field for God and liberty." So in coming time when the long roll of Falley shall be called off, may there be those who shall rise up and respond for us, "Died on the field of honor for truth and right."

Willard H. Torbert.

DUBUQUE, IOWA.

The crowning feature of Friday was the banquet in the evening. All day the spirits of the visitors had been steadily rising, and at night they fairly overflowed around the festal board. As I entered the banqueting hall, ablaze with light and rapidly filling with a large concourse of happy people, I felt just a tinge of envy that I too could not be enrolled as a member of this charmed

circle and wear the badge of an alumnus of Falley Seminary. But I made the best use of my privilege as an outsider to watch and enjoy the good time of others.

The day had been a very busy one, and few had found time for more than a hurried greeting with old friends. But here came the coveted opportunity for something more, and how the golden minutes were improved! All over the room were little groups with heads close together, busily talking, while frequent peals of laughter told how keen was the enjoyment of living one's school-days over again. Occasionally the eyes of some one would chance to fall on a former comrade who had not been seen before. Then how quickly they were together, with an eager "You here!" and a hand-clasp that said more than words.

One by one the old teachers came in, among them Professor and Mrs. Griffin—here as everywhere greeted with warm applause. Mr. Chase was ubiquitous: looking after everything and everybody, shaking hands right and left, the very genius of the occasion.

At last the clatter of dishes began, and the long tables, laden with good things, became the central objects of interest.

There was no need of convivial wine to unloose the tongues and enhance the sociability, though the tempting viands did contribute a large share to the good cheer of that delightful evening.

Before supper was over, Professor Underhill, as toast-master, silenced the busy hum of voices, and the intellectual part of the feast began. And a feast it was indeed to those old students! As toast followed toast, the frequent bursts of applause or the sudden hush told how hearts had been touched by tender and happy memories of bygone days. Most beautiful were the tributes paid to Mrs. Griffin as "mother" of the Seminary. As I watched the quiet smile that lit up her serene face, I could not help thinking that this must be a happy hour for her—the ingathering of the

fruit of kindly words and deeds of other years. Last on the programme, and perhaps most interesting of all, were the letters from absent students. Two of these were written by friends I knew. One was from Mrs. Elizabeth Pierce, who sent a poem and letter, written in her own charming characteristic style. The other was from Miss Linna Schenck, and as I heard the warm, appreciative words spoken of her I longed to add my little tribute of love to the worth and heroism of this noble missionary whom I had seen but a short time before in distant Bulgaria.

At a late hour, with many lingering good-byes, the banqueters left the festal hall with hearts made richer and warmer for this "cup o' kindness" taken in memory of "auld lang syne."

Mary L. Ninde.

TOPEKA, KANS.

GREETING POEM.

“Once in a lifetime!” Well worth is it the journey
That bounds the wide earth o’er
To clasp the hand of folk we never doubted,
The friends of youth, once more.

“Once in a lifetime!” To look back at the morning
That dawned so long ago —
Ah me! ’tis arbutus in August weather,
When north winds hint of snow !

“Once in a lifetime!” Not “present,” but in spirit
I sit beside your board,
Bringing my life and love to swell the measure
Of Falley’s priceless hoard.

“Once in a lifetime?” Nay, friends; we are not parted,
Though scattered far and wide;
As soldiers marching in the mist and darkness—
Hidden, but side by side,—

We go our ways, up, up to that fair country
Beyond whose pearly gate
Our comrades, called to grander, holier labor,
Before God’s presence wait.

Hail to you all ! Oh friends of youth, beloved,
I touch your hands to-night
Across the dark of distance,—soon to greet you
Where always it is light.

Elizabeth Cummings Pierce.

TERRE HAUTE, IND.

SATURDAY.

A HAPPY thought it was to bid from far and near all who had in other days gathered within old Falley's walls, seeking there the influence, inspiration and aid of earnest teachers—to bid them return to revive memories and attachments which years of separation could not lessen.

It was a strange school which convened at this bidding. The pupils all bore the appearance of seniors, while teachers who in other days had seemed to us to rule with the rod of iron, were now strangely lenient with their noisy scholars.

Yes, it was a happy thought to ask us to pause amid life's busy scenes and look back on those days of childhood's innocence and school-day friendships.

Ever dear shall be held in remembrance the cordial welcome Fulton gave to her veteran students. With warm hearts the hands of welcome were extended from every home, so that the hundreds were sheltered in the name of "Old Falley."

But the "do-as-you-please day." During the forenoon there was that interested, earnest company at the church because of the dear wish of Dr. French to touch the hands and look into the faces of those students who remembered what good years there were between 1849 and 1856. Will there ever be quite such fellowships

as those born within the seminaries of to-day or of the other days?

But in the freedom of talk that morning, whether by the drift of logic or the law of love, the Seminary itself came to the lips, and the sweet thought was indulged for a while, why could it not be as in the years gone, and even more abundantly? And the statements and pleas of her who had given as none other, commanded sympathy and endorsements as mere argument could never do. Never mind if all good things do have their "day," and the "day" of Falley Seminary had been so bright and beautiful; yet not one heart there but would have been glad at the prospect of another longer, sunnier "day" for this "mother of us all." But if revolutions go not backward we are content; and though the graded school with its highest departments may not do just what the Seminary accomplished, we say all hail to it with its magnificent mission.

The few had been to the church, the many were here and there looking in upon their old Fulton friends. Who may give the faintest outlines of all the greetings and gatherings which were ours on that red-letter day of the reunion, with its rich meanings and measurements of the old friendships. If you could have looked in upon the many sumptuous dinners served and listened to the conversations at dainty teas, many would have been the fond recollections awakened of our *Alma Mater*, the joy of whose retrospective views none but the participants could realize. As we talked of the past, and congratulated where fortune had smiled, we bid silence cover with charity the unfortunate. We gained a new lease on each others' lives and strengthened the bonds of friendship.

Through the courtesy of friends a yacht ride added to the pleasures of the day. Steaming up the stream, romances of early times seemed floating in the air. Dreaming, we could have peopled the Oswego with those of other nations, but a sudden stop brought

us to a picnic ground undoubtedly used by the red men of old, but this day containing a crowd of happy Grangers, to whom, strange as the incident may seem, a Falley boy was explaining the laws to its male members, smiling on the good-natured wives and pretty daughters, but ever keeping his eyes on the goal, the Supreme bench. In the name of Falley success to your efforts, young man!

With its rides on the river, with its drives out on the roads where we had walked or ridden twenty or thirty or forty years ago, with its many happy gatherings, the day passed. But never shall Fulton with her open doors be forgotten by the hundreds of bidden guests.

All hail to her memory!

Emma Dayan Enos.

CHAUMONT, N. Y.

THE LOVE FEAST.

SABBATH morning nature seemed to have fully repented of her rather sullen freak of Saturday and was in full and happy accord with the glorious occasion. At nine o'clock the bell called the hour for love feast. The body of the audience-room of the Methodist church was soon filled; earnestly, lovingly all eyes and hearts were turned to the platform, where sat the large representation of Falley's loved and honored teachers.

"Time has laid his hand on them gently," we thought, as we looked into their dear faces, and then recalled that

"We've wandered mony a weary foot sin' auld lang syne."

Presently the hushed silence which seemed vocal with reminiscences, tender, happy and sad, was broken by song. Then followed in quick succession, testimonies, short but soulful, telling how the Lord had led them since last we met. How familiar their voices, and sweet as old-time memories! Among the many who spoke only a few can be mentioned.

Professor Brownell alluded most beautifully to his emotions at those wonderful chapel exercises, the strange power and pathos of which only those present can ever know.

Professor Eggleston, whose heart is ever keenly alive to the memories of Falley, which he so long and ably served, dwelt for a

few moments upon the coming of Jesus into the world and what the cross and the open tomb meant to us—what wonderful fellowships now! But what would it be to see His face and to live in His glory forever?

This awakened a responsive chord in Professor Brown's heart, and with tearful, faltering accents he spoke of his desire to be "gathered home." His utter disparagement of self and of his useful labor for science was pathetic in the extreme; it brought tears to all eyes, and ere the meeting closed his downcast heart must have been cheered and comforted by the many kind and appreciative words his despairing ones had unwittingly evoked.

Professor Griffin, with his radiant face framed in hair and beard of snowy white, tried to express his gratitude for the reunion, spoke of his terrible and nearly fatal illness of a year ago and of his marvelous restoration to health better than he had ever known before. He felt it was wholly in answer to prayer, and that one of the purposes had been that he might enjoy this hallowed season. Most fittingly, and with a voice tremulous with emotion, he spoke of the great help and support he had always found in the "little woman" who had walked by his side. To her he gave all the credit of whatever success had been his as a teacher and instructor of youth.

Thus, with testimony and song intermingled, passed those two sacred hours. The cup of blessing seemed already full when Brother Chase asked the ushers to close the doors against those now passing to the regular church service while we listened "to one we all loved and whom he had asked to say a few words."

Truly that fabled pin that was never known to disturb a thrilling, expectant moment, might have been heard had it chosen to drop in the loving hush that now greeted our dear Mrs. Griffin. Simple, earnest, but modest as ever were the words she spoke—

sweet as the "alabaster box," their perfume rose to heaven, and none in the house but caught some of its rich fragrance.

The cup had now overflowed, and with a song of praise in our hearts and on our lips, each went to hear a classmate or teacher "dispense the word," as preference dictated.

Estelle Mendell Amory.

BELMOND, IOWA.

THE PRAYER MEETING.

GREAT stress we place upon the fact that Falley Seminary, through her ever changing yet ever faithful faculty, fostered with tenderest care the religious life of her students; and from our hearts to-day we bless her for the mother-love, the watchful guidance she gave to the Lord's "little ones." She confirmed the doubting, restrained the wayward, strengthened the faltering, encouraged the timid, and in all ways strove wisely to build up Christian character. This was her aim, and aside from the personal influence, precept and example of each teacher, her most powerful agency for the purpose was the Seminary prayer meeting.

But why should I speak of this? Surely there is no occasion for telling old students of Falley Seminary what its prayer meeting was. Too often in the years that have gone by our thoughts have dwelt upon the pleasant Thursday evenings spent in the old chapel and their memory has been to us an inspiration and a benediction. Too often since then we have listened to the old hymn

"Blest be the tie that binds
Our hearts in Christian love,"

and have realized that the tie was woven stronger than we knew. Too many entered there upon the Christian journey and now joyously sing,

"O, happy day that fixed my choice."

All of these remember for themselves what the prayer meeting was. Its influence has gone out into all the earth, thrilling from pulpit and platform, breathed in the mother's lullaby song, beating in the heart-throbs of Falley's loyal children everywhere, hushed on death's cold lips that are soon to swell the chorus of the heavenly hallelujah.

It is no wonder then that the programme's promise of a Seminary prayer meeting should prove a strong attraction to many of the faithful ones, yet only a small proportion of these found it possible to remain over Sabbath.

Yes, we missed the old chapel, for its bricks and stones, plastered walls and seats of wood had come to be the home of hallowed associations, and no other place could be quite the same. But since that was unavailable, the next best thing, the spot most like "home," was the Sunday-school room of the old Methodist church.

And here in the Sunday evening twilight a goodly company gathered. The room was filled. No one avoided the front seats. We were only too glad to be known as prayer-meeting boys and girls of old Falley. We had not come simply from a sense of duty, but because we remembered gratefully the blessed influences of days gone by, and it seemed as if it would be a little foretaste of heaven to renew those influences just a little while. For us this was to be the crowning event of all—the one thing that was to make our reunion as complete as earthly reunions can be.

We thought that we had realized that this meeting could not be just the same as of old, but we had not made sufficient allowance for the changes time had wrought. In the old days we were simply children, and few of us had any but a sentimental knowledge of sorrow. Now we have tasted its bitterness, and for each of us there are graves upon the hillsides. Then we spoke of the joy of our hearts, and the years of earnest work before us. Now

we tell of the peace in our hearts, of the years in which we have tried to be true, and of the few days left of our journey. Then we had the untried confidence of youthful hope. Now we know something of the peaceable fruits that follow the Father's chastening.

Old Time is no liar. We are not "twenty to-night." We are conscious of too many milestones behind us. "The years in their flight" have graven their footprints too clearly, so that here in the prayer meeting, as everywhere in the reunion, we feel a strong undercurrent of sadness. We miss familiar faces; we listen in vain for voices that thrilled us in the long ago. In our minds we call over a list of names. Their owners are scattered far and wide. Some of them we know will never answer to any earthly roll-call, and we realize more strongly than ever the breadth of "God's Acre," and that surely and swiftly "our friends are passing over." For them indeed

"The battle of our life is brief,
The alarm, the struggle, the relief."

But we comfort ourselves with the thought that faithful labor insures sweet repose.

It is delightful to hear the old hymn again, the same we used to sing ten—twenty—thirty years ago. You remember—

"God is love, His mercy brightens
All the path in which we move;
Bliss He grants and woe He lightens:
God is light, and God is love."

How little we knew then, how much we know now of the "woe He lightens!"

It is pleasant to listen to the earnest words of those who verify the chant of Israel's sweet singer, "Faithfulness becometh thine house, O Lord, forever"—those who bear in their lives fruit of the seeds nurtured in the old Seminary prayer meeting.

Our silver-haired principal and his faithful wife find just cause for thankfulness and satisfaction, because prayer and testimony are

alike replete with gratitude for the influences of school days, with earnest purpose to fill up the measure of life honorably, with strong hope of eternal life in the blessed hereafter. Surely they find that not all flowers of love and kindness are kept for closed coffin lids.

But other scenes were calling, and all too soon the precious hour had passed. So, with hearts mellowed by its tenderness, thrilled by its music, gladdened by its cheer, we went out from the last Seminary prayer meeting.

Ella V. Gregg.

EUCLID, N. Y.

THE PLATFORM MEETING.

HAD we not come a long way through all the thrilling hours from that magnificent reception Thursday night in the Presbyterian church? Old friends had found each other and the old paths had been trodden again. It had been the wondrous chapel exercise so sweet and tender; it had been that splendid Friday afternoon with the address, poem, talks and messages; we had banqueted just for the once with each other amid those tasteful, beautiful surroundings in Church's Hall. Saturday had been crowded with salutations, calls, dinners, teas, drives in all directions, rides on the Oswego, and even with good-byes—for some must go. Sabbath had brought us that hallowed love feast and that restful, blessed Seminary prayer meeting.

Professor Yager had preached in the Methodist church, Rev. Jonathan Richards in the Presbyterian, Rev. J. R. Simmons in the Baptist, and Rev. W. D. Hart in the Congregational, and God had been with the Word preached.

But now it was not only the last day but the last hour of the great feast. It was to be in the opera house—"song service, short addresses, the good-bye said." Reserved seats would have commanded fabulous prices, and standing room was indeed at a premium. It was Scripture measure—the audience was "pressed

down, shaken together," and literally "running over," for we were compelled to have an "overflow meeting" in the Methodist church. If nothing had been said or sung, hearts would have been mightily stirred, knowing that we were in the final gathering of the good reunion. But those songs sung at the opening in that royal song service and interspersed among the speeches during the meeting! They were those grand ones which are the heir-looms of the church and which will undoubtedly be sung by that throng which no man can number. Then did we not seem to transfer the chapel services into the opera house?—for how the audience sang such as these:

"We are out on the ocean, sailing,
Homeward bound we swiftly glide;
We are out on the ocean, sailing
To a home beyond the tide."
* * * *

"My days are gliding swiftly by,
And I, a pilgrim stranger,
Would not detain them as they fly,
Those hours of toil and danger.

"For O! We stand on Jordan's strand,
Our friends are passing over,
And just before, the shining shore
We may almost discover."
* * * *

"Out on the ocean all boundless we ride,
We're homeward bound;
Tossed on the waves of a rough restless tide,
We're homeward bound;
Far from the safe, quiet harbor we've rode,
Seeking our Father's celestial abode,
Promise of which on us He bestowed;
We're homeward bound.

We have slipped in here these sample verses for two reasons: we would refresh the memory of the old students, and, besides, show to the child looking over the parents' shoulders at the HISTORY AND REUNION OF FALLEY SEMINARY some of the strange songs that father or mother sang when "away to school."

Dear reader, this which is coming under your eyes now is not that marvelous mass-meeting, even in miniature. What you needed to have done was on that night to have touched elbows in that throng of noble lives, caught the light from others' eyes, and felt the bewitching enthusiasm of numbers, and been stirred by the presence and voices of the speakers. This was beyond all price to teacher or student of Falley. And the report which we give you has only the fragments of the capital speeches, for did not many a one say that it was to be counted among the very finest platform meetings ever enjoyed by them in all the years?

The first speaker, Professor Brownell, in the course of his speech, telling of two different stones seen by him in his rambles during the reunion, said:

"I stood thinking it over and pondering on one stone being worthless and the other useful—one answering its purpose and the other useless—when of a sudden the thought came to me that both are alike valuable. One is a splendid building stone; with it are erected the magnificent structures in towns and cities, grand factories and places of trade, growing stronger and firmer as the heat and cold and sunshine and storms act upon it; the other stone crumbles and scales and disintegrates, forming new earth and soil and adding to the earth's productiveness. These two stones, almost side by side, are not the result of accident. Almighty Wisdom placed them there for His purposes, for the needs and necessities of man. Some people are afraid of geology, but it is the language of God, written in the bowels of the earth upon the rocks. The purposes of God are daily becoming revealed, and the more of science and nature we study, the more we know of God. The electric light is a wonderful—not invention—but discovery; for there has always been electricity, but how to avail ourselves of its wonderful capacity is a comprehension of one feature of God's creation—is the coming in to sympathy with him so

far as to understand how to avail ourselves of one of its varied qualities. What infinite hosts of wonderful things are hidden away in God's immeasurable storehouse! And who can help adoring so good and wise and wonderful a being, who has stored earth, air and sea so full of good things for us! And just as we come into sympathy with Him in all His relations to man, we honor Him, adore Him, and love Him. And so, too, as we come into sympathy with God and His creations we love one another. This fraternal meeting, this revival of old friendships, is an occasion never to be forgotten, but to be treasured in my inmost heart as long as memory lasts."

From Thursday night up to this hour it had been teacher or student of the Seminary, but now it would be the pastors of the Presbyterian, Congregational and Baptist churches. And with speeches apt and worthy of the hour they held the audience in a very delightful way. Dr. Rankin, of the Presbyterian church, said in part as follows:

"Everything has undergone changes since our school-days. The march of progress and improvement has gone in new avenues of transportation—of communication. The primitive paths through the forests have given place to railroads, and the slow and uncertain mails have been superseded by a perfect postal system, while the telegraph and telephone have annihilated time and space. The changes in method of study, in means of information, in educational advantages has kept pace with, if it has not preceded, the other strides of advancement, while liberality and generosity and breadth of thought have developed among the churches so as to make possible an occasion like the present, when those of different denominations meet and join in the grand central thought that Christ is the highest source of all knowledge, wisdom and goodness."

Dr. Bradford, whose school days were back yonder in the forties, among other good things, said this:

"The students who left Falley Seminary in the hey-day of youth come back wrinkled and grizzled and frosted with age. They left full of hopes and ambitions, and they come back more or less disappointed, full of experience, with more judgment and wisdom. The highest type of all thought, the grandest system of morals, the only perfect system of civilization ever advocated was that taught 1,800 years ago by the Saviour. He taught true manhood. He embodied all law, all social rules and regulations, all duty of man toward his fellow, toward society, in the single sentence, 'Do unto others as you would that others should do unto you.' To do this is to be the perfect man, the perfect Christian. It involves all moral questions and takes hold of every human act. Neither crime nor dishonesty nor unfairness could exist if this rule is obeyed. No saloon would open its doors, no jails nor prisons would have inmates, no police would be needed. There would be neither ill-gotten gains, chill penury, the cold and unfeeling insolence of wealth and fashion, but neighborly kindness, fraternal interest and sympathy would animate all hearts and make all true men and women."

Rev. Mr. Olmstead, of the Congregational church, said in his own pleasant way that he had never been a student of Falley Seminary, yet he had felt himself warmed and thrilled by the display of kindly greeting and fraternal feeling which had outlived so many years of other interests and other struggles. What a lesson this reunion teaches. Hundreds of men and women come from long distances, or are anxious to come, to renew old friendships—to grasp old friends by the hand. It is not a business transaction—there is no money in it, no expectation of advancement, of gratifying ambition or adding to one's fame or glory. This gathering is all unselfish. Its members have no private ends to accomplish,

and they come here animated only by kindly feelings, old memories and affections.

"All over the land conventions are being held and conferences and gatherings, but the best of them—those that are designed for good purposes—have more or less of personal ambition or jealousy, of pet projects and personal hobbies. In this gathering there is not a thing of this kind. All meet in love, in happy remembrance of the days of long ago, and a bond of pure friendship unites and permeates the entire reunion.

"Such a meeting shows the highest, noblest side of nature. It reveals what men might be if the struggles and the toils and ambitions of life were laid aside. And it seems to me that every life will be made sweeter and better for all who have come here and participated in this reunion. Life consists only of the present moment and the memories of the past. What an oasis in the Sahara of struggle is this offering to friendship! It is a foretaste of that reunion beyond the tomb, where every selfish thought and purpose shall be supplanted by true friendship and good-will."

Rev. J. C. Breaker quoted from George Herbert, "A handful of good life is worth a bushel of learning," and to endorse the value of moral character, spoke appropriately of Moses, Samuel, David and Elijah, and then added:

"Such men have gained a vantage ground from which they give forth the thoughts which stir them with such force and clearness that they find an entrance into the minds of their fellow men and really condition the relations of society. The keen intellect of a Voltaire can send forth its witticisms to dazzle the people or amuse the court; he can draw to himself a large number of admirers, whether he be at home in France or at the court of Frederick at Potsdam; but there is no sterling moral character behind the cultured intellect to project its creations far beyond his own generation. How different with his contemporary Wesley! The

teaching of the one led to the horrors of the French Revolution, with its cruelty, torture, bloodshed and carnage; while those of the other, springing from a mind wedded to purity of the soul, nobility of character, and magnanimity of spirit, inaugurated an upward movement among the sons of men, a movement that has seen the century completely turn, and promises to continue until the divisions in time shall cease and eternity shall be without the alterations of day and night. Voltaire lies, historically, beneath the ruins and ashes of the French Revolution, drowned in the best blood of his native land, while the character and spirit of Wesley live immortally in Methodism.

"It is the man of moral worth who succeeds in the task of indelibly stamping the thought of his soul upon his brother man.

"Humanly speaking, here is to be found the secret of the impression made by Jesus of Nazareth upon the life of our race in all its relations. The immaculateness of His character lends a force to His utterances—whether He speaks of man's duty to his neighbor or of his responsibility to his Creator—that carries them irresistibly upon the consciences of men. Even those who have opposed, or tried to oppose, the progress of His kingdom, who have denied His divinity and endeavored to ridicule the religion which rightly bears His name, have confessed, with Tom Paine:

- 'He was a virtuous and an amiable man. The morality that He preached and practiced was of a benevolent kind.' The kindly benevolence of His disposition, the immaculate purity of His character, the towering grandeur of His earthly life—so incomparable, unapproachable, unique—has impressed itself upon the lives of men in each generation that has followed His own with a clearness, a distinctness, that the trials and convulsions of the centuries have not, can not, and shall not efface.

"As no other life has impressed such exalting virtues, such ennobling qualities of character, such godlikeness of soul, upon

other lives as did the life of Jesus, it is because these men and noble women, erstwhile your teachers in the Seminary, had been in contact with this fountain of purity and life, because of the moral force behind mental instruction given, that their lives have been of such value to you. And if your lives have been of value, of real worth to your fellows, there must be intimate fellowship with the same Being from whom they have learned."

Professor Griffin then in a few fitting words told of his principalship of Falley Seminary and of his simple, sublime purpose to understand the pupils placed under his charge and to send every one of them back to their homes improved physically, mentally and morally. As soon as he had an understanding of the pupil he held out to him every possible inducement, cited examples of others, and endeavored to inspire him with the wondrous importance of the work of life. Gratified because of all the reunion meant to him and his associates, he should carry hence a full heart and choicest recollections, which would abide with him as long as life and memory should be his.

It came our turn to add the closing sentences, and was it a wonder that the lump came into the throat and the moisture into the eyes? And when the loving resolution was so earnestly, as well as unanimously adopted by the immense audience, the lump grew and the eyes were more moist. Who may criticise? Our expectations had been more than crowned. The noblest and best would live in us as they had not lived previous to the regal days of August 30-September 2, 1888. Out from that opera house it would ever be more light on the path, more faith in the hearts, and these friendships imbedded in the years would march with a surer step to the inheritance beyond the stars.

W. Dempster Chase.

STRAY THOUGHTS.

Even the most skeptical cannot doubt that Brother Chase's thought of a reunion was heaven-born—an inspiration; and it is a comfort to know that the intense strain of mind and body that its carrying-out cost him, his faithful committees and the good people of Fulton, will rebound upon them with the lasting blessing and gratitude of all who responded to the pathetic invitation, "It's only once in a lifetime."

..*

Professor Griffin's right hand did not always know what his left hand did, as many a poor but ambitious student could testify. He was courage and often "pocket" for them in their dire extremities. Thus, while others were laying up earthly treasures, "not knowing who should gather them," he was storing up his in the souls he was fashioning for eternity—treasures that neither "moth nor rust doth corrupt," and which he will enjoy forever.

..*

In alluding to the different points of interest connected with the reunion, Professor Griffin remarked that the nearest he came to "breaking down" was at a word dropped in the students' prayer meeting Sunday evening. It was that "Professor Griffin felt it as much his duty to teach his scholars the way of eternal

life as he did to instruct them in Latin or algebra." Did the good man dream that the grand aim of his life was unknown, that he was thus overcome at its mention?

The teachers and classmates who had "passed beyond" were not forgotten. We felt their angel-presence, and scarce a heart in which the vestal fire of love was not kept burning for some missing friend.

Even so early as Friday night, "good-bye" like a mournful note in the grand "chorus of greeting," fell on the ear—faint, but ominous. Hourly it deepened, until by Monday the joyous welcome was lost in the swelling chord. The precious season was over!

"Come, gone, gone forever,
Gone as an unreturning river."

One of the chief joys of the reunion must ever be that we were permitted to bestow the encomiums of our love and gratitude upon our teachers while living, rather than wreathing their brows cold in death.

One of the after-regrets of the reunion has been that we did not procure a stenographer, that all the interesting events might have been preserved. But let us comfort ourselves with the thought that no system of pot-hooks, however perfect or complete, could have caught and placed upon paper the joy, the inspiration and enthusiasm of those never-to-be-forgotten days. Their fragrance was too fine, too subtle, to be gathered and distilled even by the most eloquent pen, though it will sweetly linger in the hearts of those so fortunate as to be present, forever and aye!

Estelle Mendell Amory.

AFTERMATH.

SHALL we now change the title of this book? Certainly it can no longer be history *and* reunion of Falley Seminary, for the reunion itself has become history. The loyal sons and daughters of Falley had been going from us since Friday evening, but Monday it was on all hands the hurried packing of the satchel, the large groups at the station, and the laughter and tears mingling strangely—the light of friendship and the tears of sorrow making rainbows of more than human promise—or did we imagine it? Even parting has a beauty of its own with the background of precious years and with the foreground of hope and heaven.

How you heard amid the confusion at the station, amid that babel of tongues, those girlhood and boyhood names! Ah! they were those dear names, which even in these riper years have more than music in them. Then came those flashes of joy or gratitude: "How glad I am that I came"—"Never enjoyed better days;" then on all hands like a chorus,—“Come and see me!”

But ere all the words were said, which the years at Falley Seminary and the wondrous reunion had crowded to the lips of host or guest or schoolmate, it was the heartless train, and so quickly was it the final grip of the hand, perhaps the warm kiss, and then the conductor's sharp "All aboard!" sounded, and the hand-

kerchief was waved. There were tears in the eyes, and perhaps some one hummed in his heart of hearts :

“ When shall we meet again,
Meet ne’er to sever?
When will peace wreathe her chain
’Round us forever?”

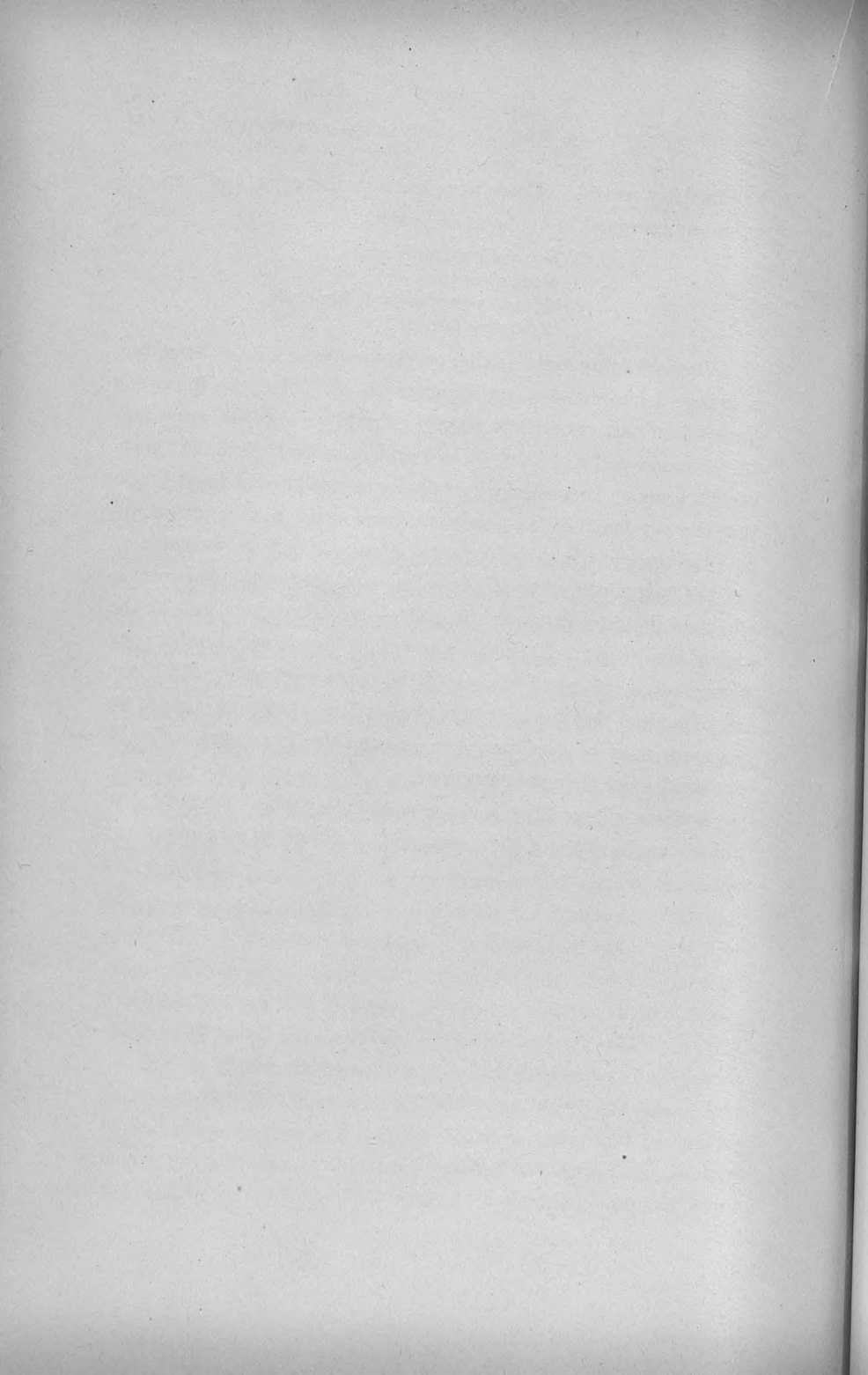
When Monday night settled on the homes in Fulton there was a strange lonesomeness coming over us all. Had the hundreds gone taken part of our best selves? Could we ever fall again into the common paths of life? Was it now vacation? Will the “term open” again? However, we gradually settled into the harsh truth, that the old demands, so persistent, were again looking at us, and that the student-life of the days just gone was only an interlude.

Teachers and Fellow students: we are glad with no common gladness that you came at the call of the other days and at the call of our hearts. If Fulton showed by her hospitality how she remembered the royal history of the noble institution, and if she made evident that the name of “Falley” was passport enough for a grand right of way into her homes, she is content. Fulton gathered more than she bestowed.

For you all, we trust, it is a new, deep joy which the busy, ambitious world did not give you, and of which it may never rob you.

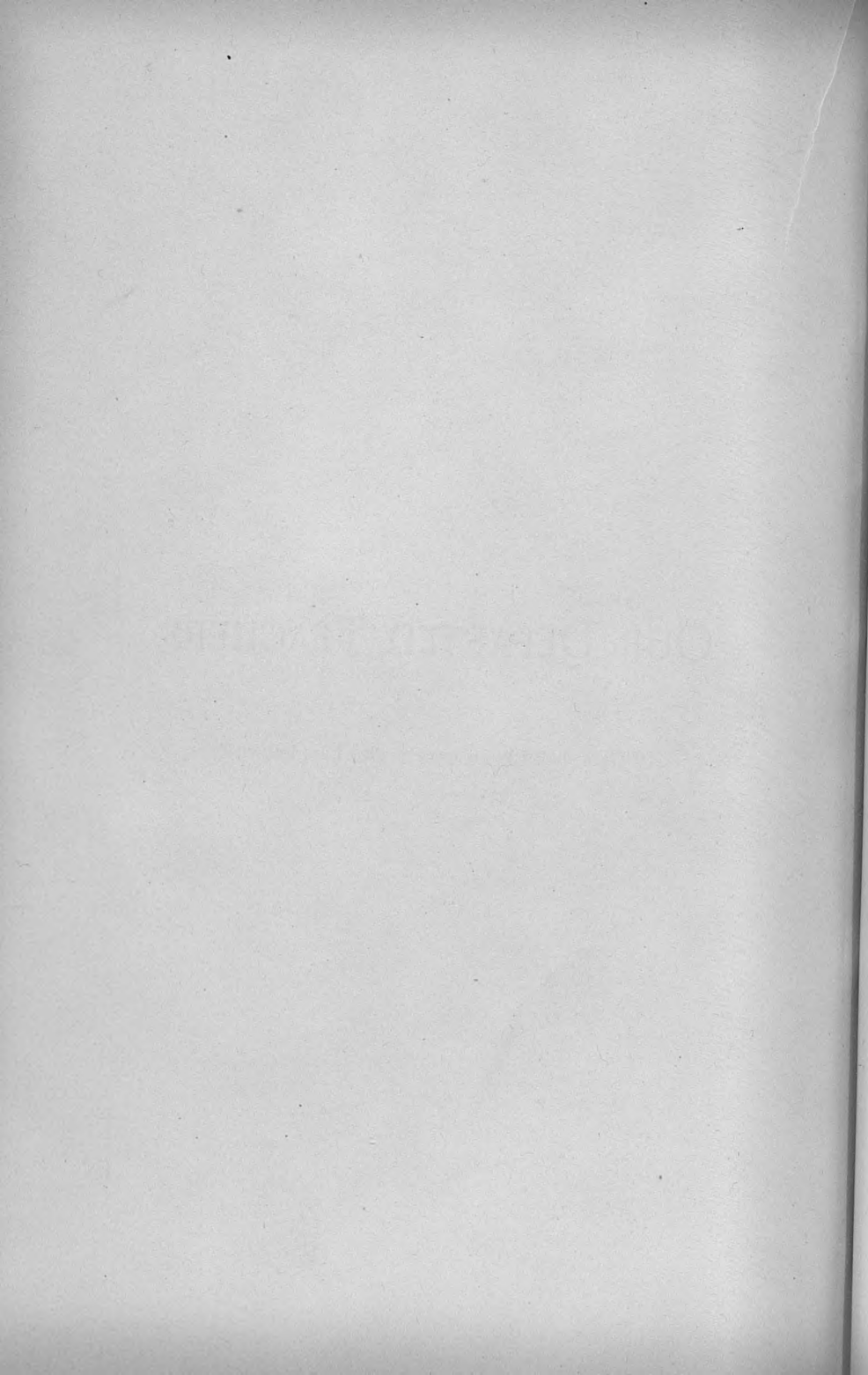
W. Dempster Chase.

FULTON, N. Y.



OUR DEPARTED TEACHERS.

“Then shall I know even as also I am known.”



OUR DEPARTED TEACHERS.

ELVIRA PARSONS CADWELL.

All the data of Miss Cadwell's life which delight the practical are lost in the shadows of years. We can not tell where her dear eyes first saw the light, nor just when she was called to the glory and rest of heaven; but we have now and anon glimpses of her history which may be of interest to her friends.

At sixteen she was considered the most beautiful young girl in the city of Auburn, N. Y., then her home, and the many charms which grace, gentleness and a fine intellect can add to beauty, were hers in full measure.

At an early age she was qualified for teaching, and for many years she was the loved and honored preceptress of Elbridge Academy in the village of Elbridge, N. Y.

From 1844 to 1848 she occupied the same position in what was then known as Fulton Academy but afterwards became Falley Seminary.

Miss Cadwell was the idolized sister of a household of three brothers. While all were comparatively young death claimed the honored father. Within a few years of the father's going two brothers died, the gifted Dr. Edward Cadwell, and Benjamin, who was well known as the principal of Fulton Academy from 1844 to

1846. The death of these two fell with the greater weight upon mother and sister because the youngest son, Sherman, who had in his youth given promise of great talent, in his eagerness to win, had overtaxed his mental strength, and the day upon which they had thought to see him leave college ready for noble work in the world brought him to his home a hopeless though harmless maniac.

How dimly we read the future! Little did the brothers, who in boyhood almost worshiped the gentle sister, think that two would so soon fall by the wayside and the third become imbecile, leaving the burden of the household to rest upon the one whom they had hoped to shelter from every care.

But so God permitted, and for years this work of love and home-keeping went hand in hand with her duties as teacher of a most delightful and successful school for young ladies in Fulton.

This school assembled in her home. "Cadwell Hall" the happy maidens christened it, and hosts of sweet memories cluster around it. The noble Christian character of its preceptress, the fact that she had consecrated her life to the care of those dependent upon her, that with unusual attractions both of intellect and beauty she had resolutely put away all thought of ties which bind a woman's heart closer than life itself, made her a spirit to be revered by her pupils. Added to this, her gracious manner and evident modesty concerning the slightest allusion to her own merit left their impress on every heart.

Scattered far and wide are the members of that once happy band, but many homes are brighter for the gentle admonition given in Cadwell Hall. Many a cross-bearer turns in thought to the brave teacher who had always a kind word and smile for another while her own heart was bleeding, and, strengthened in purpose, thanks God for having known her, and takes courage.

No education is higher or more needed in this life than the heart-culture which upon a foundation of faith in God and submis-

sion to His will raises a superstructure of noble principle, love for humanity and careful consideration for the suffering or happiness of all with whom we are associated. This was the established creed of Cadwell Hall, and the beloved instructress who ruled therein was its embodiment.

Miss Cadwell's home-life was a rare example of sisterly love and filial devotion, even in an age when mothers were revered and had veritable opinions of their own as to a child's duties and obligations, when moral suasion and children's rights had not superseded the "Honor thy father and thy mother" of the Mosaic law. With all the burden of sorrow which rested upon that mother's heart it must ever have pulsed with thanksgiving that such a daughter had been given her. Until the last hour Miss Cadwell ministered unto her; almost into the "valley of the shadow" she followed, and then turned back to care for her afflicted brother. All of her household who could have given love, sympathy and help, God had called hence, and left this one, in stature a man, in judgment a child, to be her life companion.

But she had passed in her grand discipline of sorrow beyond the need of happiness, and had found instead blessedness; had touched as nearly as human heart and life could do the spirit of the Master, but at last her glorified release came.

If there be up yonder crowns for the Christlike, upon her saintly brow, gleaming above her wondrous eyes, will rest one not starred with royal amethyst, amber-hued topaz, nor rainbow-tinted diamond, but radiant with the glory which emanates from the throne of God, bearing in letters of living light these words:

"And they shall see His face; and His name shall be in their foreheads."

Mina Moore Wheeler.

DR. EDMUND E. E. BRAGDON.

Dr. Bragdon was born in Maine, December 8, 1812. He was the son of Captain Samuel Bragdon, an officer in the Revolutionary War. His mother was a very superior woman. She was a member of the Presbyterian church. He was the youngest of six brothers.

When he was but six years of age the family removed from Maine to Sandy Creek, N. Y. There he had the advantage of such instruction as the common schools afforded; how limited it was, may be inferred when it is known that English grammar was not included in the curriculum of study.

The young people of Sandy Creek had the opportunity of receiving instruction, however, from a peripatetic schoolmaster who had a private evening school for teaching the "grammar-book."

As a lad Bragdon worked upon his father's farm; later he found employment as a tanner. When he had amassed the sum of thirty dollars he went, with his brother Charles, to the Oneida Conference Seminary at Cazenovia, and there began to prepare for college.

Professor Larabee was the principal, and soon after, accepting the position of principal of the Maine Wesleyan Seminary, he induced Mr. Bragdon to return to his native State. Here he paid his board and tuition by working for Professor Larabee and teaching in winter.

In the summer of 1839 he entered the sophomore class of Wesleyan University, at Middletown, Conn. He graduated in 1841, and at once became a teacher at Mexico Academy, but a year after accepted the position of principal of Fulton Academy. It was during this year he married Miss Eliza Barnum, a cousin of P. T. Barnum, a young lady of most sterling qualities, whose acquaintance he had made in Amenia.

At the end of two years he resigned on account of poor health, and, entering the Black River Conference, he was appointed to a pastorate at Wolcott, N. Y.

Two years was the limit allowed a Methodist minister in one place at that time, and in 1846 he returned to Mexico Academy, this time as principal. Mexico Academy was then under the patronage of the Black River Conference, and at the end of the year the Conference withdrew and Dr. Bragdon resigned.

In 1847 and part of 1848 he was pastor of the First M. E. Church in Syracuse. In August of the latter year he became the principal of Falley Seminary. Here Dr. Bragdon called about him a most wonderful combination of teachers, among whom were John R. French, Rachel Newman and Charles S. Eggleston. It was a rare thing at that day to find such a school as Falley Seminary became during those six years when it was in Dr. Bragdon's charge.

He was called to the pastorate of the Vesey Street M. E. Church in the city of New York, but a few months later accepted the professorship of ancient languages in the Ohio State University. A year later he resigned to accept a like position in Asbury University, a Methodist college located at Greencastle, Ind. Four years were spent here, when he took the Greek professorship at the Genesee College, Lima, N. Y.

He was offered the presidency of Genesee and other colleges, but his failing health would not permit him to accept such a position of responsibility. He was a very thorough Greek and Latin scholar. He prepared a Greek grammar in which the study of the Greek verb was greatly simplified, but as he was about to have it published a new Greek grammar appeared which seemed to embody most of his improvements, and so his work was never put in print. Wesleyan University gave him the degree of Doctor of Divinity.

He was regarded as one of the most powerful preachers of the Methodist church. His manner was simple, but his earnestness was so great that his words seldom failed to carry conviction. With all his greatness he was a genial, accessible man. He was highly esteemed by all classes of people, and it is not extravagant to say that at Falley Seminary he was well-nigh worshiped. Dr. Bragdon was sometimes a visitor at my father's house, and before my childish mind he stood out as the greatest man I had then seen.

When he died, in Lima, March 20, 1862, I could but say—"He was a man; take him for all in all, I shall not look upon his like again."

Anna Randall Diehl.

NEW YORK CITY.

RACHEL C. NEWMAN.

Miss Newman was born in 1819, at South Onondaga. Her father was a prominent man in the community, and especially in the Methodist church.

At the age of sixteen Miss Newman became a teacher and she showed at once an aptitude for the calling. She taught a country district school so well that her fame reached the neighboring town of Syracuse and she was offered a department in one of its public schools.

Her success was great but she was not satisfied with her own attainments, and desiring more thorough preparation, she entered the State Normal School at Albany at its opening, and graduated from it in 1846. For the following eight years she was preceptress at Falley Seminary.

It is impossible to describe the influence which this grand woman wielded over those who were under her care. "She had

a man's brain upon a woman's body," said one of her. Few men could measure power with her. She seemed to be endowed by nature with correct judgment and unflinching will, but she had quick perceptions and a feeling heart. She was ready to forgive the delinquent when repentance was genuine, but it was almost impossible to deceive her. The strongest element in her nature was her piety, and she molded the religious character of her pupils quite as much as she did their intellect. Those who gave her their entire confidence trusted her unflinchingly. They revered her almost as a saint. I can not say in this brief sketch a thousandth part I would. At this late day it seems to me that a grander woman never lived.

After leaving Falley she was engaged for one year at the Asbury Female Institute at Greencastle, Ind., and for four years more at Cazenovia. This is the estimate of her character given by Dr. (now Bishop) Andrews:

"She was endowed by nature with a correct judgment, great cautiousness, a lively sensibility, warm affections, and a steadfast will. Her associate teachers and her pupils loved and trusted her without stint. They revered her, listened obediently to her, and in many instances adopted as their own the principles which made her life so complete and beautiful. Though naturally sensitive, positive in her personal preferences, and aspiring, she had gained an unruffled calmness and serenity, and a continual 'recollectedness' and an apparent subordination of all personal ambition to the will of God. Indeed, that which most impressed us was mature piety—she was converted when at the age of thirteen. When she came to Cazenovia it was evident that she had attained a symmetrical and unwavering religious life. She lived habitually in the presence of God; her soul waited on Him always for direction and help. Strangers would often have thought her reserved and wanting in vivacity and interest in life; her friends knew how zeal-

ously she was guarding herself against sin and waiting in prayer the opportunity of usefulness."

In 1861 she married Prof. L. L. Knox, of Appleton. Failing in her health she was carried to her own loved Onondaga, and her last days were comfortable and full of sweetest peace.

Though she had been married for two years previous to her death, yet to her many friends she was never any other than Miss Newman.

December 28, 1863, she left her mother's house to take up her abode in the house of many mansions.

Requiescat, dearest teacher! most noble woman!

Anna Randall Diehl.

NEW YORK CITY.

REV. DAVID COPELAND, D. D.

Dr. Copeland, son of Rev. Edmund Copeland of the Vermont Conference, was born in Braintree, Vt., December 21, 1832. His boyhood was passed among the hills of his native State. He prepared for college at the Vermont Conference Seminary, then located at Newbury, and entered the Wesleyan University in 1851. He graduated from this institution in 1855, and in the fall of the same year commenced what proved to be his life-work.

He was chosen principal of Monroe Academy at Henrietta, N. Y., but ill health compelled him to resign at the close of the first term and seek rest for a time.

The spring of 1856 found him so much improved that he accepted the position of teacher of mathematics and natural science then offered him in Falley Seminary. Here he remained until the fall of 1858, when he united with the Genesee Conference,

fully intending to enter upon the duties of the ministry. But his cherished hopes were not to be realized. The Conference prevailed upon him to take the principalship of Springville Academy at Springville, N. Y. Here he remained seven years, when he was called to the presidency of Hillsborough Female College at Hillsborough, Ohio, which position he filled until 1872, when he was elected principal of Wyoming Seminary at Kingston, Pa. Here he remained in the faithful and efficient discharge of his duties until prostrated by sickness in February, 1882. He rallied sufficiently to go to Clifton Springs in April, and was so much benefited by a stay of three months that he returned in full hope of being able to resume his duties in the school, which he did at the beginning of the school year; but it soon became evident to all that his work was done. His decline was rapid. He resigned his position and with his family removed to Vermont the last of November. But medical skill and the care of friends were unavailing, and he rapidly grew worse, suffering greatly during the last few days, but was gloriously sustained. With him faith was victorious, and on the morning of December 7, 1882, he entered into that rest for which he had so earnestly prayed.

His life was a constant struggle with physical debility, but his faith in God was strong, and he accepted each new position as God-given, firmly trusting in Him for strength and wisdom to efficiently discharge the duties which they brought, accepting the honors given him as testimonials of regard from his friends, and appreciation of his work. Lafayette College conferred upon him the Degree of Doctor of Philosophy in 1874, Syracuse and Wesleyan Universities Doctor of Divinity in 1876, and the same year Wesleyan made him one of its trustees. He was a member of the General Conference in 1880.

A former student says of him: "As a conscientious, upright, Christian gentleman Mr. Copeland was as eminently worthy of

mention as for his high order of literary attainments and marked ability as an instructor.

“ His learning commanded the high regard and respect of all who knew him; his genial manner, sweet spirit and sympathetic nature won their love. Those who knew him in early life, had they met him in later years, when honors and great responsibilities were placed upon him, would have found him the same modest, unassuming person that he was in young manhood.

“ He was ambitious, but not in a selfish way. He never begged positions nor sought notoriety. The keynote of his life was usefulness. To make the world better was his ambition, and to this lofty purpose he diligently held every other desire subservient. Without ever talking much about holiness, yet with a nature full of sympathy with all of his powers untiringly exercised in behalf of those committed to his charge, and with all his faculties consecrated to God, he impressed all who observed his life that there were few who lived so near to God as he. As students we felt always in his presence that he was our personal friend. We loved him; his character impressed us; we saw in him the embodiment of what we would be, for he seemed to us to be a living exponent of the principles of the word of God.”

Sarah W. Copeland.

KINGSTON, PA.

MARY J. COPELAND TEMPLETON.

Mrs. Templeton, second daughter of Rev. Edmund Copeland, was born in Middlesex, Vt., September 12, 1834, and died at her home in Barre, Vt., June 18, 1882.

She was graduated from the Vermont Conference Seminary at Newbury, in the class of 1856. She was teacher of the or-

namental branches in Falley Seminary from August, 1857, to December, 1858, when she resigned to accept the position of preceptress in Springville Academy, Springville, N. Y., staying there one year, when she returned to her father's home in Vermont, where she remained until married to Mr. Charles Templeton, of Barre, in 1861. We knew her as a conscientious, faithful teacher, ever working for the advancement and good of those committed to her care. In her later life the same characteristics predominated, making her home attractive to her own family and acquaintances. She found her own happiness in doing for others. For several months preceding her death she suffered much, but endured patiently, waiting for the promised rest.

Sarah W. Copeland.

KINGSTON, PA.

LIEUT. CHARLES DE MOTT.

Charles De Mott was a student under both Professors French and Armstrong. Later, in 1858-59, he filled the position of professor of mathematics and natural science. The examining committee complimented his classes in higher mathematics as having passed the best examination of all in the institution up to that time. He resigned his position for another, and in 1861 left the principalship of the Union School of Pittsford, Monroe Co., N. Y., where to this day his old pupils speak with great love for him, not only as a thorough educator but a true man as well, and went out in response to his country's call with Battery L, First New York Light Artillery. For nearly three years he shared the hardships of the Army of the Potomac, and came to his death at the battle of Cold Harbor June 3, 1864.

Of him a comrade wrote: "Patriotism of a pure and lofty kind abided with him to the day of his death. He, our friend and comrade, the man, the Christian, the soldier, the patriot and hero, the beloved husband and father, the affectionate son and loving brother, he who had so often escaped the missiles of war, which fell around him like a shower of hail in many a hard-fought battle, was at last signaled by the Great Disposer of human life to fall a martyr to the cause to which he had consecrated himself. And nobly, heroically he fell, gallantly fighting with his battery, intent on defeating the enemy, and sanguine of the ultimate success of the Federal cause. He lived and died a soldier of the cross, and has gone, we believe, to enjoy a Christian patriot's reward."

Elmira L. Ketchum De Mott.

BUSHNELLS BASIN, N. Y.

GEORGE SHELDON GRIFFIN.

George Sheldon Griffin was born in Ravenna, Ohio, November 5, 1844. His early school life was in his native town, and at the age of fourteen he entered Falley Seminary and for four years was under the immediate personal care and instruction of his uncle, J. P. Griffin. He was endowed with brilliant mental powers. No subject came under his investigation except to be mastered.

At Falley he gave his heart to God and began a career of Christian living which lent fragrance to his whole after life. Having completed a most thorough preparatory course of study, he entered Genesee College. He maintained there the same high standing as at Falley Seminary. He was unanimously declared leader of his class. His royal mind made him leader. Precision,

accuracy, and completeness were with him cardinal virtues. His habits of study were strictly methodical. He came to the investigation of a subject with a gifted and well-trained mind and with the preceding steps toward it carefully taken.

For the mere conventionalities of society he had no relish, but among his special friends or alone with his room-mate his highest social excellence appeared. The more closely he was approached, the more clearly his excellence appeared. He was pure; his words and acts, so pure, seemed to gush forth from a heart which could produce no other.

He possessed a rich vein of humor, which made his society as room-mate exceedingly agreeable.

His private and public religious life was without spot or blemish. No flexibility appeared in his Christian standard which would allow it to bend in conformity with questionable practices.

With all his excellence and purity of life, his ideal of a true Christian character was far from being attained, and his soul panted for higher excellence. The prayer meeting, the class meeting and the sanctuary were not barren places to him, neither were the duties thereof irksome.

Having completed his collegiate course, he immediately assumed the chair of Greek and German in Falley Seminary. His richly-stored mind made him a valuable acquisition to that renowned school, and for four years he labored there with a zeal almost unparalleled. His love for philological investigation, united with what a teacher should be and do, impelled him to most arduous and unrelenting research. Every historical or scientific allusion, every peculiar idiom or inflection, every form of dialect, every inference or suggestion of the author, every definition of the grammar or lexicon, was carefully investigated, weighed, verified or corrected, and made a part of his mental possession. He was a careful student of the best methods of imparting in-

struction, and judiciously took the golden mean between too diffuse and too restricted explanation.

Fortunate were the students who recited to him during those years, and I hesitate not to say in the presence of the hundreds of his pupils who may read this article that they never had a more faithful or efficient teacher.

November 20, 1868, he was united in marriage with Miss Esther McClure, who was in charge of the musical department of Falley. It was a most fortunate marriage. The life of each was enriched by association with the other.

The symptoms of consumption, which had been foreshadowed during his college days, soon took on a more malignant type. It required the united efforts of his friends, relatives, associate teachers, and even his beloved pupils, to persuade him to desist from teaching and afford his wasted body some opportunity for recuperation. Being shut away from his books he spent his hours of recreation during the year he gave to health-seeking in zoological and botanical investigation. Securing a microscope he engaged in a methodical preparation of slides of natural history specimens and soon had quite an interesting cabinet.

His ambition, however, to pursue his chosen vocation of teaching made him very restless, and at the close of one year he accepted the chair of Greek and German which was proffered him at Fairfield Seminary, New York. His labors here were equally efficient as elsewhere, and the principalship of the school being vacated at the close of his first year, it was offered to him and accepted. The seminary continued to thrive under his supervision, although he was in failing health. The climate of Fairfield was too severe for him, and he consequently resigned his position, accepting the Greek and Latin chair in the Syracuse High School. This place he filled with his usual marked ability. He was compelled by his rapidly declining health to seek restoration of body

in the healthful atmosphere of Colorado. Not receiving the relief he desired in Colorado, he spent several months in Michigan.

During all these years of heroic struggling against his disease which was gradually but surely gaining ascendancy over him, he never lost his courage, hope and cheerfulness. He continually kept planning for a career of future usefulness, and his ardent mind longed to be in the active ranks again and accomplishing work as a teacher such as his lofty ideals had pictured before him as possible.

As the spring of 1876 began to open, it became apparent that his earthly career was near its close. His own judgment became convinced, apparently, for the first time that death was near, and yet, dear as life was, attractive as were all his home associations, ardent as were his aspirations for accomplishing good in this world, he faced the grim monster Death with a look of the utmost composure. Hallowed were the expressions of Christian hope which fell from his lips, and sacred the influences which pervaded the room in his native town, Ravenna, Ohio, where with his parents and wife and sister he passed his closing days. Calmly, peacefully, triumphantly, he saw his end approaching; and early on the first morn of summer, when heaven and earth were smiling, his soul, which had always been attuned to the harmonies of this world and which had ever spontaneously shrunk from its discords, went to enjoy eternal harmonies at God's right hand.

W. A. Brownell.

SYRACUSE, N. Y.

MARY LORAIN ALDEN.

Miss Alden was born September 23, 1845, at Nicholville, St. Lawrence County, N. Y., where her father, Rev. J. F. Alden, a member of the Black River Conference, was then stationed. Her father's last charge was Camden, N. Y., where he died while yet in his prime.

After gaining a sound elementary education in the schools of the different villages where her father was stationed, Mary went from Camden in 1866 to the Genesee Wesleyan Seminary at Lima. Here she devoted herself primarily to the study of music, for which she had rare natural talent.

Soon after her father's death Miss Alden was called to Falley Seminary to assist Miss McClure, afterward Mrs. George S. Griffin, in the music department, as the number of pupils in music had become too large for one teacher to manage. Beginning her work at Falley at the opening of the school year of 1868-69, Miss Alden remained in this position till the close of the school year of 1872-73. After the marriage and withdrawal of Miss McClure the musical work passed entirely into Miss Alden's hands, and it was carried on by her with great and constantly increasing success. Her pupils during those years will long remember her gentle ways and intense enthusiasm over her work. In March, 1872, Mrs. Alden removed to Syracuse, and during the following summer, and in spite of many protests and appeals from Fulton pupils and friends, her daughter followed her. During her incumbency at Falley, however, Miss Alden had obtained leave of absence which enabled her to spend one term at the Boston Conservatory of Music.

In July, 1873, soon after leaving Falley, she sailed for Europe, and devoted herself for a year to the most thorough and intense study of her favorite art, returning to Syracuse in 1874.

Until the day of her death, December 8, 1887, she was a very busy woman. Large classes both at Syracuse and Baldwinsville demanded all her time.

With the highest and most severe ideas of her art, she yet exhibited at all times a wonderful patience with her pupils. She won them by gentleness and inspired them by her own zeal. Some of her long-time pupils declare that she was never known to utter a harsh or an unkind word. Often hampered by ill-health and physical weakness, she worked on nobly and quietly. Although unobtrusive almost to shyness, her earnest life was a kind of benediction upon all who met her.

After fourteen years of almost incessant toil, accompanied by the most self-denying economy, she seemed about to realize the bright dream of her life—a home of her own, built to suit her own taste. The lot was bought, and the house was almost ready for occupancy when, in December, 1887, a tendency to throat trouble from which she had long suffered was aggravated by a severe cold into pneumonia, and in a few days the skillful fingers were stilled forever. Feeling bitterly the blasting of earthly hopes, she yet rose triumphant in her strong Christian faith and passed away happily and serenely. Her body lies by the side of her father at Camden, N. Y.

The estimate of one who had known her long and well, found expression in the following lines, which were published at the time of her death and whose sentiment seemed to be generally approved by all who knew her:

A CONQUEROR.

Against the trembling of a feeble frame,
Against the odds that face an unknown name,
Against the soul's distress, the body's wear,
Against the canker of corroding care,
She fought and won.

Against the odds that side with place and wealth,
Without the vantage ground of strength and health,
Without the envy weaker hearts would feel,
The jealousy that baser souls reveal,
She fought and won.

Against all selfish thoughts, all selfish ends,
With charity for rivals as for friends,
Against the evil, for the pure and good,
Clad in the might of noble womanhood,
She fought and won.

Let warriors boast their deeds on lands and seas,
Hers were, indeed, the greatest victories.
She fought the fight of faith, with steadfast aim,
And never faltered till her triumph came.
She fought and won.

And we who shed for her the bitter tear,
Who sit in sympathy about her bier,
Be ours the lesson that she taught so well;
And when we go may those who knew us tell:
"They fought and won."

J. Scott Clark.

SYRACUSE, N. Y.

REV. JAMES GILMOUR, M. A.

Born of Scotch parents at Paisley, Scotland, and reared in the land of his birth, he early in life received that instruction in honesty, thoroughness and promptness which are especially characteristic of the Scottish people. He came to the United States when about nineteen years of age and went to Ogdensburgh, N. Y., by way of the Oswego Canal, passing through Fulton and Oswego while en route. For a few years he worked on farms, studied when he could, and taught country schools.

He then prepared himself for and entered Union College, at Schenectady, N. Y., with only his splendid abilities as capital to

carry him through. After a regular four-year course, during the presidency of the famous Dr. Nott, he graduated at Union with honor, being one of the few who received a Phi Beta Kappa key—a distinction of high scholarship. By reason of his great industry and determination to succeed he accomplished what few have done: he entered college with very little money and when he graduated had saved nearly five hundred dollars.

From college he went to a theological seminary at Princeton, N. J., and was licensed as a minister of the gospel of the Presbyterian church. He then commenced preaching, but was obliged to give it up owing to a lung difficulty.

It was after this that he first entered a boarding school as principal at Princetown, N. Y. From there he moved to Ballston Spa where he conducted a large and important boarding school. Twice his schools were burned to the ground by the carelessness of students. From Ballston Spa he removed to Brooklyn, N. Y., and became engaged in the lumber business. The next change was to come to Fulton in 1869 and become the head of Falley Seminary. He remained principal of this institution until the insidious disease from which he suffered compelled him to cease his labors. Then the school was closed. His death occurred December 18, 1885, at the age of 63 years.

Mr. Gilmour was a man of high attainments and a fine linguist. It was in France and Italy that he learned the French and Italian languages; beside these he was thoroughly conversant with the German and Spanish, and during his several trips abroad made it his business to study the people, their institutions, the customs and languages of these countries. His life has been one of great influence and one devoted to doing good; his character, firmness itself. For fifteen years he saw his life-blood ebbing away, yet the mind never lost its vigor or faltered. The man was the same in all his varied positions from the cradle to the grave. A life of

large experience, broad culture, liberal views, one that loved to see the whole human family grow better and joined in the work, has closed.

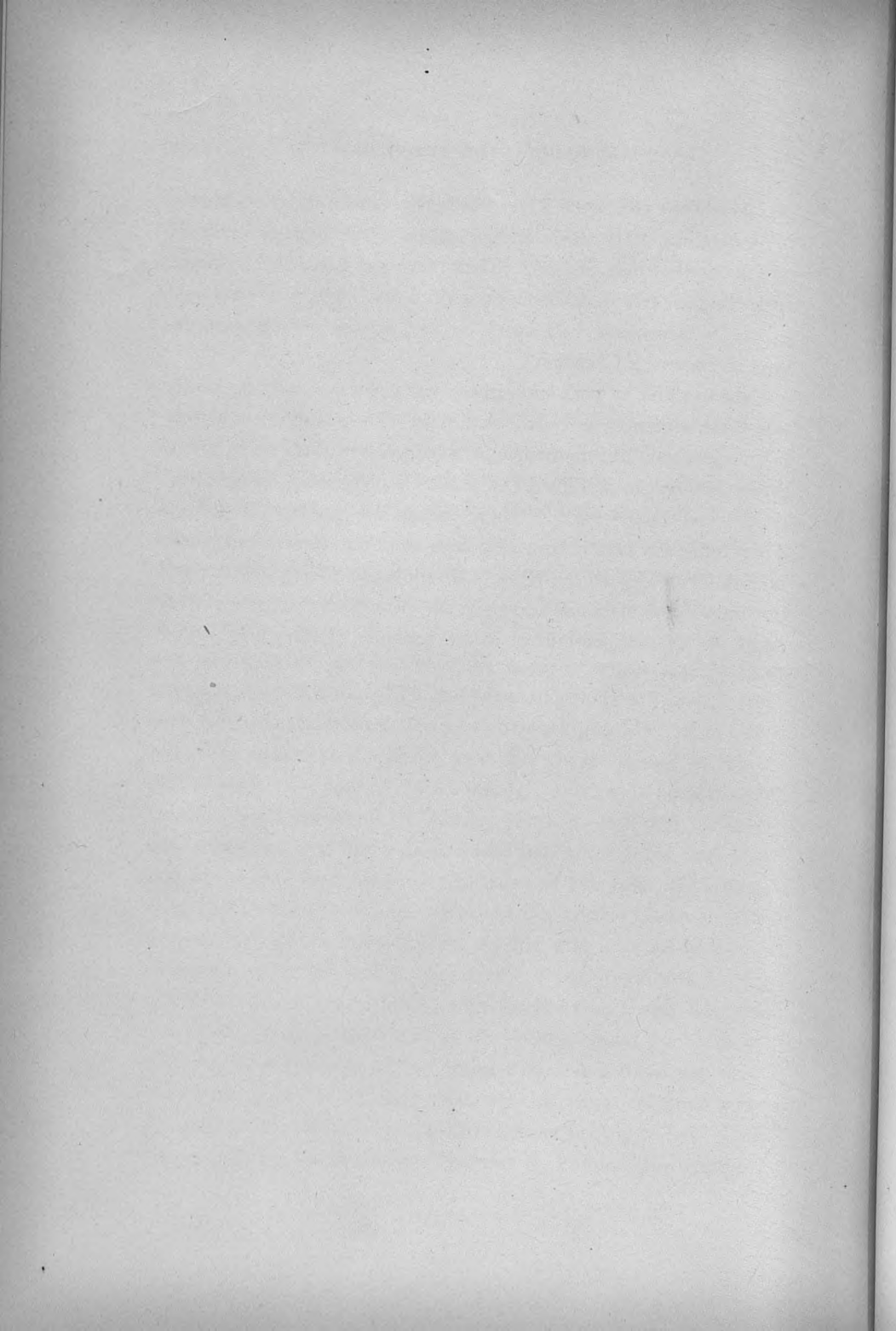
Frederick D. Van Wagenen.

FULTON, N. Y.

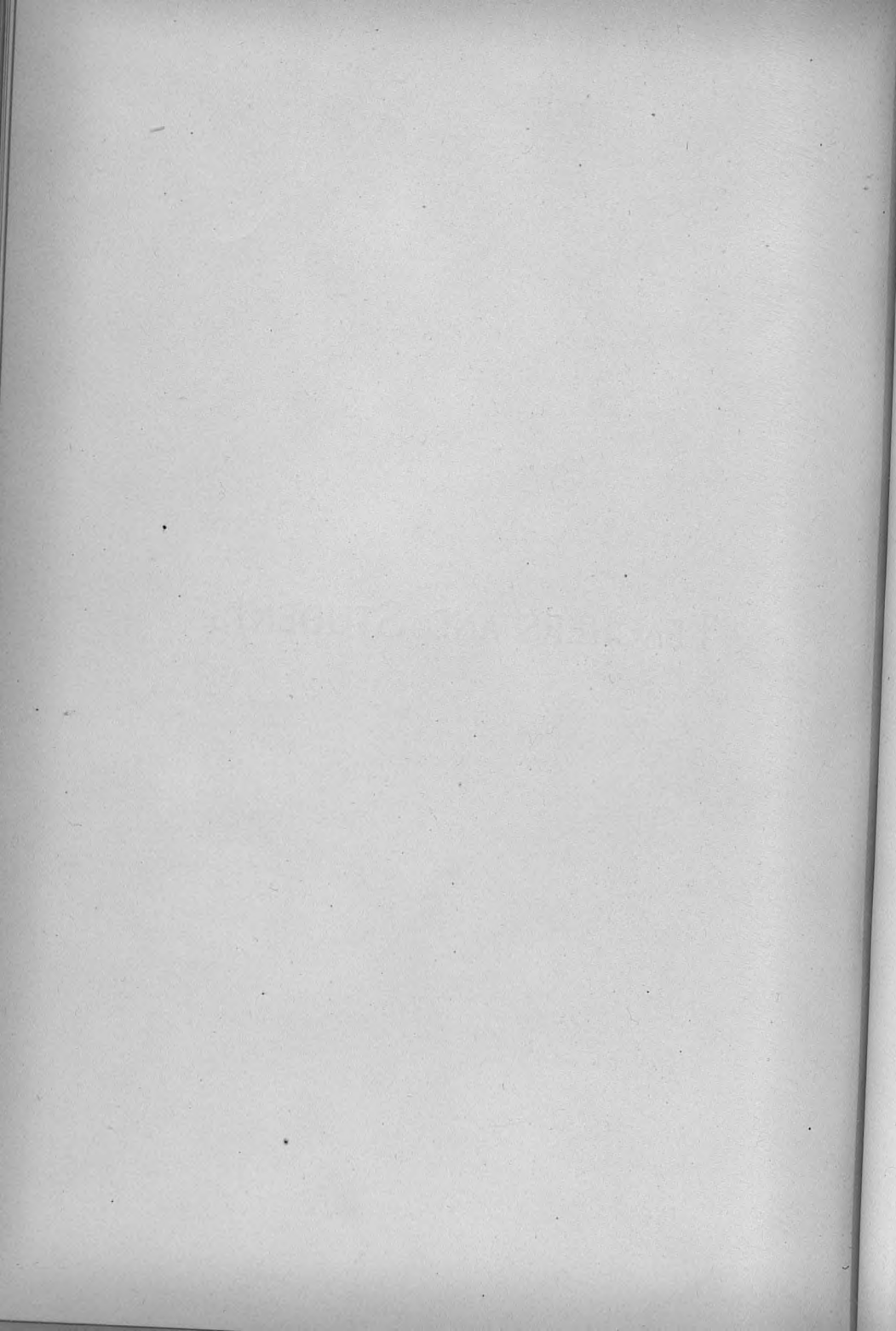
[These brief sketches are the loving contributions of warm-hearted friends or dear ones. Had similar tributes of the rest of "our departed teachers" come into our hands they would have found their places on these pages. Kindly do we think of them all. We have not cared for any little division of administration or any little difference of building or name. All names are as one in Falley Seminary, and the institution from 1836 to 1883 is our *Alma Mater*. Some of you think of Theodore L. Parsons, who was probity itself, and in whom the flame of enthusiasm burned intensely, and in whom "To the pure all things are pure," had such sublime significance. Some remember good Benjamin Cadwell, who seemed to die all too soon and whose life said in splendid lettering, "Do justly," "love mercy," and "walk humbly with God." Not a few recall Dr. Hiram Mattison—tall and cadaverous, whose face was like a dead man's but whose brain had fibre and whose soul had fire. Others think of Dr. John Armstrong, modest, symmetrical, devout. He was the perfect Christian gentleman, perhaps the most learned teacher that ever sat in the instructor's chair in Falley Seminary. Then there was O. O. Shumway, small and delicate, with forehead high and full, and who, with his rigid purpose in an emergency, stood for so much more than the eyes saw or the scales told. Are there not those who think kindly of Dr. Hapgood, so odd, whose face and manner must ever leave a unique picture on memory's walls? I desire to enshrine the memory of Spencer R. Fuller. He became a

member of the old Black River Conference and was my co-laborer in Watertown. He was a fine preacher, a true brother minister, and the earnest man of God. Then there was Elkanah L. Briggs, with his face telling of thought and purity. He was erect and precise as became a mathematician, and he was genuine and devout as became a Christian.

Sad to think of work unfinished, yet a pleasant task to kindly pen these sentences as sweet memorials. They taught not merely language, literature, mathematics, sciences, but in the wide, grand sense they taught and lived the truth. Living long, dying early, they were found ready. Their names are warmly cherished. Their influence lives in brightest lines and their recompense must be rich in the city of the King. No more do they know in part; but knowing as they are known in the clear light there, they revel amid the splendid certainties in the presence of the one glorified Master.—EDITOR.]



TEACHERS AND STUDENTS.



LIST OF TEACHERS.

1836-1855.

- MARIA C. MAYNARD, 1836-41, Preceptress.
PRUDENCE EASTMAN, 1836-8.
MIRANDA SMITH, 1837-41.
JANE DOUGLASS, 1837-8.
MARY M. DOLE, 1837-41.
ANGELINE H. FOX, 1837-41.
MARY A. BURNHAM, 1837-8.
SOPHIA DRESSER, 1837-40.
POLLY CLARK, 1837-9.
ELIZABETH HUBBARD, 1837-40.
ALANSON SIMMONS, 1838-41, Music.
ELIZABETH W. DOLE, 1838-41.
MARY S. HYDE, 1838.
SEMANTHA A. KNOX, 1840-2.
ALMIRA HENSHAW, 1840-2, Preceptress.
L. C. LATIMER, 1840-2.
AMOS G. HULL, M. A., 1842, Principal.
ALONZO D. HENDRICKSON, 1842, English Literature, Natural Science and Assistant in Mathematics.

- REV. EDMUND E. E. BRAGDON, 1842-44, Principal, Ancient Languages, Moral and Intellectual Philosophy; resigned, and reappointed in 1848.
- ANGELINE J. M. ROBINSON, 1842.
- ANN ANDERSON, 1842, Preceptress, History, Botany, French, Drawing and Painting.
- MARY A. WOODIN, 1842, Primary Department.
- REBECCA HOLMES, 1842-3, Music.
- GEORGE E. TAYLOR, A. B., 1842-3, English Literature, Natural Science and Assistant in Mathematics.
- ANDALUSIA FARR, 1842-3, Primary Department.
- ELIZA B. BRAGDON, 1843-4, Preceptress, Rhetoric, History, Botany, French and Ornamental Branches.
- ANGELINE STEPHENS, 1843, Primary Department.
- REV. BENJAMIN H. CADWELL, M. A., 1844-6, Principal, Ancient Languages, Intellectual and Moral Philosophy.
- O. OTWAY SHUMWAY, 1844, English Literature, Natural Science and Assistant in Mathematics; 1846, Principal; 1848, resigned; 1850, Natural Science.
- ELVIRA P. CADWELL, 1844-8, Preceptress, Rhetoric, History, Botany, French and Italian.
- AMANDA GARDNER, 1844-5, Primary Department.
- SOVIAH RODMAN, 1844, Music.
- THEODORE S. PARSONS, A. B., 1846-8, Principal.
- AMANDA M. BALDWIN, 1846, Primary Department.
- ELIZABETH P. HOTCHKISS, 1846-7, Primary Department.
- CHARLES S. EGGLESTON, M. A., 1848, English Literature, Natural Science and German; 1849, Spanish and German; 1852, Latin and German; 1855, Greek and Latin.
- RACHEL C. NEWMAN, 1848, Preceptress, Math., French and Drawing; 1850, Physiology, Drawing and French; 1852, Natural History, Drawing and French; 1854, French and Ornamental Branches; 1855, French and Oil Painting.
- CELIA M. PORTER, 1848, Primary Department.
- WILLIAM CADY, 1849.
- M. ELIZABETH DADA, 1848-9, Primary Department.
- J. BRADLEY YALE, 1848-51, Music,

- JOHN R. FRENCH, M. A., 1849, Mathematics; 1850, Math. and Nat. Science; 1852, Math., Nat. Science and Principal of Teachers' Department; 1853-4, Principal, Mathematics.
- REV. GEORGE W. PADDOCK, 1849-50, English Literature.
- REV. HIRAM MATTISON, M. A., 1850-2, Natural Science and Astronomy.
- REV. PARK S. DONELSON, M. A., 1850, Natural Science and Italian; 1851, Ancient Languages and Literature.
- HELEN F. PALMER, 1849-51, Primary Department; 1854-5, Instrumental and Vocal Music.
- ELIZABETH HENRY, 1851, Music.
- REV. OTHNIAL HOLMES, M. A., 1851, Mathematics.
- MARSHALL LEWIS, 1851-2, English Literature.
- HELEN J. BROOKS, 1851-3, Instrumental and Vocal Music.
- WILLIAM HYDE, 1852, English Literature.
- REV. ADAM C. CRYSLER, M. A., 1852-4, Greek, Intellectual and Moral Philosophy.
- REV. WICKS S. TITUS, M. A., 1853, Hebrew, Natural Science.
- MRS. ANNA M. CRYSLER, 1853-4, English Literature.
- SUSAN KINGMAN, 1853, Music.
- SPENCER R. FULLER, 1853, English Literature, Mathematics.
- MARGARET C. ROBINSON, 1853, Music.
- DAVID B. WHITE, 1853-4.
- ANDREW ROE, 1853-4.
- ELLA CAMPBELL, 1854, Music.
- REV. JOHN W. ARMSTRONG, M. A., 1854-5, Principal, Intellectual and Moral Philosophy.
- OLIVER D. BARRETT, A. B., 1854-5, Greek and Mathematics.
- ANSON T. COPELAND, 1854-5, English Literature.
- REV. GEORGE G. HAPGOOD, M. A., D. D., P. E., 1855, Principal, Intellectual and Moral Science.
- MARTHA E. GAYLORD, 1855, Primary Department.
- SOPHRONIA E. FALLEY, 1855, Instrumental Music.
- REV. J. HENRY MANSFIELD, A. B., 1855, Principal, Intellectual and Moral Philosophy.

1856-1869.

- JOHN P. GRIFFIN, M. A., SYRACUSE, N. Y., 1856-69, Principal, Latin.
- ANGELINE MUNSON, ORANGE, PA., 1856-60, Preceptress, Modern Languages.
- CHARLES S. EGGLESTON, M. A., FULTON, N. Y., 1856-60, Greek and German.
- REV. J. EMORY ROUND, B. A., BALTIMORE, MD., 1856, Mathematics and English.
- *REV. DAVID COPELAND, M. A., 1856-8, Mathematics and English.
- *MARY L. HAYDEN, 1856-7, Music.
- HERM HAYDN, ADAMS, N. Y., 1857-66, Music.
- *ALFRED L. CAREY, 1857, Mathematics.
- MARY J. COPELAND, 1857-8, Ornamental Branches.
- JANE A. STRONG SEYMOUR, 1857, Primary Department.
- MARI M. CHASE, FULTON, N. Y., 1857, Primary Department.
- GERTRUDE E. WILLARD MORRALEE, CINCINNATI, O., 1857-8, Primary Department.
- MARY A. WILLARD, WASHINGTON, D. C., 1857, Guitar.
- ZINA K. MAY, 1857, Guitar and Vocal Music.
- C. S. MEEKER, 1858, Vocal Music.
- SARAH W. COPELAND, KINGSTON, PA., 1858, Instrumental Music.
- *CHARLES DE MOTT, 1859, Mathematics.
- ELMINA KETCHAM DE MOTT, BUSHNELLS BASIN, N. Y., 1859, Primary Department.
- FRANCES M. HASTINGS STEWART, UTICA, N. Y., 1858-9, Ornamental Branches.
- *WILLIAM I. JOHNSON, 1859-60, Mathematics and English.
- FREEDOM M. RHODES, 1859, Vocal Music.
- MRS. BRADNACK, 1859, Ornamental Branches.
- ASA BOOTHBY, M. A., OVID, N. Y., 1859-65, Natural and Experimental Science.
- JAMES W. PARKHURST, 1860, English Department.

- REV. JOSEPH L. MORSE, B. A., EVANSTON, ILL., 1859-60, Mathematics.
- PHCEBE A. R. BAILEY, 1860, Ornamental Branches.
- FRANCES E. GRIFFIN, HAYWARDS, CAL., 1860, Primary Department; 1861-9, Ornamental Branches.
- J. D. FLETCHER SLEE, M. A., ELMIRA, N. Y., 1860-5, Greek and German.
- ANNA A. PRICE UNDERHILL, BUFFALO, N. Y., 1860-2, Preceptress, French and Botany.
- CHARLES M. UNDERHILL, M. A., BUFFALO, N. Y., 1861-5, Latin, Intellectual and Moral Science.
- MINA MOORE WHEELER, AUBURN, N. Y., 1861, English Department; 1865-6, Greek and German.
- CHARLOTTE L. CHUBBUCK, ELMIRA, N. Y., 1862-5, Preceptress, French and Botany.
- ROSETTA A. COIT, PULASKI, N. Y., 1862-4, Primary Department.
- D. CLARENCE SCOVILLE, NEW YORK CITY, 1862, Mathematics.
- J. J. PEASE, MORAVIA, N. Y., 1862, Mathematics.
- J. C. GATES, WATERLOO, IOWA, 1863, Mathematics.
- ALVAH H. DORRIS, B. S., LINCOLN, NEB., 1864-5, Mathematics.
- PHILO W. DORRIS, BUFFALO, N. Y., 1865, Mathematics.
- PROFESSOR FELLOWS, 1865, Latin.
- AUGUSTA M. SCHENCK EGGLESTON, FULTON, N. Y., 1865-9, Primary Department.
- REV. J. J. BROWN, M. A., SYRACUSE, N. Y., 1865-9, Natural and Experimental Science.
- MRS. J. J. BROWN, SYRACUSE, N. Y., 1865-9, English Department.
- SUSAN R. GIBSON HART, WELLSBOROUGH, PA., 1866-8, French and History.
- W. A. BROWNELL, M. A., SYRACUSE, N. Y., 1866, Latin.
- MRS. W. A. BROWNELL, SYRACUSE, N. Y., 1866, Preceptress, French and Botany.
- *GEORGE S. GRIFFIN, M. A., 1866-9, Greek and German.

ESTHER C. McCLURE GRIFFIN, ALLEGANY, N. Y., 1866-9, Music.

HELEN L. D. POTTER, 1866-8, Reading and Elocution.

REV. GRANVILLE YAGER, M. A., MIDDLEBURY, VT., 1866-9, Latin.

*ELKANAH L. BRIGGS, M. A., 1866-8, Mathematics.

*MARY L. ALDEN, 1868-9, Organ and Guitar.

MRS. MYRA A. OSBUND SUTTON, QUINCY, MICH., 1869, French and Botany.

REV. H. WOODWARD, SWANZEY, N. H., 1869, Mathematics.

THEODORE E. HANCOCK, SYRACUSE, N. Y., 1869, Latin.

MARY E. LOOMIS, FULTON, N. Y., 1869, Primary Department.

1869-1883.

REV. JAMES GILMOUR, A. M., 1869-83, Principal, Natural Science and Modern Languages.

J. J. BROWN, 1870, Chemistry.

GEORGE S. GRIFFIN, 1870, Latin.

HENRY G. BUCKINGHAM, 1870-1, Classics.

E. H. DICKINSON, 1870-1, Latin and Higher English.

MARY E. PHELPS, 1870-1, Preceptress.

J. DUANE PHELPS, 1870-1, English Branches.

MADAME OSWEIN, 1870-2, Modern Languages and Painting.

DAVID HENDERSON, 1871-3, Latin.

B. D. ROWLEE, 1871-2, English.

ANNA MINEAH, 1871-3.

CLARA J. BRAGG, 1871-3, 1877, Botany, Common Branches.

WILLIAM S. HALL, 1873-4, Latin and Greek.

ADDA M. HUTCHINS, 1873-4, Common Branches.

AGNES G. McCLURE, 1873, Music.

MARY L. ALDEN, 1870-3, 1875, Music.

HELEN C. FELLOWS, 1873-7, Preceptress, Higher English.

*Deceased.

- SAMUEL J. BEATTY, 1874-5, Latin and Greek.
BLANCHE MORTON, 1874-5, Painting.
SARA I. GARDINER, 1874-5, Common English.
HAMBLY P. ORCHARD, 1875, Latin and Greek.
ABIATHAR BLANCHARD, 1876, Latin and Greek.
F. E. ADAMS, 1876-7, Latin and Greek.
ARMBSY N. SOUTHERLAND, 1875-6, Music.
FRED K. JONES, 1874, Music.
CLARENCE T. GOVE, 1876-7, Bookkeeping.
JULIA L. DOUBLEDAY, 1877-81, Preceptress, Higher English.
A. E. CHAPMAN, 1877-8, Latin and Greek.
JULIA A. ADAMS, 1878-9, Common English.
ASA BOOTHBY, 1879-81, Chemistry and Natural Science.
ELEANOR V. GILMOUR, 1877-83, Music.
CHARLOTTE N. ESTABROOK, 1881-3, Preceptress, Higher English.
CHARLES F. ADAMS, 1881-2, Latin and Greek.
ANNA C. GILMOUR, 1882-3, Common English.

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Hull, Mrs. Fanny Birdsall	New York City.
Hull, Erwin C.	Arkport, N. Y.
Hunt, Hiram L.	Syracuse, N. Y.
Humphrey, J. K.	Mexico, N. Y.
Hunt, Mrs. Flora Booth	Willimantic, Conn.
Huntley, Mrs. Delia C. Hawthorne	Pennellville, N. Y.
Irish, Frank M.	Denver, Colo.
Irish, Mrs. Sarah Chaffee	Denver, Colo.
Ives, Mrs. Carrie Rice	Fulton, N. Y.
Jackson, Mrs. Adelia Blodgett	
Jennings, Mrs. Addie McCrea	Fulton, N. Y.
Jennings, Carrie Pauline	Fulton, N. Y.
Jennings, Mary H.	
Johnson, Hon. H. B.	Syracuse, N. Y.
Johnson, Mrs. Addie Greenleaf	Syracuse, N. Y.
Johnson, Adelaide Roe	New York City.
Johnson, Dr. Lawrence	New York City.
Johnson, Dr. George P.	Mexico, N. Y.
Jones, H. A.	Oswego, N. Y.
Jones, Mrs. Frank Rice	Fulton, N. Y.

Jones, J. W.	Grand Rapids, Mich.
Judge, Mrs. Julia Colgrove	Darlington, Wis.
Kay, Rev. R. F.	Akron, N. Y.
Kay, B. F.	Chicago, Ills.
Keller, A. E.	Fulton, N. Y.
Kelly, John H.	
Kendall, Rev. John F.	LaPorte, Ind.
Kendall, Elizabeth	Fulton, N. Y.
Kennedy, Dennis M.	Syracuse, N. Y.
Kent, Silas W.	Meriden, Conn.
Kent, Mrs. Mary Chapman	Meriden, Conn.
Kenyon, Gansevoort M.	Syracuse, N. Y.
Ketcham, Andrew R.	Bushnells Basin, N. Y.
Ketcham, Manly W.	Minneapolis, Minn.
Ketcham, Mrs. Gertrude Hinman	Bushnells Basin, N. Y.
Ketcham, Marion	Ira, N. Y.
Kevill, John H.	Sterling, N. Y.
King, Jerusha H.	Fulton, N. Y.
Kinney, Frances	Watertown, N. Y.
Kirk, William H.	Sterling, N. Y.
Lampman, Lewis E.	Fulton, N. Y.
Lampson, F. A.	South Granby, N. Y.
Lasher, Prof. Abner E.	Spokane Falls, Wash.
Lasher, Mrs. Sarah E.	Spokane Falls, Wash.
Lasher, Mrs. Lucy Wells	Fulton, N. Y.
Lathrop, Ella	Stockton, Utah.
Lathrop, Charles	Syracuse, N. Y.
Lawrence, Mary L.	Holden, Mo.
Laycock, Mrs. Lizzie Rice	Syracuse, N. Y.
Laycock, Mrs. Achsah Rice	Oswego, N. Y.
Lazier, Mrs. Alcena Hart	Belleville, Can.
Lee, Mrs. E. D. Hotchkiss	Fulton, N. Y.
Lee, Dr. Charles M.	Fulton, N. Y.
Lee, Gen. Albert L.	Fulton, N. Y.
Lee, Mrs. Alice Roe	Clyde, N. Y.
Lee, Dr. C. R.	Batopilas, Chihuahua, Mex.
Leggett, Mrs. Nellie Hancock	Phelps, N. Y.

Lester, Ordellia A.	
Lewis, Thomas D.	Fulton, N. Y.
Lewis, Mrs. Cora Case	Fulton, N. Y.
Lindsley, Mrs. Josephine Distin	Jersey City, N. J.
Livingston, Mrs. Ordellia French	Fulton, N. Y.
Livingston, Will S.	New York City.
Loan, Mrs. Sarah Smith	Lysander, N. Y.
Lockwood, Mrs. Emma Ensign	Syracuse, N. Y.
Look, Mrs. Kittie Morrell	Syracuse, N. Y.
Loomis, Mrs. May King	Palermo, N. Y.
Loomis, Mrs. Emily Skinner	
Loomis, Mary C.	Fulton, N. Y.
Lord, Chester M.	New York City.
Lovejoy, Georgia	Fulton, N. Y.
Ludington, Austin E.	Rochester, N. Y.
MacLean, Mrs. Kate Seymour	Kingston, Canada.
Mallory, Miss Frank	Brooklyn, N. Y.
Mallory, Chester W.	Brooklyn, N. Y.
Mapes, Joel E.	Lapeer, Mich.
Markley, Mrs. Mary Schenck	Cedar Falls, Iowa.
Marsh, Dr. E. J.	Southwest Oswego, N. Y.
Marsh, Mrs. E. J.	Southwest Oswego, N. Y.
Martin, Dr. Leslie	Baldwinsville, N. Y.
Marvin, C. A.	Oswego, N. Y.
Marvin, D. D. N.	Baldwinsville, N. Y.
Marvin, Frank N.	Richland, N. Y.
Matteson, Mrs. Mary E. Waugh	
Matteson, Rosa O.	Rochester, N. Y.
Matteson, George Erwin	Brooklyn, N. Y.
Maynard, Belle	Fulton, N. Y.
McCool, Parker M.	Hannibal, N. Y.
McCrea, Mrs. Emma Cooper	Fulton, N. Y.
McCully, Mrs. Persis Bristol	Fulton, N. Y.
McDonald, H. M.	East Pierre, South Dak.
McFarland, Mrs. Josephine Burch	Oswego, N. Y.
McKee, Mrs. Ellen Snyder	Humboldt, Iowa.
McKinstry, B. S.	Oswego, N. Y.

McKinstry, Mrs. Emma Baldwin	Oswego, N. Y.
McKinstry, Eugene	Oswego, N. Y.
McKoon, Mrs. L. Estelle Seelye	
McPherson, Rev. S. J., D.D.	Chicago, Ill.
McWharf, Dr. J. N.	Dunkirk, N. Y.
Mead, J. Frank	Rockford, Ill.
Mead, Sheldon B.	Fulton, N. Y.
Mead, Mrs. Mary Hewitt	Fulton, N. Y.
Menteith, Mrs. Helen Fay	Canandaigua, N. Y.
Merriman, Mrs. Mina L.	Copenhagen, N. Y.
Metcalf, David D.	North Hannibal, N. Y.
Miller, Mrs. Libbie Weyant	Syracuse, N. Y.
Miller, Ida V.	Fulton, N. Y.
Miller, G. J.	Fulton, N. Y.
Miller, Helen L.	Fulton, N. Y.
Mitchell, Rev. H. G., D.D.	Boston, Mass.
Mogg, Levi N.	Marcellus, N. Y.
Montague, Levi	Fulton, N. Y.
Moore, Mrs. Edna King	Fulton, N. Y.
Moore, Mrs. Mary Sisson	Fulton, N. Y.
Morehouse, D. P.	Oswego, N. Y.
Morgan, Thomas L. R.	Syracuse, N. Y.
Morralle, Mrs. Gertrude Willard	Virginia.
Morrill, Jesse A.	Fulton, N. Y.
Morse, Prof. J. L.	Evanston, Ill.
Moss, Mrs. Marcia Harris	Oswego, N. Y.
Morton, John	Fulton, N. Y.
Morton, G. Will	Fulton, N. Y.
Morton, Mary	Fulton, N. Y.
Morton, Etta	Fulton, N. Y.
Moyer, Mrs. Martha Williams	Clay, N. Y.
Moyer, Abram	Clay, N. Y.
Munson, Angeline	Orange, Pa.
Nelson, Hattie F.	Fulton, N. Y.
Nelson, Mrs. Julia Stearns	Fulton, N. Y.
Nelson, Logan	Fulton, N. Y.
Nettleton, F. E.	Scranton, Pa.

Nettleton, Mrs. Marion Smith	Scranton, Pa.
Nettleton, Augusta C.	Scranton, Pa.
Nettleton, Martha	Toledo, Ohio.
Nettleton, Samuel N.	Toledo, Ohio.
Nettleton, Albert E.	Syracuse, N. Y.
Nichols, Mrs. Julia Laird	Genoa, N. Y.
Ninde, Bishop William X, D.D.	Topeka, Kan.
Ninde, Mrs. Sophia Falley	Topeka, Kan.
Northrop, Charles R.	Lysander, N. Y.
Olcott, Millie M.	Morris, Ill.
Orchard, Hambley P.	Green Haven, N. Y.
Orchard, Mrs. Loie Calkins	Green Haven, N. Y.
Osborne, Mrs. Mary Richards	Fulton, N. Y.
Osgood, Jennie	Fulton, N. Y.
Osgood, Libbie J.	Fulton, N. Y.
Osgood, George E.	Ira, N. Y.
Osgood, William N.	Fulton, N. Y.
Ould, Mrs. Lizzie Smith	Oswego, N. Y.
Paddock, Mrs. Emma Mack	Beatrice, Neb.
Page, Mrs. Ella Sutton	Caughdenoy, N. Y.
Paige, Mrs. Elizabeth Hewitt	Ogdensburgh, N. Y.
Paige, Mrs. Susie Hewitt	Ogdensburgh, N. Y.
Paine, Mrs. Sarah Works	South Granby, N. Y.
Palmer, Willard A.	
Palmer, J. T.	Fulton, N. Y.
Palmer, Eva	Fulton, N. Y.
Parker, Charles W.	Oswego Falls, N. Y.
Parkhurst, Mrs. Louise Morse	West Winfield, N. Y.
Patterson, Lyman H.	Fulton, N. Y.
Patterson, Mrs. Fannie Wheeler	Fulton, N. Y.
Pease, J. J.	
Peddle, Mrs. Mollie Wilson	Philadelphia, Pa.
Penfield, Sophia, M.D.	Danbury, Conn.
Pentelow, William J.	Fulton, N. Y.
Pentelow, Mrs. Gertrude VanBuren	Fulton, N. Y.
Perine, Dewitt M.	Fulton, N. Y.
Perine, Mrs. Jennie Smith	Fulton, N. Y.

Perkins, Rev. Edward R.	Brewerton, N. Y.
Perkins, Mrs. Nina Howe	Brewerton, N. Y.
Perry, Sarah E.	Fulton, N. Y.
Perry, Mrs. Mary Peters	Syracuse, N. Y.
Peters, Mark W.	Syracuse, N. Y.
Pettinger, Mrs. Hattie Distin	Brooklyn, N. Y.
Phelps, Rev. J. D.	Buffalo, N. Y.
Phelps, Mrs. Angeline Patchin	Mt. Pleasant, Wis.
Phillips, Robert E.	Fulton, N. Y.
Phillips, Mrs. Lucy Lasher	Fulton, N. Y.
Phillips, Mrs. Martha Emery	Trenton Falls, N. Y.
Pierce, Mrs. Elizabeth Cummings	Terre Haute, Ind.
Pike, Mrs. Clara Bragg	
Pinkerton, Carrie	Syracuse, N. Y.
Piper, Giles S.	Fulton, N. Y.
Plank, Mrs. Rosina Mattoon	Rodman, N. Y.
Platt, Mrs. Carrie Livingston	New York City.
Pond, Adelaide	Boston, Mass.
Potter, Mrs. Ellen Clough	New York City.
Powell, Mrs. Helen Johnson	Sterling, N. Y.
Powers, Mrs. Jennie Hamil	Dubuque, Iowa.
Pratt, Mrs. Melissa Warren	Fulton, N. Y.
Pratt, Hart Slauson	
Prosser, George	Passadena, Cal.
Prosser, Judson	Toledo, Ohio.
Putnam, Mrs. Leckie Clough	Brookline, Mass.
Race, Mrs. Frank Kenyon	Rochester, N. Y.
Raymond, Rev. William Wirt	Lake Geneva, Wis.
Redhead, Edwin R.	Fulton, N. Y.
Rees, Mrs. Henrietta McKoon	Omaha, Neb.
Reynolds, Thomas B.	Fulton, N. Y.
Reynolds, Mrs. Hattie R. Hunt	Boonville, N. Y.
Reynolds, Charles A.	Fulton, N. Y.
Reynolds, Mrs. A. Wells	Fulton, N. Y.
Reynolds, Mrs. Mary Hoes	South Chicago, Ill.
Reynolds, Emeline	Hillsdale, Mich.
Reynolds, Maryatt	Lamsons, N. Y.

Reynolds, Mrs. Emily Wright	Lamsons, N. Y.
Reynolds, Fanny S.	Fulton, N. Y.
Rice, Carrie A.	Fulton, N. Y.
Rice, Ella	Fulton, N. Y.
Rice, Arvin	Fulton, N. Y.
Rice, Mrs. Fanny Howe	Fulton, N. Y.
Rice, Mrs. Frank Hickey	Baldwinsville, N. Y.
Rice, Charles L.	Scranton, Pa.
Rice, Mrs. Addie Moore	East Syracuse, N. Y.
Rice, Marion Hickey	
Richards, Rev. J. D.	St. Louis, Mich.
Richards, Mrs. Huldah Loomis	St. Louis, Mich.
Richardson, Alma	Fulton, N. Y.
Richardson, Amos J.	Central Square, N. Y.
Richardson, Mrs. Jane Gibson	Central Square, N. Y.
Riegel, Mrs. Araminta E. Stevens	Syracuse, N. Y.
Roberts, Charles W.	Morristown, N. J.
Robinson, Mrs. Sarah Barber	Clyde, N. Y.
Robinson, Thomas	Clyde, N. Y.
Robinson, Mrs. Emma Smith	Fulton, N. Y.
Robinson, Mrs. Mary Forbes	Elmira, N. Y.
Robinson, Rev. J. T.	Elmira, N. Y.
Rockwell, Mrs. D. Amie Hunting	Weedsport, N. Y.
Rockwood, Franklin R.	
Rockwood, Mrs. Millie Ludington	Fulton, N. Y.
Rodgers, Mrs. Emma Chapman	
Roe, G. M.	Cincinnati, Ohio.
Roe, Mrs. Emma Loomis	Cincinnati, Ohio.
Roe, Rev. Andrew, M. A.	Marcellus, N. Y.
Roe, Prof. Alfred S., M. A.	Worcester, Mass.
Root, Mrs. Martha Snyder	Bay City, Mich.
Rose, Mrs. Emma Mead	Waterloo, Iowa.
Ross, Mrs. Lucy Butts	Phoenix, N. Y.
Rowe, Nathan M.	Oswego, N. Y.
Royce, Hattie T.	Chicago, Ill.
Ruggles, Chloe Birdsley	Whitehall, Mich.
Rust, Charles	Fulton, N. Y.

Sabin, Charles M.	Fulton, N. Y.
Sabin, Mrs. May Rose	Fulton, N. Y.
Sackett, Clayton E.	Tacoma, Wash.
Safford, Mrs. Grace Morton	New York City.
Salmon, Lucy M.	Poughkeepsie, N. Y.
Salmon, Mrs. Rosena Arnold	Fulton, N. Y.
Salmon, Kirkland F.	Fulton, N. Y.
Salmon, Mrs. Frank Knibloe	Fulton, N. Y.
Salmon, Charles B.	Fulton, N. Y.
Salmon, Helen	Fulton, N. Y.
Salmon, Levi	Oswego, N. Y.
Salmon, Charles W.	Minetto, N. Y.
Salmon, Pomeroy L.	Syracuse, N. Y.
Sanford, Mary E.	Fulton, N. Y.
Saunderson, Alicia R.	Brooklyn, N. Y.
Sawyer, George C.	Syracuse, N. Y.
Sawyer, Mrs. Julia A. Sabin	Syracuse, N. Y.
Schenck, G. Fred	Fulton, N. Y.
Schenck, Henry L.	Fulton, N. Y.
Schenck, Mrs. C. M. Dickinson	Fulton, N. Y.
Schenck, H. S.	
Schenck, Linna M.	Loftcha, Bulgaria.
Schenck, Edward	Brooklyn, N. Y.
Scott, Mrs. Edie Case	Baldwinsville, N. Y.
Scranton, Ellen Tibbals	
Scranton, Clara	
Seelee, Mrs. Angeline Bennett	
Seliney, Mrs. Kate Jackson	Rome, N. Y.
Seymour, Lindley A.	Fulton, N. Y.
Seymour, Mrs. Hepzibah Hewitt	Fulton, N. Y.
Seymour, Mrs. Helen Mix	Fulton, N. Y.
Seymour, A. Marion	Fulton, N. Y.
Seymour, Frank A.	Buffalo, N. Y.
Shattuck, Dan L.	Oswego Falls, N. Y.
Shattuck, Mrs. Amanda Osborn	Oswego Falls, N. Y.
Sheldon, Harriet, M.D.	Buffalo, N. Y.
Shepherd, Mrs. Matilda	Little Compton, R. I.

Shepherd, Laura M.	
Sheridan, Mrs. Kittie Lee	Toronto, Canada.
Silsby, Josephine E.	Kendallsville, Ind.
Simmons, Rev. John R.	Sennett, N. Y.
Sinclair, Dr. F. P.	Lysander, N. Y.
Sisson, Eunice J.	Fulton, N. Y.
Skaden, Ed	Stockbridge, N. Y.
Skaden, Dewitt C.	Plainfield, N. J.
Skaden, Mrs. Jessie Case	Plainfield, N. J.
Skeet, Alexander	North Rose, N. Y.
Slauson, Mrs. Mary Forsyth	Lysander, N. Y.
Slee, Prof. J. D. F., M.A.	Elmira, N. Y.
Slee, Mrs. Emma Underhill	Elmira, N. Y.
Slee, Mrs. Elizabeth Bennett	
Smith, Mrs. Kate Kimball	Fredonia, N. Y.
Smith, Mrs. Lois A. Keeler	Phoenix, N. Y.
Smith, Mrs. Eveline Pierce	Auburn, N. Y.
Smith, Lucien E.	Baldwinsville, N. Y.
Smith, Mrs. Etta Bogart	Wellington, Kan.
Snow, Louisa Palmer	Fulton, N. Y.
Snyder, Mrs. Jane Thomas	Scriba, N. Y.
Sparrow, William E.	Phoenix, N. Y.
Spencer, Morton W.	St. Augustine, Fla.
Sperry, Dwight A.	Syracuse, N. Y.
Stone, Hon. B. D.	Camden, N. Y.
Stone, Addie H.	Scriba, N. Y.
Stone, Nellie	Scriba, N. Y.
Stone, H. P.	Rochester, N. Y.
Stranahan, Hon. Nevada N.	Fulton, N. Y.
Stranahan, Mrs. Elsie Merriam	Fulton, N. Y.
Streeter, Mrs. Adele Trask	Fulton, N. Y.
Streeter, Clarence W.	Fulton, N. Y.
Surdam, Mrs. Jennie Chapman	
Sutton, Mrs. M. A. Osband	Quincy, Mich.
Sutton, Kate L.	Williamsport, Pa.
Swan, Mrs. Ellen Wairadt	Fulton, N. Y.
Sweet, Mrs. Kate Butts	Phoenix, N. Y.

Sylvester, Mrs. Mary Clutterbuck	Fulton, N. Y.
Taylor, Charles A.	Oswego, N. Y.
Taylor, Mrs. Mary Waters	Oswego, N. Y.
Taylor, Mrs. Sarah Taylor	Fulton, N. Y.
Taylor, Herbert L.	Fulton, N. Y.
Teall, Charles C.	Boston, Mass.
Terpening, Emma	South Hannibal, N. Y.
Terry, Mrs. Nettie Van Valkenburg	Fulton, N. Y.
Thayer, Ada Frances	Fulton, N. Y.
Thompson, Mary A.	
Tillotson, C. H.	Lysander, N. Y.
Titus, Rev. Wicks S., M.A.	Remsen, N. Y.
Titus, Mrs. Eva Smith	Traverse City, Mich.
Titus, Mrs. Fanny Simmons	Traverse City, Mich.
Tompkins, Hattie E.	Fulton, N. Y.
Topping, Mrs. Hattie Salmon	Waterloo, N. Y.
Torbert, W. H.	Dubuque, Iowa.
Totheroh, Rev. W. W., D.D.	Chicago, Ill.
Townsend, Mrs. Julia Chase	Washington, D. C.
Townsend, Mrs. Gertrude Taylor	Washington, D. C.
Tracy, Mrs. Libbie Breed	Phoenix, N. Y.
Tubbs, Mrs. Carrie Jewett	Fulton, N. Y.
Tucker, Mrs. Tyra Tucker	Baldwinsville, N. Y.
Tucker, Adelbert P.	Fulton, N. Y.
Tucker, Grace	Fulton, N. Y.
Tucker, Belle	Oswego, N. Y.
Turner, George B.	Auburn, N. Y.
Tuthill, Cynthia E.	Watertown, N. Y.
Tuttle, James P.	Palmyra, N. Y.
Underhill, C. M., M.A.	Buffalo, N. Y.
Underhill, Mrs. Anna Price	Buffalo, N. Y.
Van Allen, Florence	
Van Allen, Martin	Ravenswood, Ill.
Van Allen, Mrs. Martha Bowen	Ravenswood, Ill.
Van Allen, William	Ukiah City, Cal.
Van Allen, Mrs. Jennie M. Wright	Mt. Pleasant, Iowa.
Van Allen, C. A.	Effingham, Ill.

Van Buren, M. Gertrude	Fulton, N. Y.
Van Buren, Martin D.	Lake Linden, Mich.
Vanderbilt, Mrs. Kate Hollister	Syracuse, N. Y.
Van Dusen, Mrs. Helen Curtis	Syracuse, N. Y.
Van Tassell, A. L.	Clyde, Ga.
Van Wagenen, Mrs. Ella Gilmour	Fulton, N. Y.
Vedder, Mrs. Sarah Fenner	Carrollton, Ill.
Viele, Lucius H.	Wolcott, N. Y.
Vose, Alice W.	Highstown, N. J.
Vose, Sarah	Providence, R. I.
Wadsworth, Mrs. Celia Perry	Beatrice, Neb.
Walker, Ida Wormuth	
Walker, Mrs. Ida Smith	Fulton, N. Y.
Ward, O. E.	Phoenix, N. Y.
Warner, M. B.	Syracuse, N. Y.
Warner, Sarah	Phoenix, N. Y.
Warren, Helen L.	Stockbridge, N. Y.
Washburn, Charles W.	Fulton, N. Y.
Waterbury, H. A.	Clyde, N. Y.
Waterman, Frank A.	Fulton, N. Y.
Watkins, Mrs. Loria Peters	Decatur, Mich.
Watson, J. Madison	
Watson, W. J.	Fulton, N. Y.
Waugh, Mrs. Frances Elder	Fulton, N. Y.
Waugh, Carrie E.	
Waugh, Mary A.	
Weed, Mrs. Sarah J. Harris	Fulton, N. Y.
Weeks, Forest G.	Skaneateles, N. Y.
Weeks, Mrs. Mell Cook	Lainsburg, Mich.
Wells, E. Meigs	Fulton, N. Y.
Wells, Sanford D.	South Hannibal, N. Y.
Wells, Wallace W.	Oswego Falls, N. Y.
Wells, Elizabeth Bennett	
Wescott, C. E.	Rocklin, Cal.
Wescott, George	Rocklin, Cal.
Weston, Rev. H. D.	Jersey City, N. J.
Wheeler, Emma	Onondaga Valley, N. Y.

Wheeler, Mrs. Mina Moore	Auburn, N. Y.
Wheeler, Mrs. Samantha Palmer	Euclid, N. Y.
Wheeler, Mrs. Andalusia Mann	Brooklyn, N. Y.
Whitaker, Edward C.	Fulton, N. Y.
Whitaker, Samuel B.	Fulton, N. Y.
Whitaker, Mrs. Alice Gillespie	Fulton, N. Y.
Whitaker, Charles	Fulton, N. Y.
Whitaker, Mrs. Clarissa Moss	Fulton, N. Y.
Whitaker, Clara M.	Fulton, N. Y.
Whitaker, Mrs. Cornelia Tyler	Fulton, N. Y.
Whitcomb, Mrs. Mary L.	Granby, N. Y.
White, Richard E.	Rochester, N. Y.
White, George	South Hannibal, N. Y.
White, Mrs. Sarah Van Allen	Carthage, N. Y.
Wilde, Mrs. Thomas R.	St. Jean Baptiste, Manitoba.
Wilde, Thomas R.	St. Jean Baptiste, Manitoba.
Wiles, Mrs. Adelia P. Seward	Baldwinsville, N. Y.
Wiley, Mrs. Helen Parmiter	Abingdon, Va.
Willard, Mrs. May French	Fulton, N. Y.
Willard, Xerxes A.	Phoenix, N. Y.
Williams, Mrs. Jennie Scriver	Poughkeepsie, N. Y.
Williams, W. Henry	Mexico, N. Y.
Williams, Mrs. Eva Sabin	Fulton, N. Y.
Williams, Mrs. M. C. Fuller	Bowens Corners, N. Y.
Willis, Mrs. Nellie Redhead	Syracuse, N. Y.
Wilson, Rev. A. E.	Oneonta, N. Y.
Wilson, Mrs. Celestia Graves	Oneonta, N. Y.
Winslow, Nathan	Watertown, N. Y.
Wise, Sidney V.	Fulton, N. Y.
Wood, Grace A.	Batavia, N. Y.
Woodbury, Mrs. Marion Ketchum	Fulton, N. Y.
Woodin, Mrs. Mary C. Ostrander	Fulton, N. Y.
Woodward, Mrs. Elizabeth Dada	Cortland, N. Y.
Wolcott, Helen	Fulton, N. Y.
Wolever, Mrs. Sarah Van Wagenen	Fulton, N. Y.
Wormouth, Ella M.	Clay, N. Y.
Wormuth, Minnie	Ira, N. Y.

Wright, Mrs. Mary Cook, M.D.	Syracuse, N. Y.
Wright, Ada M.	Fulton, N. Y.
Wright, Clara A.	Fulton, N. Y.
Yager, Prof. Granville	Middlebury, Vt.
Young, Mrs. Minnie Horton	Arlington, Neb.

[The names given above are the names of those who responded in person or by letter to the invitation sent out. These are they who read "Do not let Falley put down a last black mark because of your absence: the roll will never be called again;" and reading they responded by their presence or by the written message.

As many know, some pages were lost Thursday night. This list must therefore be imperfect, though the greatest of pains has been taken, and though an excessive amount of labor has been expended. The list is as near perfect as it was possible to make it under the circumstances. In a few cases the address has been changed, but as a rule they remain as given. We deemed it not best to undertake to be exact at the time the book went to press. The title has been given in connection with the name, if we knew concerning it. Some failed to put the address opposite the name. The blank has been filled whenever it could be. Some have died since the roll-call, but we sacredly keep the names in the dear roll of honor—the last roll which Falley Seminary will ever call.—EDITOR.]

ADDITIONAL LIST.

Abbey, Mrs. Elizabeth B. Mattoon	Pierce City, Mo.
Abbott, Dr. Frank	Buffalo, N. Y.
Abbott, Willard	Toledo, Ohio.
Abbott, Rev. H. C., M.A.	Norfolk, N. Y.
Abbott, M. L.	Syracuse, N. Y.
Abbott, Mrs. Minerva Reynolds	Syracuse, N. Y.
Abbott, Mrs. William	Phoenix, N. Y.
Abbott, Johnson	Fruit Valley, N. Y.
Adams, Charles T.	Painted Post, N. Y.
Adams, Frank E.	Humboldt, Iowa.
Adams, Dr. Arthur	Washington, D. C.
Adams, John S.	Syracuse, N. Y.
Aiken, Mrs. Susan Adams	Denver, Colo.
Aird, Robert	Camden, N. Y.
Alden, Prof. Wilbur	Syracuse, N. Y.
Allen, Emma	Massena, N. Y.
Allen, O. P.	Utica, N. Y.
Allen, Mrs. Fred	Cleveland, N. Y.
Allen, C. S.	Potsdam, N. Y.
Allport, Mrs. Nellie Wise	Milwaukee, Wis.
Allyn, C. W.	Corsicana, Tex.
Andrews, Rush	Bowens Corners, N. Y.
Andrews, Mrs. Ida Wormuth	Bowens Corners, N. Y.
Austin, Helen M.	Ilion, N. Y.

Avery, Mrs. Harriet Woodin	Phoenix, N. Y.
Avery, Martha	Canastota, N. Y.
Ayers, William	Syracuse, N. Y.
Bacon, Dr. Charles J.	Camden, N. Y.
Bacon, Mrs. Mary March	Camden, N. Y.
Baldry, Mrs. Mella Loomis	Minneapolis, Minn.
Ball, Mrs. Weltha Schenck	Vermillion, N. Y.
Ball, Addie E.	Fulton, N. Y.
Bannister, Charles	Watertown, N. Y.
Bannister, Mrs. Franc Kenyon	Pittsburgh, Pa.
Barker, Frank D.	Clayton, N. Y.
Barrett, Prof. H. E. Carner	Syracuse, N. Y.
Barrett, Mrs. Lizzie Emerick	Cazenovia, N. Y.
Barstow, Edwin A.	Cleveland, Ohio.
Barstow, Mrs. Emma Blodgett	Cleveland, Ohio.
Bartlett, Mrs. Myrtle Ives	South Scriba, N. Y.
Beadle, Rev. D. W.	Geddes, N. Y.
Beadle, Mrs. Frances Johnson	Geddes, N. Y.
Beard, Mrs. Sarah E. Beebee	Granby Center, N. Y.
Becker, S. D.	Oswego, N. Y.
Becker, Mrs. Katie Hancock	Oswego, N. Y.
Becker, E. J.	New York City.
Bedell, Lucius	Chetopah, Kan.
Benedict, Mrs. Julia R. Carrington	Fulton, N. Y.
Bennett, Mrs. R. G.	Oswego, N. Y.
Benson, C. A.	Fairfield, N. Y.
Benton, A. R.	Irvington, Ind.
Benton, Herman	Ira, N. Y.
Benton, Charles D.	Ira, N. Y.
Betts, Mrs. G. S. H.	Syracuse, N. Y.
Bigford, Millard F.	Mumsford, N. Y.
Bingham, N. F.	New York City.
Bishop, Mrs. Mary S. Becker	Granby Center, N. Y.
Bishop, I. F.	Syracuse, N. Y.
Bishop, Mrs. Marie Holmes	Williamsport, Pa.
Blanchard, E. Frank	New York City.
Bliss, Will	Denver, Colo.

Blossom, Mrs. William	Oswego Center, N. Y.
Boucher, Mrs. Lydia Anderson	Euclid, N. Y.
Boughton, Emily	Novesta, Mich.
Bowman, Clarence	Baldwinsville, N. Y.
Bouton, Mrs. A. C.	Lysander, N. Y.
Boomer, Walter	Fulton, N. Y.
Boomer, George	Tarrytown Heights, N. Y.
Brackett, Mrs. Delano Van Auken	Hannibal Center, N. Y.
Brackett, W. H.	Hannibal Center, N. Y.
Brackett, J. W.	Hannibal Center, N. Y.
Bradley, Mrs. Corintha Strong	St. Joseph, Mich.
Branch, D. Charles	Fulton, N. Y.
Brayton, Mrs. James	Honeoye Falls, N. Y.
Brockway, Rev. C. E.	Penn Yan, N. Y.
Brown, Mrs. Almeda	Norwich, N. Y.
Brown, Mrs. Laura Nelson	Rockford, Ill.
Brown, Charles	Angelica, N. Y.
Brown, Sarah	Meridian, N. Y.
Brown, Mrs. J. S.	Cortland, N. Y.
Brown, Mrs. Gertie	Addison, N. Y.
Breed, Mrs. G. G.	Phoenix, N. Y.
Breed, Mrs. George T.	New York City.
Briggs, Alpha	Angelica, N. Y.
Britton, Mrs. Ida Freeman	Cheltenham, Ill.
Buckingham, Mrs. Elizabeth Schenck	Clayton, N. J.
Buell, Rev. J. I.	Grand Rapids, Mich.
Buell, Mrs. Celestine Balsley	Grand Rapids, Mich.
Bullock, Rev. M. G.	Ansonia, Conn.
Burch, C. D.	Oswego, N. Y.
Burdick, Myra E.	Baldwinsville, N. Y.
Butler, J. S.	Elmira, N. Y.
Butts, Addison	Phoenix, N. Y.
Cable, Mrs. Dora Crosby	Syracuse, N. Y.
Caldwell, Frank R.	Cleveland, Ohio.
Call, Rev. S.	Little Falls, N. Y.
Campbell, Rev. J. P.	Baltimore, Md.
Campbell, Lorenzo B.	Central Square, N. Y.

Campbell, Mason G.	Central Square, N. Y.
Campbell, Mrs. Anna Foster	Darlington, Ind. Ter.
Canfield, George B.	Scranton, Pa.
Carrier, G. D.	Phoenix, N. Y.
Carrier, Mrs. G. D.	Phoenix, N. Y.
Carrington, Omar	Denver, Colo.
Carrington, Mrs. Ermina Merrick	Detroit, Mich.
Cary, Mrs. Nancy J.	Fulton, N. Y.
Case, Mrs. Vandalia M. French	Fulton, N. Y.
Case, Jonathan H.	Fulton, N. Y.
Carscallen, Mrs. George E.	Ernest, Dak.
Carter, Olive	Cazenovia, N. Y.
Carter, Anna M.	Syracuse, N. Y.
Carter, R. H.	New York City.
Carter, M. Woodward	Lysander, N. Y.
Carter, Charles	Sonora, Cal.
Carter, J.	New York City.
Cary, Fred	Milwaukee, Wis.
Castle, Horace B.	Syracuse, N. Y.
Catchpole, Mrs. Mary A. Osborne	Rose, N. Y.
Chaffee, Burrett	Syracuse, N. Y.
Chaffee, Willis	Oswego, N. Y.
Chamberlain, Mrs. Helen Brown	Rochester, N. Y.
Charles, Andy	Angelica, N. Y.
Childs, H. W.	Fergus Falls, Minn.
Chubuck, Manly	Elmira, N. Y.
Church, A. B.	Pittsburgh, Kan.
Church, Will	Wolcott, N. Y.
Church, Mrs. Will	Wolcott, N. Y.
Church, Mrs. Jane C. Ackerman	Massena, N. Y.
Clapp, E. D.	Auburn, N. Y.
Clark, Mary	Santa Barbara, Cal.
Clark, Allie	North Hannibal, N. Y.
Cleveland, Mrs. James	Plainville, N. Y.
Close, Frank H.	Rose, N. Y.
Close, John J.	Cleveland, Ohio.
Clough, James	Detroit, Mich.

Coats, Prof. W. H.	Elizabethtown, N. Y.
Cockran, Mrs. Nannie Blair	Cambridge, N. Y.
Coe, Dr. George H.	Theresa, N. Y.
Coe, Mrs. Ella Cole	Oswego, N. Y.
Cogswell, Mrs. William	Cleveland, N. Y.
Conklin, Mrs. Samantha A. Knox	Charlotte, N. Y.
Coon, Hon. S. Mortimer	Oswego, N. Y.
Cooper, Irvin	Theresa, N. Y.
Cornwall, M. D.	Philadelphia, Pa.
Cornwall, Mrs. Libbie Babcock	Philadelphia, Pa.
Coye, Mrs. Mary Parker	Fulton, N. Y.
Crabb, Mrs. Dema Coe	Cape Vincent, N. Y.
Crane, Mrs. C. E.	Cambria Mills, Mich.
Crombie, Dr. Walter	Schaghticoke, N. Y.
Crombie, William C.	Cortland, N. Y.
Daball, Mrs. Sarah Perine	Meridian, N. Y.
Daley, Mrs. Charles	Baldwinsville, N. Y.
Davis, Nathan N.	Kalamazoo, Mich.
Day, Mrs. Laura Kellogg	Hope, Dak.
Dean, Mrs. Lucretia N. French	
Dean, Mrs. D. D.	Lowville, N. Y.
Dean, Mrs.	Jersey City, N. J.
Decker, J. L.	Baldwinsville, N. Y.
Decker, Mrs. J. L.	Baldwinsville, N. Y.
DeGraw, Edward F.	Syracuse, N. Y.
Demming, George	Kinneys Corners, N. Y.
Dernick, Mrs. Sarah Warmuth	Ira, N. Y.
Dernick, Judd	Ira, N. Y.
Dickenson, Mrs. Miranda Scott	Hannibal, N. Y.
Dillenback, Capt. J. W.	San Francisco, Cal.
Dodd, Albert	Sodus, N. Y.
Dooley, Judge Patrick	Little Rock, Ark.
Doolittle, Mrs. F. B.	Delhi, Iowa.
Dolsen, Mary M.	Cato, N. Y.
Dorr, Rev. C. E.	Mexico, N. Y.
Douglass, Mrs. Emma Moody	Pulaski, N. Y.
Dow, Charles	Boston, Mass.

Downer, W. W.	Baldwinsville, N. Y.
Downes, Charles	Scriba, N. Y.
Downes, James	Scriba, N. Y.
Draime, Dr. Carner	Syracuse, N. Y.
Drake, Ophelia	Jordan, N. Y.
Drummond, Mrs. Annie Burke	Auburn, N. Y.
Drury, George	Rochester, N. Y.
Dudley, Mrs. Emma J. Lawrence	Garro, Colo.
Dudley, J. W.	Meridian, N. Y.
Dudley, Guy	Meridian, N. Y.
Dunn, Richard	Syracuse, N. Y.
Dunton, Mrs. Irving	Syracuse, N. Y.
Eades, Fred	Streator, Ill.
Eames, Daniel	Watertown, N. Y.
Ellis, Mrs. Lydia Harris	Albany, Ill.
Emerick, Edward	California.
Emerick, J. H.	New York City.
Esslystyn, Charles H.	Clayton, N. Y.
Evarts, Mrs. Myron	Mexico, N. Y.
Farnham, Prof. A. W.	Hannibal, N. Y.
Farnham, Mrs. Maria Cox	Hannibal, N. Y.
Farrell, John	Fulton, N. Y.
Fellows, Mrs. Cyrus	Syracuse, N. Y.
Fenner, James R.	Delphi, N. Y.
Ferris, Andrew P.	Sterling Center, N. Y.
Ferris, Mrs. W. N.	Big Rapids, Mich.
Fisher, Mrs. Wesley	Cambridge, N. Y.
Fender, Mrs. Mary Horton	Minneapolis, Minn.
Flanders, Mrs. Cynthia Wilcox	Three Mile Bay, N. Y.
Fluher, Mrs. Emma Pullman	Alexandria Bay, N. Y.
Foote, Emma	New York City.
Forsyth, S. E.	Chicago, Ill.
Foster, Joseph	Humboldt, Iowa.
Foster, Mrs. Albert	Boston, Mass.
Foster, Will	Humboldt, Iowa.
Foster, S. O.	Turin, N. Y.
Fowler, Mrs. W. H.	Brooklyn, N. Y.

Fraser, Fred	Syracuse, N. Y.
Freeman, Mrs. Ida	Ravenna, Ohio.
Furman, Mrs. Ella Remington	Ilion, N. Y.
Gale, Mrs. Kate E.	Salina, N. Y.
Gardner, Abbott	Syracuse, N. Y.
Gardner, Charles	Oswego, N. Y.
Gardner, F. A.	Lyons, N. Y.
Gardner, Charles	Tully, N. Y.
Gardenier, Mrs. Annie Hyatt	Dexterville, N. Y.
Garlock, Samuel	Rose, N. Y.
Gaylord, Giles	Vermontville, Mich.
Gaylord, Mrs. Giles	Vermontville, Mich.
Geer, Mrs. James M.	Belle Isle, N. Y.
Geggie, Mrs. Della Cole	Duluth, Minn.
Genung, Dr. B.	Brewerton, N. Y.
George, Mrs. Rev. T. T.	Middletown, Mich.
Getman, F. M.	Piçton, Ont.
Getman, Mrs. F. A.	Piçton, Ont.
Giddings, Eliza C. Howe	Santa Barbara, Cal.
Gilbert, Frank	Buffalo, N. Y.
Gilbert, Mrs. Carrie	Detroit, Mich.
Gilbert, F. E.	Weedsport, N. Y.
Gilbert, Mrs. Carrie L. Gardner	Syracuse, N. Y.
Gladwin, Walter B.	San Francisco, Cal.
Glenn, Rev. John	Lyons, N. Y.
Glenn, Silas	Lyons, N. Y.
Glenn, Samuel	Lyons, N. Y.
Goodell, Charles	Homer, N. Y.
Goodenow, Mrs. Fannie	Evanston, Ill.
Goodrich, Mrs. Mary E. Goodsell	Oswego, N. Y.
Goodrich, Mrs.	Auburn, N. Y.
Goodrow, Mrs. Prudence Cox	North Hannibal, N. Y.
Goodsell, Mrs. Harriett	Oswego, N. Y.
Goodwin, Mrs. Dora Brown	Norwich, N. Y.
Gon, Mrs. Sibyl St. John	
Gordon, Robert	Oswego, N. Y.
Guin, R. A.	Watertown, N. Y.

Guthrie, James	Caledonia, N. Y.
Graham, Malcolm	Nashville, Tenn.
Gray, Mrs. Rose Caswell	Herkimer, N. Y.
Greenleaf, Emmet E.	Brewerton, N. Y.
Grinnell, Mrs. Kate Van Allen	Chicago, Ill.
Groat, Mrs. Lizzie Avery	Canastota, N. Y.
Hadcock, Mrs. Lon.	Clay, N. Y.
Hain, Mrs. Cornelia	Brooklyn, N. Y.
Hain, Mrs. Zilpha	Crawford, N. Y.
Hale, Dr. N. K.	Adams, N. Y.
Hale, Mrs. Louisa Titus	Moravia, N. Y.
Hall, Reuben	Stowells Corners, N. Y.
Hall, Mrs. Charles	Antwerp, N. Y.
Hamil, Dr. John E.	Phoenix, N. Y.
Hamilton, C. E.	Weedsport, N. Y.
Hamilton, Mrs. Jane L. Wright	Weedsport, N. Y.
Hamilton, W. R.	Melvin, Ill.
Hancock, Theodore E.	Syracuse, N. Y.
Harris, Mrs. Alice Root	Cato, N. Y.
Harrison, Charles C.	Phoenix, N. Y.
Hart, Abner N.	Spring Valley, Minn.
Hart, George	Syracuse, N. Y.
Hart, Mrs. George	Syracuse, N. Y.
Hazeltine, Mrs. Sabra	Marlborough, Mass.
Healy, Edwin	Clinton, N. Y.
Heimbürger, Mrs. Eva L. Watson	Cortland, N. Y.
Henderson, Mrs. Alice Bryant	Weedsport, N. Y.
Hepburn, Hawley S	Colton, N. Y.
Hewitt, Emma	New Castle, Pa.
Hickok, Nelson G.	East Watertown, N. Y.
Hickok, Mrs. Addie Simons	Meridian, N. Y.
Hickok, Grove L.	Syracuse, N. Y.
Hillon, Rev. J. V.	Denver, Col.
Hillon, Mrs. Olive K. Rogers	Denver, Col.
Hill, George	Palermo, N. Y.
Hill, W. A.	Syracuse, N. Y.
Hill, Mrs. Emma Emerick	Syracuse, N. Y.

Hinman, Prof. J. Eugene	Oswego, N. Y.
Hitchcock, W. D.	Evanston, Ill.
Hitchcock, Mrs.	Canton, N. Y.
Hodley, Mrs. Henry	Sandy Creek, N. Y.
Hoff, Herbert E.	Norwich, N. Y.
Hollingshead, Mrs. Millie Burdick	Chicago, Ill.
Hollis, J. J.	Sandy Creek, N. Y.
Hollis, Gilbert	Sandy Creek, N. Y.
Hollis, Theron	Pulaski, N. Y.
Hollis, Mrs. Ella Skeel	Pulaski, N. Y.
Horton, O. L.	Atlantic, Iowa.
Hough, Mrs. Ellen Clark	Santa Barbara, Cal.
Hover, Mrs. Anna L. Van Allen	Hampton, Va.
Howe, Stephen	New Haven, Conn.
Howe, George	Marlborough, Mass.
Howe, Mrs. Milton	Poland, N. Y.
Howard, Mrs. Augusta M.	Baldwinsville, N. Y.
Howard, Mrs. Jennie Everts	Butterfly, N. Y.
Hoyt, Mrs. Charlotte L.	Syracuse, N. Y.
Hubbard, Wilbur Fiske	Lyons, N. Y.
Hubbard, Norman, Jr.	Brooklyn, N. Y.
Hubbard, Henry M.	Horse Prairie, Mont.
Huggins, Mrs. Alzina	Little Utica, N. Y.
Hulburt, George H.	Waterloo, N. Y.
Hull, William H.	Ottawa, Ill.
Hull, Mrs. William H.	Ottawa, Ill.
Hull, Rev. E. C.	Arkport, N. Y.
Humphrey, Mrs. Kate Terwilliger	Fulton, N. Y.
Huntington, Mrs. Mary Barber	Watertown, N. Y.
Hunt, D. T.	Rochester, N. Y.
Hunt, Prof. Ralph	Syracuse, N. Y.
Hunt, Hon. I. S.	Adams, N. Y.
Hunt, Mrs. Flora Booth	Willimantic, Conn.
Hutchinson, John	Phoenix, N. Y.
Hutchinson, C. E.	Phoenix, N. Y.
Irish, Mrs. Imogene	South Butler, N. Y.
Irvin, R. A.	Watertown, N. Y.

Jackson, R. A.	Chateaugay, N. Y.
James, Albert H.	Oswego, N. Y.
Jaynes, John M.	Meridian, N. Y.
Jenison, D. E.	Lock Berlin, N. Y.
Jenkins, Mrs. Charlotte Van Wagenen	Keokuk, Iowa.
Jennings, E. T.	Cortland, N. Y.
Jocelyn, Mrs. Lena Taylor	Wichita, Kan.
Johnson, Dr. Stephen P.	Jordan, N. Y.
Johnson, Walter S.	Suttons Bay, Mich.
Johnson, Mrs. Eliza Adams	Denver, Col.
Johnson, Dr. Stephen P.	Syracuse, N. Y.
Johnson, Dr. George P.	Mexico, N. Y.
Jones, O. G.	Syracuse, N. Y.
Jones, J. G.	Utica, N. Y.
Jones, J. G.	Syracuse, N. Y.
Jones, A. B.	Syracuse, N. Y.
Jones, Henry	Oakland, Cal.
Joslin, Mrs. Wilmot	Pulaski, N. Y.
Keller, Mrs. Jane Hawthorne	Liverpool, N. Y.
Kellogg, Hon. Charles	Chittenango, N. Y.
Kellogg, Mrs. Libbie Moody	Chittenango, N. Y.
Kellogg, Mrs. Helen A. Schenck	Ableman, Wis.
Kellogg, Rev. E. L.	Quincy, Mich.
Kennedy, Bradford	Syracuse, N. Y.
Kenyon, George	Syracuse, N. Y.
Kenyon, John W.	Rochester, N. Y.
Kenyon, Mrs. Louisa N. Sanford	Buffalo, N. Y.
Ketchum, M. N.	Oak Park, Ill.
Kingsbury, Edward	Lansing, N. Y.
Kingsbury, Mrs. Edward	Lansing, N. Y.
Kinne, Dr. A. B.	Syracuse, N. Y.
Kinney, Rev. M. D., M.A.	Thousand Island Park, N. Y.
Kinney, Mrs. Martha Coit	Thousand Island Park, N. Y.
Ladd, Mrs. Nellie E. Martin	Mexico, N. Y.
Laird, Charles B.	Memphis, N. Y.
Lane, Sarah	Mt. Vernon, N. Y.
Lake, Mrs. Abram, Jr.	Bowens Corners, N. Y.

Langdon, Henry	Monterey, Mass.
Langdon, Mrs. Alice Stafford	Phoenix, N. Y.
Laughlin, Mrs. Alice Emory	Tustin, Mich.
Lawrence, Mrs. Alice Morley	Meridian, N. Y.
Leavenworth, Mrs. Jane W.	Wolcott, N. Y.
Lee, Mrs. Henry F.	Clyde, N. Y.
Lee, Horace	Wichita, Kan.
Leroy, H. M.	Clay, N. Y.
Leroy, D. C.	Baldwinsville, N. Y.
Leroy, Demosthenes C.	Fulton, N. Y.
Lester, Miss O. A.	Brooklyn, N. Y.
Lewis, Mrs. H. J.	Martville, N. Y.
Lincoln, Mrs. Anna Ball	Rochester, N. Y.
Little, John S.	Brooklyn, N. Y.
Livingstone, Mrs. Augusta Titus	Sioux City, Iowa.
Livingstone, Oscar	South Hannibal, N. Y.
Lockwood, Charles H.	Scriba, N. Y.
Loomis, J. R.	Glens Falls, N. Y.
Loomis, Mrs. Emily Skinner	Burlington, Wis.
Lore, J. W.	New York City.
Loring, Sidney	Marlborough, Mass.
Luddington, Mrs. Elma	Syracuse, N. Y.
Lund, Fannie	Chicago, Ill.
Lyon, R. E. M.	Bridgeport, N. Y.
Macklin, Mrs. Melva Hamilton	Agincourt, Ont.
Mains, Della	Three Mile Bay, N. Y.
Mains, Rev. George P.	Brooklyn, N. Y.
Mason, W. S.	Denver, Colo.
Mason, Dr. B. T.	Phoenix, N. Y.
Mason, Mrs. B. T.	Phoenix, N. Y.
Matson, William T.	Lysander, N. Y.
Matteson, G. E.	Hannibal, N. Y.
Mattoon, Mrs. Rosina B.	Antwerp, N. Y.
Matteson, Mrs. Helen M. Fitch	Scriba, N. Y.
Marvin, Frank	Baldwinsville, N. Y.
Marvin, Charles A.	Oswego, N. Y.
Marvin, Mrs. Charles A.	Oswego, N. Y.

Martin, Nellie	Sandy Creek, N. Y.
Marsh, Daniel E.	Beatrice, Neb.
McCrea, John A.	Fair Haven, N. Y.
McCormick, Mrs. Nancy Fowler	Chicago, Ill.
McCombs, J. W.	Clayton, N. Y.
McCombs, Dr. G. M.	Clayton, N. Y.
McGaffy, A. B.	Denver, Col.
McGuire, Mrs. Emma Sisson	Ogdensburg, N. Y.
McKnight, Mrs. John	Sterling Valley, N. Y.
McKoon, Mrs. M. G.	Rose, N. Y.
McKoon, Jane	Omaha, Neb.
McWayne, Mrs. J.	Sacketts Harbor, N. Y.
McWharf, John M.	Rose, N. Y.
McWharf, Dr. J.	Dunkirk, N. Y.
Meade, F. L.	Mechanicsville, N. Y.
Mendell, S. Herbert	Dows, Iowa.
Miller, Rev. G. W.	Scranton, Pa.
Mills, Abbie	Lowville, N. Y.
Mitchell, Prof. H. G.	Boston, Mass.
Mitchell, Mrs. Eugenia	Albany, Ill.
Mitchell, Mrs. H. Amy	Malone, N. Y.
Moody, George	New Castle, Pa.
Moody, Mrs. Louisa M. Falley	New Castle, Pa.
Mogg, Rev. C. E.	Cazenovia, N. Y.
Morse, Prof. J. L.	Evanston, Ill.
Morse, Mrs. William	Higginsville, N. Y.
Moore, Lavoisier	Buffalo, N. Y.
Morton, Mrs. Alfred	Sheldon, Iowa.
Morely, I. N.	Bay City, Mich.
Morgan, Benjamin R.	East Watertown, N. Y.
Morgan, Mrs. Fred	Sylvan Beach, N. Y.
Morrill, Elmer E.	Fulton, N. Y.
Moore, Mrs. Kate Leigh	Olean, N. Y.
Mosher, Mrs. John G.	Baldwinsville, N. Y.
Mosier, Mrs. Helen Hyatt	Kansas City, Kan.
Moss, Rev. J. H.	Evanston, Ill.
Munger, H. G.	Herkimer, N. Y.

Munsell, W. W.	Dodge City, Kan.
Names, W. Scott	Phoenix, N. Y.
Nelson, Mrs. Hannah M. Carrier	Newark, Ohio.
Newberry, E. W.	Wolcott, N. Y.
Newman, Mrs. Laura Winchell	Hannibal, N. Y.
Ney, Rowena	South Orange, N. J.
Nottingham, Dr. John	Syracuse, N. Y.
Odell, Mrs. Clara Kellogg	Fulton, N. Y.
Orchard, Prof.	Poughkeepsie, N. Y.
Orchard, Mrs.	Poughkeepsie, N. Y.
Osborn, Dr. Byron	Auburn, N. Y.
Osgood, Lucien	Rose, N. Y.
Ottman, James R.	Minetto, N. Y.
Overton, Mrs. Helen Bradshaw	New York City.
Paddock, Mrs. Susan Mack	Beatrice, Neb.
Palmer, G. G.	Butler Center, N. Y.
Pardee, Rev. J. D. S.	Saybrook, Conn.
Parker, Horace	Mason City, Iowa.
Parker, R. C.	Adams Center, N. Y.
Parkhurst, Rev. M. M., D.D.	Evanston, Ill.
Pasco, Mrs. Emma Dudley	Meridian, N. Y.
Parsons, Mrs. J. L.	Adair, Iowa.
Patterson, Mrs. Mary J.	Lansing, N. Y.
Patterson, Willard	Syracuse, N. Y.
Pease, E. L.	Oswego, N. Y.
Pease, Mrs. Harriet M. Kenyon	Uphams Corners, Mass.
Pelton, Mrs. Florence Caswell	Ilion, N. Y.
Penfield, D. G.	Danbury, Conn.
Pendergast, Nicholas	Phoenix, N. Y.
Pendergast, Stephen	Phoenix, N. Y.
Pendergast, John	Phoenix, N. Y.
Perine, Mrs. Carrie Benedict	Lysander, N. Y.
Perkins, H. E.	Binghamton, N. Y.
Petrie, Clara A.	Pompey Hill, N. Y.
Phelps, Miss Georgie	Sennett, N. Y.
Phillips, Prof. W. H. H., M.A.	DeSmet, S. Dak.
Pickett, Mrs. Nettie Cooper	Wayland, Mich.

Pike, Mrs. Granville R.	Clayville, N. Y.
Pitcher, Mrs. Hattie H.	Santa Barbara, Cal.
Pond, Rev. Horace	Red Cloud, Neb.
Pond, Edward	Corning, N. Y.
Poole, Willard	Oswego, N. Y.
Porter, Dwight	Orlando, Fla.
Post, T. Bent	Fair Haven, N. Y.
Potter, Mrs. Dorliscia French	Syracuse, N. Y.
Potts, Hon. George	Ocean Grove, N. J.
Powers, Mrs. Jennie Hamill	Dubuque, Iowa.
Pratt, James T.	Rochester, N. Y.
Pratt, Mrs. Nellie Ketchum	Rochester, N. Y.
Prentice, Mrs. L. H.	Watertown, N. Y.
Prentice, Mrs. Elmina Morton	Rockford, Ill.
Preston, Mrs. Ann Sanford	Scranton, Pa.
Rappleye, Prof. W. G.	Oswego, N. Y.
Ray, Mrs. Clara Redmond	Humboldt, Iowa.
Raymond, Wilbur W.	Syracuse, N. Y.
Raymond, David W.	Syracuse, N. Y.
Raymond, William	Syracuse, N. Y.
Redfield, Mrs. John	Phoenix, N. Y.
Reed, Isa	Three Mile Bay, N. Y.
Rees, Charles E.	Clayton, N. Y.
Reynolds, Wellington	Jackson, Mich.
Reynolds, Rev. Willis E.	Boonville, N. Y.
Reynolds, Mrs. Hattie Hunt	Boonville, N. Y.
Richards, J. E.	Vernon, N. Y.
Riley, Mrs. Elizabeth James	Chicago, Ill.
Robbins, Mrs. Bessie Bennett	Canastota, N. Y.
Roberts, Mrs.	Sterling, N. Y.
Roberts, Mrs. Kittie	Milwaukee, Wis.
Robinson, John W.	Wolcott, N. Y.
Rockwood, H. M.	Elkhorn, Wis.
Roe, William	Wolcott, N. Y.
Roe, Charles M.	Fall River, Mass.
Roe, Merwin S.	Syracuse, N. Y.
Roe, George	Clyde, N. Y.

Rolfe, Mrs. Letitia	Humboldt, Iowa.
Root, Dr. Wm. W.	Mason, Mich.
Root, Mrs. Maggie Snell	Mason, Mich.
Root, Mrs. M. A.	Humboldt, Iowa.
Root, Judge C. W.	Lansing, Mich.
Rose, Mrs. Will	Camillus, N. Y.
Ross, Mrs. Emma Ward	Gilberts Mills, N. Y.
Rounds, Prof.	Augusta, Ga.
Rowlee, Burdette B.	Conway Springs, Kan.
Rowlee, Byron E.	Wichita, Kan.
Royce, Lottie A.	Chicago, Ill.
Rowe, Mrs. Sophia Park	Oswego, N. Y.
Safford, E. A.	New York City.
Sage, Ella	Copenhagen, N. Y.
Salmon, D. B.	Syracuse, N. Y.
Salmon, George Henry	Fulton, N. Y.
Salmon, Mrs. W. L.	Omaha, Neb.
Salmon, T. P.	Omaha, Neb.
Salisbury, J. E.	Pulaski, N. Y.
Sandford, R. E.	New York City.
Saunderson, Robert G.	Brooklyn, N. Y.
Savier, Mrs. Betsey E. Burdick	Fulton, N. Y.
Schenck, Martin B.	Meriden, Conn.
Schenck, Schuyler C.	Toledo, Ohio.
Schenck, Mrs. Libbie Dow	Toledo, Ohio.
Schoolcraft, Charles	Fulton, N. Y.
Schuyler, Mrs. Della M.	Three Mile Bay, N. Y.
Scranton, Mrs. Ellen Gilbert	Madison, Conn.
Scriber, Mrs. Jennie Young,	Rapid City, Dak.
Sears, Mrs. Hannah Griffin	Thousand Island Park, N. Y.
Seymour, Mrs. Jane Strong	New London, Iowa.
Seymour, Edward	Minetto, N. Y.
Seymour, Mrs. Mary E. Jones	Minetto, N. Y.
Seymour, Silas A.	Beatrice, Neb.
Seymour, Mrs. Silas A.	Beatrice, Neb.
Sharp, M. C.	Clay, N. Y.
Sharp, Mrs. Frank	Clay, N. Y.

Sharp, Henrietta	Hannibal, N. Y.
Sherwood, C. W.	Oxford, N. Y.
Simons, Ed.	Meridian, N. Y.
Simons, J. T.	Syracuse, N. Y.
Simmons, Henry	Detroit, Mich.
Simmons, Mrs. Frank L. Dowd	New Haven, N. Y.
Simmons, Mrs. Henry	New Haven, N. Y.
Simmons, Dr. Arthur	Utica, N. Y.
Skeel, Dr. Frank D.	New York City.
Skinner, D. L.	Denver, Colo.
Skinner, Mrs. Florence Getman	Utica, N. Y.
Slauson, J. M.	Lysander, N. Y.
Small, Ezra	Rockford, Ill.
Smith, J. Ed.	Scranton, Pa.
Smith, Moreau	Scranton, Pa.
Smith, C. W.	Scranton, Pa.
Smith, Charles E.	Fredonia, N. Y.
Smith, Mrs. Lillian R.	Rochester, N. Y.
Smith, Mrs. Jennie M.	Rodman, N. Y.
Smith, Mrs. Frankie Pullman	Alexandria Bay, N. Y.
Smith, Mrs. C. O.	Cortland, N. Y.
Smith, Edwin M.	Lysander, N. Y.
Smith, Frank	Plainville, N. Y.
Smith, Mrs. Augusta Strong	Springfield, Ill.
Smith, Mrs. Clarissa Breed	Minneapolis, Minn.
Smith, Mrs. Ann D. W. Sweet	Phoenix, N. Y.
Snell, Parmelia E.	Herkimer, N. Y.
Snyder, Dora	Waterville, N. Y.
Snyder, Olin	Gilberts Mills, N. Y.
Soule, M. A.	Euclid, N. Y.
Spencer, Alpheus	Brocketts Bridge, N. Y.
Squires, Hon. Watson C.	Washington, D. C.
Squires, Mrs. Mattie Dodge	Syracuse, N. Y.
Stebbins, Mrs. J. R.	Little Falls, N. Y.
Stebbins, George G.	Little Falls, N. Y.
Stephens, Charles G.	New York City.
Stephenson, Peter	Fulton, N. Y.

Stevens, Charles E.	Syracuse, N. Y.
Stoddard, John	Camden, N. Y.
Stokes, Ezra F.	Montezuma, N. Y.
Stone, Cornelius M.	Auburn, N. Y.
Stone, Mrs. Frank Weed	Lansing, N. Y.
Storrie, Mrs. Hattie Westcott	Wegatchie, N. Y.
Stranahan, E. G.	Cleveland, Ohio.
Stratton, H. J.	Oxford, N. Y.
Stickle, W. H.	Weedsport, N. Y.
Stryker, Mrs. Carrie Randall	Utica, N. Y.
Sweet, Hon. G. M.	Phoenix, N. Y.
Taft, Rev. Stephen	Humboldt, Iowa.
Talmage, Elizabeth	Onondaga Valley, N. Y.
Taylor, Daniel E.	Oswego, N. Y.
Temple, Mrs. Nettie Hathaway	Lysander, N. Y.
Terry, Cassandra W.	San Francisco, Cal.
Thomas, Mrs. E.	Granby Center, N. Y.
Thompson, Mrs. Viola Becker	Oswego, N. Y.
Thompson, Marvin	Oswego Falls, N. Y.
Thorne, Francis S.	Utica, N. Y.
Tillotson, Collins F.	Battle Creek, Iowa.
Titus, Seymour N.	Weedsport, N. Y.
Tomlinson, Mrs. Sarah Jane Warner	Wyandotte, Kan.
Tompkins, Daniel J.	New York City.
Toppings, Kathleen	Brooklyn, N. Y.
Townsend, Duncan C.	Lake Irma, Fla.
Townsend, W. J., M.A.	Tarrytown, N. Y.
Townsend, Mas. Sarah Huntington	Cedar Falls, Iowa.
Townsend, Mrs. Hattie Huntington	Cedar Falls, Iowa.
Townsend, R. C.	Lysander, N. Y.
Tucker, Mrs. Jeanette Perkins	Fulton, N. Y.
Tucker, Mrs. Sara	Baldwinsville, N. Y.
Tucker, Mrs. Carrie Fowler	Flint, Mich.
Tucker, Frank	Baldwinsville, N. Y.
Trumbull, Mrs. Annie Caldwell	Pulaski, N. Y.
Turpening, Frank	South Hannibal, N. Y.
Turpening, Augusta	South Hannibal, N. Y.

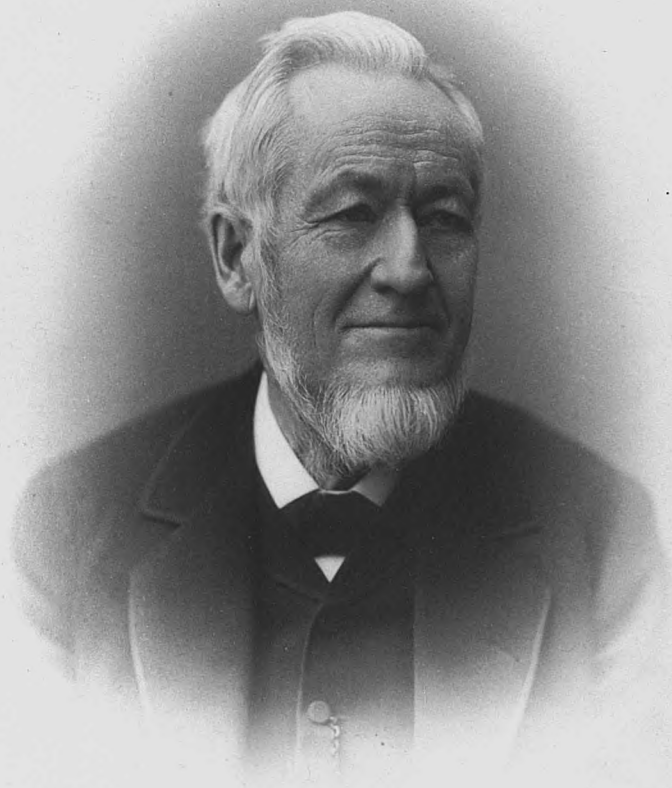
Underhill, David	Buffalo, N. Y.
Underhill, Henry	Elmira, N. Y.
Van Allen, Anna L.	Hampton, Va.
Vanderbilt, Mrs. Phœbe	Syracuse, N. Y.
Van Dusen, Helen A.	Syracuse, N. Y.
Van Duzer, Mrs. Edna Slocum	Ira, N. Y.
Vickery, Albert	Phoenix, N. Y.
Vickery, Edison	Phoenix, N. Y.
Vaile, Mrs. J. R.	Butler Center, N. Y.
Vandercook, W. C.	Los Angeles, Cal.
Van Tassel, Adelbert L.	Clyde, N. Y.
Van Valkenburg, A. R.	Syracuse, N. Y.
Veeder, F.	Schenectady, N. Y.
Wade, Mrs. Emma	Rose, N. Y.
Ward, Sarah E.	Gilberts Mills, N. Y.
Ward, John N.	Gilberts Mills, N. Y.
Ward, Mrs. Alice Sears	Fulton, N. Y.
Ward, Mrs. Harriett Van Buren	Little Falls, N. Y.
Warner, Mrs. Henry	Syracuse, N. Y.
Warner, Mrs. Margaret Carrier	Fulton, N. Y.
Warner, W. A.	Bridgeport, Conn.
Warren, Helen	Evanston, Ill.
Watkins, Mrs. Fannie Birdsall	Trenton, N. Y.
Watson, G. M.	Freeville, N. Y.
Waugh, Rev. H. E.	Utica, N. Y.
Webber, Mrs. Lavina	Sacketts Harbor, N. Y.
Webster, Mrs. Mattie Campbell	Central Square, N. Y.
Welch, Mrs. Met Pond	Potsdam, N. Y.
Weller, Alice M.	Lysander, N. Y.
Wells, C. A.	Granby Center, N. Y.
Wells, Mrs. David B.	Far Rockaway, N. Y.
West, Mrs. Mollie Royce	Pueblo, Colo.
West, Mrs. L. Augusta Dickinson	Gloversville, N. Y.
Westcott, Adelbert	San Francisco, Cal.
Wescott, Asahel B.	Carthage, N. Y.
Wheeler, Rush B.	St. Paul, Minn.
Wheeler, Mrs. Oscar	Euclid, N. Y.

Wheelock, Mrs. Emily Moss	Hotchkissville, Conn.
Wightman, Bradley E.	Trenton, Mich.
Wightman, Josephine L.	Syracuse, N. Y.
Wiggins, Stanly T.	Hannibal, N. Y.
Whipple, C. P.	Oneonta, N. Y.
Whitcomb, Dr. G. H.	Greenwich, N. Y.
Wilcox, Dr. T. H.	New York City.
Wiley, Mrs. W. H.	Crumplers, N. C.
Wilkins, Mrs. Elizabeth Arnold	Rockford, Ill.
Willard, Mary	Washington, D. C.
Williams, Mrs. Clarissa C. Pond	Auburndale, Mass.
Williams, Albert J.	Fulton, N. Y.
Winslow, Mrs. Geraldine Cooper	Watertown, N. Y.
Worden, Mrs. Hattie E. Palmiter	Saltville, Va.
Worden, J. H.	Scriba, N. Y.
Woodruff, Norman W.	Mexico, N. Y.
Woods, Mrs. Henry	Red Creek, N. Y.
Wormuth, Loren	Auburn, N. Y.
Worster, Mrs. Gordon William	Syracuse, N. Y.
Worster, A. B.	Syracuse, N. Y.
Worster, Mrs. Alzada Williams	Syracuse, N. Y.
Wright, Vinton S.	Dwight, Ill.
Wright, Mrs. Emily Reynolds	Lamsons, N. Y.
Wright, Judge M. L.	Mexico, N. Y.
Wright, Jay J.	Fulton, N. Y.
Wright, Jesse	Fulton, N. Y.
Yerkes, Mrs. Louisa Webb	Denver, Colo.
Youngs, Dr. John R.	Liverpool, N. Y.

[It has been the earnest effort to secure as many names as possible. If there had been the proper responses to notices in the village papers and to the cards of inquiry sent out, it would have been a much longer, and hence a more satisfactory list. We think the types have behaved fairly well and that in nearly every in-

stance the name stands for the right person. We are sorry the maiden name was not always given with the married, so that your friends would not be masked. In spite of watchfulness, it is probable that we have duplicated some of the names in the chapel list. As the closing sentence of the book, the minister in me prays that when "the books" are "opened," all of your names may be found "in the book of life."—EDITOR.]





PROF. JOHN P. GRIFFIN.

"L'etat c'est moi."

NO matter what impressions of his school, the Falley Seminary pupil, from 1856 to 1869, might bear away with him, and there were many excellent men and women to whom he owed much, over and above all, was the thought of the pervading presence and influence of the man whose name heads this article. As I write of the days when John P. Griffin was the dominant power in the Seminary, I am reminded of the immortal expression of Louis le Grand, "I am the State." While I ascribe to this man, no such conscious sentiment as that of The Grand Monarch, I am sure that all will agree with me that his alertness, his ubiquity, his readiness were largely responsible for the fame and success of the institution to which so many years of his life were devoted.

Every reader will enter memory's gallery and again and again reinspect the picture there presented of the first meeting with the man who was so considerably interested in the lives of several hundred men and women. The picture may be a panorama and as the canvass unrolls, he sees himself, a youth in his early teens, approaching the door of the principal's parlor. His trunk is yet at the gate, left there by the expressman who has hurried away. The bridges between himself and home have all been burned, and he is now to greet the man, who, for a term of years, is to stand

for him, in a parent's place. Perhaps it is just at eventide, and, homesick lad that he is, there floats before his eyes the vision of his far away home with the group of loved ones, even then wondering how the absent boy is faring. All this is thought while he is timidly knocking at the intervening door. The sharp and quick "Come" that salutes his ears is reassuring, and he modestly obeys. I may state here that it was a custom of our old teacher to bid people to enter thus, rather than to ceremoniously open the door himself or to depute some other to perform the office. There was a cheerfulness in the tone that inspirited the hearer, and, in later years it was no infrequent thing for him, on the entering of the party bidden, to say "I knew it was you, I recognized your knock."

On entering this parlor, the boy sees a large room, furnished comfortably but plainly. There are chairs and couches enough for utility. There are tastefully selected pictures upon the walls and, on a table between the west windows, are several glass cases covering objects of interest presented possibly by the pupils of the school. Among them, the boy will not forget seeing a silver plated ball, regulation size, a trophy of a victory won by the Hercules Base Ball Club in the palmy days of Arthur Cummings and Will Sisson. In the north west corner of the room is a double decked bookcase whose contents even now the lad can readily recall. The lower part of the case is the principal's desk, and as usual, he is at his post. He turns part way around as the tyro advances, and, discovering that a new face has appeared, he arises from his seat and extends a hand saying, "Well, who is this?" Whatever occasions for censure there may be in subsequent years, and however stern those features may become, the boy will never forget the sincerity of that greeting. There was no sordid rasping in the tone, no implication of money to be made out of just one more boy, but a whole souled heartiness that goes way down into his very life and he says to himself, "Here is a friend." The man him-

self, the one who thus takes hold of that boy's heart strings is not what the world would call handsome. There is quite too much manhood in his composition to come anywhere near the Apollo standard. Possibly it was all fancy on the part of the boy, but as he stood thus, for the first time, before that tall figure he thought that there was something of the Abraham Lincoln in the impression that he was getting. Had earlier life been kinder, this man had been quite six feet in height. In the face and manner there was the same heartiness that so distinguished the President, and surely it was not all imagination that made those features suggest the rugged outlines of the Nation's Leader. There is a pronounced stoop in his shoulders ; his form is very thin ; he is clad in plain black, almost his invariable costume, and upon his feet are dark chamois skin shoes. Like the appointments of his parlor, there is nothing showy nor gaudy. In the largest assemblage he would have attracted no attention on account of the peculiarity of his dress. He had the secret of appearing in such a way as to look well and yet not make his appearance conspicuous, really the highest test of dress. In any assemblage, however, he would have been noticed for his stature and for the kindliness of his eye. His voice was low and pleasant, capable, though, of pitches of intensity that left no uncertain impression upon the hearer. However much the boy might differ with the teacher in matters of opinion, he knows that the man before him is incapable of duplicity. Whatever punishment is to be inflicted there will be no resentment harbored and the duty, discharged, old scores will be wiped out and they will begin again as good as new. These glimpses of the man and his ways are readily had in many a memory which since April 21st, has been jogged and rummaged in a most unusual manner.

John Philander Griffin was born in Vernon, Oneida County, New York, January 7th, 1821. He was one of a family of ten children, born to his parents, Richard I. and Anna [Buell] Griffin.

The family name is of Welch origin and goes back to certain brothers, the proverbial three, I believe, who came to Rhode Island first, and thence made their homes in various parts of our country. Richard I. Griffin was from Poughkeepsie and had, in early life, fitted himself for the vocation of a Universalist preacher, but untoward circumstances rendering preaching impossible he learned and followed through life the trade of a tailor. He was of a very straight, tall figure, and was erect and commanding to the time of his death which took place in 1876, he then being in his ninetieth year. Early in his career he lived in Fairfield, Herkimer County, and there made the acquaintance of Anna Buell whom he married. She was a native of Killingworth, Conn., and had, with her parents, moved to this then remote west. The family was of English stock, descended from William Buell, of Cherterton, England, who came to Dorchester, Mass., and from whom she was the fifth in descent. To her husband she was a faithful wife and bore to him, as already stated, ten children of whom six survived to maturity. Of these Falley Seminary students may be interested in the names of Orlando H., father of Charles H. Griffin now of Ravenna, Ohio, but in student days a lively member of the Seminary; Alexander B. father of George, once so successful as pupil and teacher with us but, who, long since, went to the spirit world; David F., who died just at the breaking out of the war, but whose boy was known in Seminary parlance as "Little Charlie" and is now a teacher in Kansas; a sister became Mrs. Post and is the mother of Mary Post, who needs no introduction to Falley pupils of the days ranging from 1860 to '66. That the mother was a woman of excellent character is evident in the lives of her children upon whom she set the seal of her nature. She survived the birth of her tenth child but a short time, thus leaving these little ones to the cold charities of a selfish world. John P. was only four years old when, in 1825, his mother ceased to have an

earthly care for him. He may be said to have passed the next six years without a home. The father soon married again and the second wife had very little regard for the comfort of the family thus acquired. As she became the mother of eight children of her own there was little opportunity for sentiment, even if she had had the disposition to show any. Two of this second group we have known as "Ben" and Frances, the latter the teacher of ornamental branches in our school for many a day. She is now in California, and "Ben" is in Michigan. As the whole second family moved to the west, they were lost sight of, and of them very little is known, save as stated concerning the father, who maintained his religious principles and more than six feet of stature to the end. The two older brothers are still living in Ravenna, Ohio. It is due to the father to state that he never ceased to merit and to hold the most thorough respect of his children, and whatever sorrows their childhood knew, they were the results of his misfortunes, not of any intent nor negligence.

During the tender years when he should have had a mother's most assiduous care our teacher's boyhood was spent, now here, now there, knowing none of the delights of a home, till, when he was nearly eleven years old, he went to live with Varnum Phillips, of Fairfield. To him, this place was home, and to it his thoughts ever reverted with more of affection than he had for any other scene of his youthful days. It was my pleasure to meet him and his estimable wife at Mr. Phillips' late in the year 1863, and I remember well the cordiality that obviously existed between the teacher and the people who had been so much to him in the years agone.

For several years he worked summers and went to school winters, laying the foundations of his subsequent excellent attainments. It was some time in his teens, though just when it is now impossible to ascertain, he was apprenticed to one Wood, of Middleville,

to learn the trade of a tanner. In those days the trade was deemed an excellent one, and it was at his father's suggestion that he undertook it. The work soon proved to be too hard for him. His employer viewing him at his bench one day told him that he did not draw his knife properly, and showed him how it ought to be done, but the young apprentice could not follow his example, whereupon the gentleman remarks, "You are not strong enough for a tanner." It was at this toiling over the slab on which lay the skin whence he was to scrape the hair, that, in his weakness, incident to a very rapid and early growth to an unusual stature, he acquired the stoop so noticeable to all. There was not, as some have claimed a hemorrhage, resulting in many months of confinement to his bed and a flexure of the spine, owing to his position while thus, in a measure, bound. This latter explanation, though often given, has no other authority than that of fancy. Finding himself unable to follow a mechanical pursuit he repaired to a physician who made to him the not very reassuring remark, "Well, if ever there was a consumptive you are one." He was furthermore told that he could not live a year, and with this consoling prophecy he gave up the trade of tanning, and, saying to himself, that if he had only a year to live he would spend that year as he liked, he went to live with Mason West, there to work and to attend school in Fairfield. I can't tell whether this was the first time that John P. Griffin was told that he could not do a given thing, it certainly was not the last time, for one of the peculiarities of his life was his constantly doing what the world said he couldn't do. The invigorating air of the Fairfield hills, with the exertions necessary to overcome them, soon began to strengthen the enfeebled frame of the boy who at the age of nineteen had given up the tanner's apron for the more agreeable and congenial calling of study. His stirring nature soon devised ways of helping himself and it was not long ere he assumed the role of school-master, and

as such he taught winters in the neighboring towns, till he was advanced to a position in the Seminary itself, an institution that enjoys the proud distinction of having given to Gen'l Henry Wager Halleck and to the great Botanist, Asa Gray, their college preparation. During all this time he was studying and getting ready for usefulness, though in just what way he was to serve his fellow man not even he knew. The possibilities of a college course finally dawned upon him, and he made up his mind that he would have all that the schools could give. A cousin, Alexander Buell, had said to him, "If you want for means call on me." Though much affected by this expression of confidence, he was not obliged to ask him for aid. On reaching Middletown, Conn., the scene of his college life, he was found to be fitted for the third term of Sophomore year, so his name does not appear upon the catalogue of Wesleyan till his Junior year.

Of the privations of that college life, many of his most intimate friends have heard him tell. It was not an attractive memory, save as it recalled his triumph over the most trying adversity. The friendless, motherless boy, now a man, struggled through or over every obstacle, and was able in 1848 to take his diploma along with Daniel Steele, once President of Genesee College, and the late James E. Latimer, Dean of the Boston University School of Theology, and others. The young men whom Wesleyan gathered together in those days were good companions for this self-reliant student, and his disposition to practice self-help suffered no impairment during this career. One of the proudest boasts of this college is the fact that a large majority of her graduates have been men who have had to pay their own way. That grandest of college presidents, Stephen Olin, was at the head from 1842 to '51 and I am sure that some of that great teacher's lessons must have struck deep root in his pupil's soul. Whether native or acquired, the young man came out of college full of energy and enthusiasm

and in less than two years was able to pay off all indebtedness incurred throughout his life in Middletown.

On leaving college, Mr. Griffin returned to his old school, at Fairfield, to serve as an instructor. Till 1850, he was the teacher of Mathematics and Natural Science. From 1850 to 1853, he was the associate principal. By far the most important event during his stay in Fairfield, was his marriage. He was one of the fortunate men who secure the very woman whom Providence designed for them. Miss Phebe C. Walker, who became his wife, was born in Deerfield, Oneida County, near Utica. Her family was of Massachusetts pedigree, having moved to Herkimer County, from Lanesboro, Mass. Her mother was born Phebe Smith. Her home, when married, was Russia in the same old Herkimer County. Their marriage took place on the 23d of July, 1850. On account of Mrs. Griffin's health, Professor Griffin and wife went to Bloomfield, N. J., to take charge of the Institute in that place, and here they remained till 1856. In his Fairfield and Bloomfield experience, he taught pretty nearly the whole round of studies had in those institutions, and that he taught them thoroughly will be readily believed by every one who ever sat in his classes.

In 1856, the Black River Conference Seminary, located in Fulton, Oswego County, N. Y., was in sore need of some one who would assume all outstanding obligations and manage the institution successfully. These needs being named in the presence of Rev. John F. Dayan of the Black River Conference, he at once said, "There is only one man who can fill that bill, and that is Prof. John P. Griffin of Fairfield antecedents." The affairs of the institution were at about as low an ebb as they could be and yet have signs of life. The impracticability of managing a school on the town meeting basis had been fully demonstrated, and the Seminary was now to start upon an unexampled career of prosper-

ity under the care and management of one man. According to the Rev. R. C. Houghton, who was a pupil in the school at that time, he came to Fulton late in the fall of 1856, and I fancy what a shaking up the old slow ways of the Seminary must have had. Here was a man who could hear a recitation, interview parents, censure disorder, and calculate the running expenses of his institution at the same time. There is little wonder that success was his almost from the onset. Though Professor Griffin followed other pursuits later, there was no time in his life when he did not look upon his work at Falley as that upon which his reputation must rest. Such being the case, it is proper that this part of his life should be dwelt upon. My first meeting of my friend and teacher was in the month of December, 1860. To begin with, he struck me as a man who knew his business. Like the characters so eloquently described by James T. Fields, he was a master of the situation. Long years of contact with youth had taught him what a boy or girl was like, and he knew at a glance where to place them. He seldom made mistakes in his estimations. If, however, he ever rated a party too high, that individual was soon conscious that he was put down where he belonged, and if, by any mischance, a pupil had not received sufficient recognition, he too was set right. His excellent knowledge of character was illustrated in his selection of teachers, where he very rarely was at fault; in fact we used to think that, were it not for his own indomitable self, there were several of his own selected teachers who could make excellent principals. Yet good as they were, there never was a moment when he was not, in every way, the master on his own premises. He was exceedingly methodical in his management, hence, the amount of business that he was able to dispatch. Few men, similarly circumstanced, would have thought themselves called to attend to any more than the details of executive work. When James A. Garfield received his appointment to the Colonelcy of the Forty

Second Ohio Regiment, he was a stranger to the art of war ; but he proceeded to master the details of managing that military unit to which he had been assigned. All else was made subsidiary to this end and he succeeded. Our friend was confronted with a task that might have appalled a weaker man. But he made the needs of the Seminary his diligent and constant study. Though he had parties to look after the execution of his plans, I am sure that very few of them felt that they could fail at any point without his almost immediate censure. Whether it was the advertising of the institution, the securing of teachers, or the providing for the wants of his large family of boarders, he was equally capable and sagacious.

Many must remember the little book that was his inseparable companion and in which we thought he had recorded the pedigree of all of us, as well as the data, down to the smallest particular of every room in the building, even to the nicks in the small water pitchers. There was very little to be known about the outfit of his premises that this book did not reveal. What seemed to us, then, merely ridiculous scrutiny of our belongings, we have, by experience, learned was one of the essentials in the success that he attained in the school. It was his boast that his book would reveal, also, the whereabouts of every pupil in the Seminary during school hours, provided he was in his proper place, and such was his faith in the most of us that he would unhesitatingly say that A. B. is in such and such a room. For the young people, whom he thus trusted, it is only fair to state that, as a rule, they were worthy of his confidence. For years, he saw his building filled with boarders and the full capacity of the Seminary reached in all particulars. Had he been less generous in his donations to the meritorious, though poor, pupils he might have acquired much more of the wealth that perishes, but he would not have made so deep an impression on the hearts of those thus befriended. He certainly chose the better part.

As a teacher, he was ready, alert and ingenious. Few who began Latin in his classes will forget the concise yet plain manner in which he set forth the endings and roots of the verbs along with the terminations of the nouns. The comparison of adjectives and adverbs was another favorite theme, and many a man and woman, to-day, looks back with gratitude to the days when they received a thorough grounding at his hands. If a boy were dull and lazy, he was shown up before his mates in a way to secure from him a greater degree of work. Were he superficial and careless, he was made to expose his lack of thoroughness. The timid and hesitating, he encouraged and prompted to show the talent of which he believed them possessed. In his classes in higher Latin, he was exacting and rigid. He would tolerate no half way work. The sure way to his good graces was through a well prepared lesson. Much could be forgiven in him who always came up with his lesson perfect, though it must not be understood that he ever condoned anything that was really wrong. Rather disposed to see the pleasant side of a story, he was tolerant of that youth who essayed a joke. At the same time it were well for the party that said joke were not of the Joe Miller order. Never an athlete himself, he always counselled his pupils to take that form of exercise that would give to them the best strength for mental labor. Hence he ever preached the virtues of walking as the proper constitution builder, and many young people put into practice the advice that he gave them. When, however, there was a demand on the part of a large number of his youth for greater gymnastic facilities, he gave us leave to go ahead within certain bounds. I don't believe that the swinging rings and the parallel bars ever looked half as attractive to him as they did to us, but he tolerated them, always hoping, I will venture to state, as he passed them, that no reckless boy would get his neck broken as he gyrated upon them.

One morning, two young men appeared at his parlor with a request such as he had never had before. It was this, "May we go chestnutting to day?" It was in October, and the day bade fair to be a perfect one. Down the river the trees were bending under their tempting loads and those boys wanted to get at the nuts before Saturday. "Why, I never heard of such a thing," was his first remark, but boys care little for precedent or the want of it, so they repeated their request. "Well, you boys always have your lessons, so I will try the experiment of letting you off for the day." That kind permission gave the youths a new notion of their principal's kindness of heart and, better, a lesson in dealing with human nature. That boy who, on a certain Saturday, hired an organ grinder with a particularly frisky monkey to visit the Seminary, expecting the fun of seeing the Italian ordered away, had his labor for his pains, since the reception accorded the child of sunny Italy was very cordial and the principal enjoined all the pupils and teachers to come right down stairs and see the fun.

The principalship at Falley came during the trying days of the war and the hearts of Professor Griffin and wife were repeatedly wrung at separating from boys who, in many cases, never returned. Who that were there can ever forget the scenes when some soldier boy, new to his suit of blue, was given the floor to tell of what he hoped to do for his country. In all those weary days, no prayer went up from the lips of our principal that did not convey a petition for his patriotic boys. Nor did his interest cease there, for both he and Mrs. Griffin wrote long letters to all of those whose whereabouts they knew. What cordial greetings those soldier boys received when they came home again! Scarred and maimed, they became dearer than ever to the teacher and his wife.

From the Seminary, Mr. Griffin passed in 1871, after a year's respite, to the registrarship of the new University in Syracuse. In fact, he was the general manager during the building, and he had

charge of the furnishing and general equipment. He was also the librarian. Though he had no connection with the college as a teacher, there can be no doubt that the institution owed much to him for the earnest business way in which her foundations were laid.

In 1875 he was made business manager of the Northern Christian Advocate and this position he was holding at the time of his death. During these fifteen years, there were two or three interruptions, as when he spent a part of one season in Colorado on account of Mrs. Griffin's health, and again in 1887 when he was himself prostrated by what every one thought must be his final illness. In some way, however, he managed to keep the run of the business up to the very end. His home on University Avenue, Syracuse, was one of his own devising and here he was happier than in any other place possible. This, very many people who have enjoyed his hospitality can testify to, for no former pupil could call upon him without getting a most pressing invitation home to dinner at least. It appeared that his latch string was always out to any one who had ever known him and what pleasant reminiscences were had around his generous table! Since his death, Syracuse has one less attraction to the homeward bound New Yorker who has for months looked forward to a meeting with the man who had been his boyish instructor.

His relations to the paper made it necessary for him to visit the Conferences of the state and here he was likely to meet many who had years before called him master, and the interviews were highly prized by all. At the last session of the Northern New York Conference, a reception was given him at the home of a former school-boy and never were there heartier greetings than those of that Saturday evening, April 12th, at the home of the Hon. S. Mortimer Coon in Oswego. The report of this reception cheered the heart of many a distant reader, but what were his thoughts, when the very next news brought the distressing information that

the kind friend and teacher was dead. Attentive to the demands of his religious life he was present at the prayer meeting of the University Avenue Church on Wednesday evening the 16th of April. There was no observed lessening in his fervor, but that meeting was his last for this life, since on his return to his home he was seized with a congestive chill which with successive ones wore him out. No special alarm, however, was felt till Saturday night, as during that day he had proclaimed his intention of going to his office Monday.

Every attack left him weaker and Sunday afternoon he became delirious with only lucid intervals to the end, which came at half-past six, on the morning of Monday, the 21st day of April. John Wesley's saying, "Our people die well" never had a better illustration than that afforded in the passing away of this excellent man of God. True to the practices of a lifetime, he had his family devotions Saturday morning, and the thoughts suggested would not leave his mind. He dwelt long on the precious thought of Jesus, repeatedly uttering the word as though the Savior and his sacrifice were the only possible claims upon him. Sunday afternoon his sister-in-law, Mrs. Terry, sang "Abide with Me," and he obviously was affected by the music. At four o'clock A. M., Monday, she sang "Jesus, Lover of my Soul," and he sang audibly with her the first two lines and then followed with his lips the last two. Half an hour before he passed away his wife said to him, "You are almost home; is Jesus with you in the dark valley?" He answered distinctly, "Yes, all the time." Ten minutes later Mrs. Terry sang "Bright Angels are from Glory Come." His lips moved and the listening ears caught the word "Heaven," uttered three times. This was his very last word. Was the greeting expressive of that beautiful world towards which his whole life had been tending?

The news that went forth from that chamber of death carried sorrow to hundreds of loving hearts. Tears were shed by strong

men who recalled the kindnesses of the long ago. They would not have him live and suffer, but they had thought that there were so many more years of usefulness for him in the future. They had pictured so many more meetings and pleasant conversations ; but all was ended in a breath and then there remained only the last sad rites of burial and our friend would be laid in the grave to await the resurrection.

The funeral was held in the church of which he was one of the builders, and of which he had been a trustee from the beginning. The assemblage was a large one drawn from diverse quarters. It was no ordinary occasion that drew these people together, and the words uttered by the speakers indicated the estimation in which the departed teacher was held. His pastor Dr. Congdon, told of his fidelity to his Christian obligations and of the obligations of the church to him. Rev. W. D. Chase of Fulton, one of the pupils who had in school learned to revere the man whose body lay in the casket before him, told of his early impressions and of his knowledge of the manly, straight forward nature whose tenement they were about to render back to earth. In eloquent, tender words he told of the prayerful teacher, the constant friend, the devoted christian, and the hearts of the listeners glowed beneath the fervor of his thoughts. Reverends W. H. Annable and James Erwin added to the testimony as to the depth of his religious experience. Dr. Sanford Hunt of the Methodist Book Concern had come all the way from New York to pay a tribute to the man whose accounts always balanced to a penny. The touching notes of "Abide with Me," as rendered by the choir rang through the edifice and the scene was ended. All that was mortal was borne by gentle hands to the final resting place in that beautiful home of the dead, Oakwood, where our friend will sleep till the glad cry "Arise" is heard.

Among the many instructors who have made their mark as teachers in the seminaries and academies of Central New York, it

is safe to claim that no one ever made more lasting impressions for good than the man whose praises are here set forth. It is possible that some have ministered to a larger number of pupils, that some were possessed of a wider range of scholarship, and that, in the graces of body and speech, some may have outshone him, but after all, I confidently insist that in all the essentials of the successful schoolmaster, we shall not soon look upon his like again. A man who could make the unruly boy behave because he ought, the teacher who could draw good from sources, by others considered arid and sterile, a man who could bind his students to him by hooks of steel, as it were, and at all times and in all places receive from them expressions of the deepest love and fealty, was no common one. We may not have realized when we sat under his teachings, how great a man he was, but during the following years, the fact has been unfolding to us that our lines fell in particularly pleasant places when we were assigned to the care of our departed friend in Falley.

Rest, then, dear friend ! You acted well your part and now from afar will gather those who at your grave will recall your faithfulness, and in the shadow of your tomb make fresh resolutions to be in life's battle what you would have them be.

"It is only through our mysterious human relationships, through the love and tenderness and purity of mothers and sisters and wives ; through the strength and courage and wisdom of fathers, and brothers, and teachers, that we can come to the knowledge of Him, in Whom alone the love and the tenderness, and the purity, and the strength, and the courage, and the wisdom of all these dwell for ever and ever in perfect fulness." — *Tom Brown's School Days*.

Alfred S. Roe.

WORCESTER, MASS.